

MEMORIES OF FOUR SCORE YEARS

By the Same Author:

ENGLISH HISTORY IN ENGLISH FICTION.

THIS REALM OF ENGLAND.

THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPE.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN HISTORY.

ENGLAND SINCE WATERLOO.

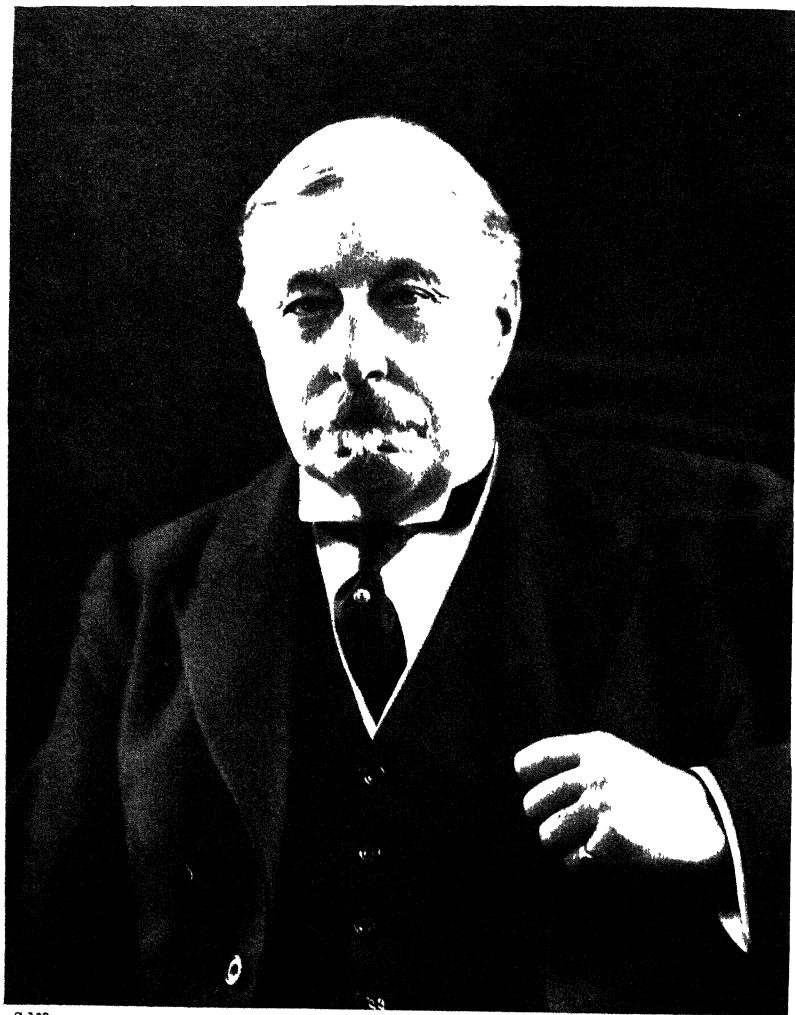
ENGLISH POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE ENGLISH LAND SYSTEM.

EUROPE AND BEYOND.

THE MECHANISM OF THE MODERN STATE.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.



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THE AUTHOR, 1934

Photo. Bassano

MEMORIES OF FOUR SCORE YEARS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

THE LATE

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

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Modern History) of Worcester College, Oxford
Late M.P. for the City of York

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PREFACE

This book is frankly an experiment. Though frequently urged by friends to write my Autobiography, I have hitherto shrunk from a distasteful task. My life has been too uneventful to justify it.

But I have at last so far yielded to importunity as to put together a jumble of my own Recollections and Reflections, a few autobiographical notes, some extracts from letters, and some kindly appreciations of friends such as might, had this volume been post-mortem, have appeared in a Memorial Volume. Some of the latter were actually written with that object in view, and to read them has enabled me in some measure to share the feelings of Lord Brougham and my old friend Lord Montagu of Beaulieu to whom it was given to read their own obituary notices in *The Times*.

October, 1940.

AT ABERDUNA, MOLD,
NORTH WALES.

NOTE

What my husband in the above Preface spoke of as a conditional supposition became a fact, for he died on 6th June, 1945, and this volume therefore has actually been published post-mortem. Though the autobiography was written under very great difficulties while we were living during the war years in exile away from his own library and all his records, I have nevertheless thought it best to print this short Preface and indeed the whole book, which was complete in manuscript though not yet in proof, almost exactly as he left it, and no general attempt has been made to bring it up to date. I have only added a very few footnotes where the lapse of time had made actual statements of fact in the text incorrect or incomplete. These additional notes are initialled "H.M."

HENRIETTA MARRIOTT.

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CHAPTER I

Prelude

LOOKING back upon a life which though long has been essentially uneventful, I can discern only one thing to distinguish me from my fellow men—I was born a politician. Why, then, should I be called upon to record my reminiscences? It is, of course, true that no one can have lived through the last eighty years without witnessing, if only from afar, many interesting events. New Nation-States have come to the birth; historic Empires have collapsed; in many countries less fortunate than our own there have been revolutions, and in our own dear land there have been changes in the sphere of government, and of thought, in social, economic and intellectual life so rapid and far reaching as almost to amount to revolution. Of these changes I have been a keen observer. I have come across many interesting people moving in many different spheres, political and social, academic, literary and ecclesiastical. The circumstances of my life have allowed me to be admitted as a guest to a great variety of homes, from the palaces and castles of the great to the homes of much humbler folk. I have travelled more miles, I suppose, than anyone not a professional “traveller”, though rarely very far afield. I have published some forty volumes, intended to be scholarly in scope, and though never a professional journalist have contributed largely to Reviews and occasionally to newspapers. John Wesley, I believe, holds the record for the number of sermons preached, but my own lectures, addresses and speeches must, I fancy, tot up to nearly as many. Nevertheless, despite the superficial variety of my occupations, I have been constant to one calling: I have been throughout my working life a “politician”. I insist the

more strongly on claiming this designation because I find myself described, only too flatteringly, in a well-known work of reference (not autobiographical) as a "distinguished economist, historian and educationalist". I have already pleaded guilty to authorship, and it is true that I have spent a great part of a long life in teaching and in educational administration. Nevertheless, my craving for accuracy and brevity makes me anxious to be described by the one word "politician". For a politician I have been almost from the cradle until now. I am well aware that by this avowal I shall forfeit the sympathy, and perhaps even the regard, of many people, known and unknown, whom I should like to count as friendly and sympathetic. For some obscure reason many people have a profound mistrust of politicians. And the odd thing is that the prejudice does not apparently extend to statesmen. Does anybody, except myself, like to be described as a politician, especially if the epithet "mere" be added? Yet who does not feel flattered when he is described as a statesman, more particularly as a "real" statesman? But though the difference between a statesman and a politician is strictly no more than linguistic, the fact remains that politics and politicians have acquired a somewhat sinister connotation, alike in literature and in the vernacular. "Politics" is associated with devious ways and disreputable methods; politicians are identified with crafty tricksters if not with vile impostors. Thus we have Ford: "So politicians thrive, that with their crabbed faces and sly tricks do wriggle in their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state." Heywood, almost his contemporary, writes: "I am a politician, oaths with me are but tooles I worke with, I may break an oath by my profession." Passing from the seventeenth century to the eighteenth, many people will recall the famous passage in Adam Smith, who writes, at least with a knowledge of both Greek and Latin which others lack: "That insidious and crafty animal, vulgarly called a statesman or politician, whose counsels are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs." Even the

National Anthem goes perilously near to identifying "politics" with "knavish tricks".

All this, I confess, is disquieting for one who professes and claims to be a politician. So in desperation I betook myself to the strictly impartial, impersonal and authoritative pages of the *Oxford Dictionary*, only to find there, under the word "Politician", (1), "A politic person: chiefly in a sinister sense; a shrewd schemer; a crafty plotter or intriguer". But then there follows the comforting sign "obs.". Can we count on that? Is the sinister sense obsolete?

Plainly, it was not obsolete in Shakespeare's day. True, it is Harry Hotspur who habitually speaks of Henry IV as "this vile politician Bolingbroke", and he speaks as the typical soldier throughout the ages has spoken of the politician. But we cannot forget that it is Sir Toby Belch who claims affinity with politicians, or that it is Sir Andrew Aguecheek who declares, "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician". Rather more serious perhaps, even if it be the raving of a madman, is the implied impeachment of King Lear:

Get thee glass eyes
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Worst of all is the caustic comment of the philosophical gravedigger in *Hamlet*: "This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?"

Nevertheless, faced with all this congruity and accumulation of opprobrium, I stick to my determination to be described by the single word politician, since it embraces all the varied activities in which I have been engaged. My ambition has always been in one capacity or another to serve the State (*πόλις*). In Bacon's famous phrase I "espoused the State". In announcing thus crudely my ambition I cannot, indeed, forget the warning uttered by the "Sage of Chelsea": "It is a sad but sure truth that every time you speak of a fine purpose, especially if with

eloquence and to the admiration of by-standers, there is the less chance of your ever making a fact of it in your own poor life." I can only avow with entire sincerity that I do not make the announcement to evoke applause. Quite otherwise. I confess a weakness; or, to be quite honest—I seek to make it clear that a variety of occupations does not necessarily imply inconstancy of purpose.

To teach and to write history, what is that but to be engaged in "politics"? "History", as Seeley truly said, "is but past politics; politics is present history." I cannot believe that I was serving the State less truly when I was engaged in teaching and educational administration at Oxford than when I was sitting in the Palace of Westminster. Captious critics have, indeed, sometimes complained that I have been prone, in my writings, to confuse the roles of historian and politician. In a sinister sense I repudiate the accusation; in the true sense I not merely accept as a compliment the implied rebuke: I avow and emphasize the truth that the assertion embodies.

Yet, if from childhood I have looked forward to a career of public service, I could not, for a long time, decide in what special sphere I should serve. When I read the biographies of eminent persons I cannot but be struck by the painful contrast their well-ordered lives offer to my own disorderly, and rather unorganized, journey through life. Their forethought, their planning, their persistent pursuit of a predetermined object—it is all wonderful to me, and I feel that they well deserved the success they attained. I formed no such specific plan of life; the service to which I looked forward might take one of several forms. One of my favourite "Sunday books" as a child was a collection of portraits (I have the book still) of the famous men of the day, great soldiers and sailors, statesmen and diplomats, cardinals, archbishops, and the like.

The portraits were strangely fascinating to a child. I made up my mind that if I went into the army I would be a general with a cocked hat and a row of medals; if I went

into the Church I would some day wear those balloon-like lawn sleeves; if I became a lawyer I would not rest until I was Lord Chancellor. Perhaps all children are similarly ambitious; but my misfortune was that, unlike the man predestined to success, I could never make up my mind (until it was too late) whether I would be an archbishop, a field-marshal, or a Prime Minister! Gladstone, as we know, had leanings at one time towards lawn sleeves; but a Curzon, a Canning, a Disraeli never, I imagine, had any thoughts of being admirals, or field-m Marshals, or Lord Chancellors. They meant from the first to be Prime Ministers. Two of them achieved their end; the third got very near it—he himself imagined he had reached it in May, 1923.

Reference, in the present connexion, to such august personages is only, needless to add, for the purpose of pointing the contrast between the concentration of mind and purpose that makes for success, and the vague, if not ungenerous, aspirations common to those who, if they appear at all on the public stage, are destined to play only the small parts. *Quorum pars parva fui.*

CHAPTER II

Childhood

MANCHESTER AND ITS SUBURBS IN THE 'SIXTIES

THOUGH I was born in Cheshire and lived there throughout boyhood; though I have played cricket for the "Gentlemen of Cheshire", and, at one time, thought of fighting one of the Cheshire seats, I have no organic connexion with that pleasant shire, nor with any of the closely-knit group of families who own its fertile acres. My allegiance was divided between Derbyshire, the home of my fathers, and Lancashire, to which by migration my mother belonged. I was pre-eminently a "provincial". Until I went to Oxford I mingled not at all in the great world; Manchester was my metropolis, "town" to me that was, until manhood, my "town". At one of its pleasant suburbs, Bowdon, I was born on 17th August, 1859. That was the year Macaulay died: there was not room in the historical firmament, it was observed, for both of us!

At Bowdon—etymologically "the rounded hill"—my childhood was spent.

Beautifully situated on a hill, Bowdon overlooked the valley of the Bollin—a Celtic place-name—and the Cheshire plain stretching towards Knutsford ("Cnuts-ford") and Chester to the south. To the north and west it overlooked the dull, grim valley of the Mersey, now traversed by the Manchester Ship Canal. Itself an old village with a fine parish church, Bowdon was closely adjacent to, indeed formed part of, the ancient market town of Altrincham—"the settlement of the folk of Aldhere". Altrincham was founded probably soon after the Northumbrian King Ethelfrith's famous victory over the Celts at Chester (613),

a victory which drove in a wedge between the Britons of Strathclyde and the Britons of Wales, dissipated for ever the possibility of a consolidated British kingdom extending from Cornwall to the Clyde, and established the short-lived supremacy of Northumbria. From Chester the Anglo-Saxons penetrated into the Celtic district of mid-Cheshire by the Roman road which runs through Bowdon and connected the Fort of the Legion (Chester) with the Fort of Mancion (Manchester), and crossed the River Mersey a few miles north-east of Altrincham at Stretford—the ford on the Via Strata, or paved road. Close to Bowdon lies Dunham—"the settlement on the hill"—with its magnificent park surrounding the seat of the Earl of Stamford, on whose manor Bowdon stands.

The Bowdon of the 'sixties represented an interesting stage in the economic and social evolution of Manchester. It was then inhabited almost entirely by business and professional men who went daily to work in Manchester, some eight miles distant, and lately connected with its suburb by the Manchester & South Junction Railway, now absorbed into the great L. & N.E.R. system. Until the middle of the nineteenth century Manchester was not merely the commercial capital of Lancashire but a great industrial city, and withal residential. Mr. Linnæus Banks's *The Manchester Man* draws a vivid and accurate picture of the social life of Manchester during the first thirty years or so of the century. In those days prosperous merchants and manufacturers not only worked but lived in Manchester; my own maternal grandfather, Dr. Joseph Atkinson Ransome, who was a famous Manchester doctor, lived in a fine house in St. Peter's Square almost in the heart of the city, and close to the site of the famous Peterloo "Massacre"—a "massacre" grossly exaggerated both by social historians and by novelists. My grandfather worked and lived among his patients. It is typical of the change that his only son, Dr. Arthur Ransome, F.R.S., should have settled in Bowdon, and retained only a consulting-room in Manchester.

To-day (1940), the most prosperous merchants and manufacturers have not merely forsaken the city but the suburbs for the country seats once inhabited by the Cheshire squires and noblemen. They are "country gentlemen"; they hunt and shoot, and go into Manchester at most once or twice a week to preside over the Board of the Limited Companies into which their several businesses have been transformed.

The Bowdon of the decades 1860-80 represented the middle stage of this evolution. It was the age of the railway, not of the motor car, still less of the motor bus. Even great merchants and manufacturers had to live within easy reach of the businesses which they not only owned but managed.

In the later 'sixties Manchester, and with it Bowdon, were emerging from a recent and terrible catastrophe. The American Civil War (1861-5) brought ruin to the cotton lords, to their "hands" it meant famine. Many were the tales I used, as a child, to hear of the sufferings and patience of the cotton operatives, suddenly deprived of their livelihood. In 1860-1 the Lancashire trade had been unusually active and prosperous: wages were high; profits good; the supply of raw cotton abundant. In the summer of 1861 President Lincoln declared the blockade of the Southern ports, and for the next four years the prosperity of Lancashire was blasted. Thousands of men, women and children were thrown out of work. Lancashire faced the calamity with a patience that evoked the sympathy and admiration of the whole country. Early in 1862 a Central Relief Committee was established in Manchester under the presidency of Lord Derby. The secretary to the committee was John William Maclure, and I suppose it was due to the fact that he was a friend of my mother's that a child heard so much about the cotton famine and that it made so deep an impression on his mind. "J. W." I only came to know in later life as the genial and popular M.P. for the Stretford Division. His brother Edmund held the

important living of Rochdale at the time when I contested that borough at the General Election of 1886, and showed me much friendliness. He was afterwards Dean of Manchester, and like his brother "J. W." a fine figure of a man.

The cotton famine was also connected in my mind with the premature death of my father. As a Manchester solicitor he had laid out a good deal of money belonging to his family in Manchester property, and my mother was convinced, and often told me, that the anxiety of those terrible days, and in particular his concern for the security of the investments he had made on behalf of his family, did much to undermine his health. The loss to the operatives in wages was estimated by Cobden in 1862 at £7,000,000 a year, and all property was much depreciated. But all through the famine Lancashire never wavered in its allegiance to the cause of the North. The blockade had brought all their troubles upon masters and men, but they believed the Union to be fighting in the cause of righteousness and freedom, and so they steadily adhered to it. But by 1863 the worst was over; some raw cotton was smuggled by the "blockade runners", some was got from Egypt and other markets not previously exploited, though not until 1866 did Lancashire get back to normal conditions.

The next twenty years marked probably the peak of Manchester's prosperity. In that prosperity its suburbs shared. It was mostly in those years that the Manchester merchants built their palatial villas at Bowdon, in careless faith that their descendants would inhabit them for generations to come. I doubt whether in half a dozen cases that hope is fulfilled. The few who are richer than their grandfathers have set up as country gentlemen; the many who are poorer have long since sold their big houses for conversion into flats.

It is time, however, to curb the wandering tendencies of an octogenarian, and get back to the distant days of his childhood.

Though my father, Francis Marriott, spent his whole professional life in Manchester, his home was in Derbyshire. He was the fourth son of John Marriott of Kinder, the head of an old family of small landowners who had been settled in the Peak district ever since the fourteenth century. Local tradition has it that a Marriott fought under the banner of Duke William at Hastings and was rewarded by the Conqueror with lands in south-west Yorkshire. Be that as it may, there was a Thomas Marriott at Ughill in 1310,¹ and Ughill Manor in the parish of Bradfield, Yorks. W., was "for nearly 500 years the home of the Marriotts who spread over the surrounding country in all directions". Benjamin Marriott, the last representative in the male line of the Ughill Marriotts, died in 1761, and Ughill Hall (much improved in 1697) passed to Thomas Marriott Perkins.

In 1608, however, John Marriott of Ughill had granted lands at Kinder-head, on the Derbyshire side of the Peak, to Thomas Marriott.² The Kinder branch of the family has still several male representatives. Of those bleak but beautiful moors whence they come, there is no better description than in Mrs. Humphry Ward's *David Grieve*, which was actually written at "Marriott's Farm" (or "Upper Farm"), Kinder. Father to son the Marriotts went on century after century, without ever producing a man or woman of distinction.

My father was, I believe, the first Marriott to strike out a line for himself, and he ultimately got no farther than Manchester, some twenty miles away from his old home in the Peak. Not that the Marriotts were unprosperous. My grandfather, thrifty like his forebears, left a considerable fortune, but as, after the family fashion, he divided it equally among his six children, it did nothing to lift the family out of the rut along which it had long moved.

¹ Hunter: *Families of the Minor Gentry*, I, 3.

² Thomas died in 1627, and his will was proved at York on 18th July, 1627 (see Coxe: *Calendar of the Records of Derbyshire*, p. 152).

My father had ambition and ability, and being also a man of the highest character, he would doubtless, had he lived, have made some mark in the world. He was strikingly handsome in person, and universally beloved: a keen Conservative, a zealous churchman, a devoted husband, and an affectionate father. More than fifty years after his death an old friend described him as "the straightest man he had ever known", in a life of eighty years.

My mother was Elizabeth Ransome, the second daughter of Joseph Atkinson Ransome, surgeon to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, and the leading doctor, I suppose, in general practice in that city. My grandfather came of an old Quaker family in Suffolk, but his father and grandfather were, like himself, doctors in Manchester, with which city my own earlier recollections are closely associated. The earliest of them dates from the marriage in 1863 of the Prince of Wales to the "Sea-Kings' daughter from over the sea". I was taken to my grandfather's house to see the illuminations, and though I was not yet four the remembrance of the Prince of Wales's Feathers has always remained with me. Some folk are apt to question the accuracy of such early impressions on the mind of young children. Of my own I have not the slightest doubt.

My grandfather Ransome was a man of brilliant abilities, professional and scientific. His wife, Eliza Brookhouse, was one of three sisters known for their grace and beauty as the "Lancashire Witches".

One of her sisters married Sir Charles Fox, the famous engineer who with Sir Joseph Paxton was responsible for the Crystal Palace. His sons Sir Francis and Sir Douglas Fox both rose to eminence in their father's profession. Both were knighted like their father who, Quaker-like, refused a Baronetcy on the ground that his sons might, if found worthy, win knighthoods for themselves. Two out of the three did.

My grandfather, like all his own people and his wife's, belonged to the Society of Friends, but most of them soon

became strong Church people. Nor was my grandfather's home ever Quaker-like. His house in St. Peter's Square was for many years a centre of social and intellectual life.

More than half a century after his death Professor Clifton, the distinguished Professor of Natural Philosophy at Oxford, spoke to me with gratitude of the hospitality and kindness shown to him when a young scientific lecturer at Owens College by Dr. Ransome. My grandfather's position was, indeed, much more than that of an ordinary provincial doctor. He corresponded with most of the eminent scientists of his day, and entertained them when they came to Manchester. His only surviving son was, like himself, a distinguished physician and man of science, and though his professional life was spent at Manchester and in Bowdon, his researches earned him an F.R.S. and an Honorary Fellowship at his college (Caius) at Cambridge. He was a pioneer in the cause of public health, and though the most modest of men won wide repute for his researches into the causes and cure of tuberculosis.

My mother inherited her mother's beauty but not, unfortunately, her physical robustness. In fact she was throughout her married life and widowhood something of an invalid, but of a spirit so indomitable that she lived by sheer strength of will until 1895, long enough to see, as she was determined to do, all her five children established in the world.

On his marriage to my mother in 1858 my father brought her as a bride to Bowdon, where the whole of their brief married life was spent.

My father was a very busy man. He used to leave home for Manchester directly after an early breakfast, and return only in time for "high tea"—the usual evening meal of Manchester folk in those days. In summer evenings, however, he was free to play a game of cricket with my brother Frank and me, or a game of croquet, or archery—there was no lawn tennis as yet. On Saturday afternoons he would take us down to the Bowdon cricket ground. It was

the height of my boyish ambition to play on that ground—an ambition once or twice achieved. But my recollection of my own performance is embittered. I once clean bowled a man with a beautiful ball which was “no-balled” as a “throw”. I never quite forgave the umpire, an old friend, who no-balled me.

But my chief cricket recollections centre on the Lancashire County ground at Old Trafford where, in our summer holidays, my brother Frank and I spent many happy days. Our heroes were A. N. Hornby, a fine field but not too lucky batsman; Vernon Royle, who after getting his cricket blue at Oxford played for his native county, and was one of the finest cover-points I ever watched. He was perhaps equalled by little “Johnny” Briggs, a professional who, though equally good with bat and ball, died prematurely. Of other professionals I remember best Crossland, a demon fast bowler who was said to “throw”, but who once bowled me for a duck with an insidious slow; McIntyre, a fast bowler; and Watson, a slow bowler who with the “stone-waller” R. G. Barlow did yeoman service for many years for Lancashire. Of Barlow the story is told that he was discovered by Hornby when searching the local clubs for talent. Visiting a club in north Lancashire early in the season, he was struck by Barlow’s stubborn defence. In late September he visited the same club again, and found Barlow at the wicket. Remarking on the coincidence to a bystander, the latter replied: “Aye, that’s Barlor all right; Barlor takes a deal o’ shifting.”

Of football I’ve no recollection in my childhood: it had not acquired the popularity it now enjoys, and abuses. In winter we sometimes skated, in Dunham Park, and that was our regular Sunday walk in my father’s rare, but all the more precious, company. Those Victorian Sundays! Sentimentalists to-day are apt to pity us poor Victorian children. I can only say that for us Sunday was *the* day of the week. Even as small children we were taken twice to church: but it was anything but a penance. Even the church service

encouraged the histrionic tendencies which later on developed into a keen taste for amateur acting. One Sunday, I stayed with my parents during the "second service". After midday dinner I was discovered in the nursery in a nightgown, adorned with one of my father's red-silk handkerchiefs for a "hood", and having taken the decanters from the dining-room. After a sermon (read from a volume) to which my younger brother was the sole and not too patient listener, I invited him to "partake", and inquired whether he preferred port or sherry! The sequel I don't remember, though often pressed to recall it by my own inquiring little daughter!

A better man than my father, a better woman than my mother never, I am still convinced, lived. From the latter I learnt all my simple Bible lessons, and her sweet voice as she sang to us the hymns appropriate to children I can still in imagination hear. I was, apart from histrionics, genuinely interested too in the services of the church, which were conducted in the orderly fashion common to "moderate" churchmen in those days.

The vicarage of Bowdon was one of the most important livings in the diocese of Chester; it was held in those days by Dr. William Pollock—Archdeacon of Chester—an eloquent Irishman who preached (to the end, I think) in a black Genevan gown with his D.D. hood over it. When the choir was put into surplices (I expect it was after Dr. Pollock's death), the fear was loudly expressed that we were moving towards Rome!

One of my earliest recollections of the pulpit is Dr. Pollock's denunciation of Gladstone's Bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. So strongly did he work on my feelings that despite my immature political convictions—I was only eight—I insisted on signing the petition—open for signature in the porch of the church—against Gladstone's Bill. That was my first overt political act. But it is not my earliest political recollection. That is connected with the Fenian outrages of 1867 and in

particular the attempt on Chester Castle. The castle contained large stores of munitions and was garrisoned by only half a dozen men of the 54th Regiment. One Monday morning (11th February) bands of young men—1500 in all—began to pour into Chester from the neighbouring towns, but if their mad intention was to seize the castle it was frustrated by the promptitude of the authorities. Troops were quickly brought into the city, and the mysterious strangers disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived. On Wednesday morning, however, seventy Fenians were arrested on arriving in Dublin on the Holyhead and Liverpool packets.

In the same year Manchester was the scene of a Fenian outrage of exceptional audacity which eventually resulted in the conviction for murder of five men, three of whom were executed. The memory of the "Manchester martyrs" is still hallowed in nationalist Ireland.

I well remember these events and in particular the trial of the Fenians. The fact that two neighbouring towns were the scenes of the drama naturally impressed the mind of a child and inspired him with anxious fears. It must have been just about that time that we children were taken to Southport to recover from some infantile complaint.

Vividly I remember that on arriving at Southport I saw a flag flying at half-mast. On inquiring the reason we were told (of course erroneously) that Queen Victoria was dead. I was terrified and begged that we might be taken home at once to the relative security of Bowdon. "If the Queen is dead," I cried, "the Fenians will be sure to land at Southport (it faced the Irish coast), and we shall have no Queen to protect us!" That particular terror was happily dispelled: but for over half a century I remained under the impression I had been told that the flag was, in fact, flying at half-mast for the death of Lord Palmerston. Not until I came to write my *England Since Waterloo* did I discover, to my deep chagrin, that the dates did not fit. Palmerston died in 1865, the Fenian outrages were in 1867. But how

did the error originally get into the child's head? I am certain that no one ever recalled the incident to me. I never (as far as I remember) even mentioned the matter to any of my elders.

The memories even of early childhood are not, however, always exact. I recall, for example, an incident which happened when I was about eight. I had lately been sent to a "Dames' School" in Bowdon as a day-boarder. One day, when my mother was very ill, I told the mistress that my people wanted me to go home for dinner. It was untrue. But so great was my anxiety about my mother, to whom throughout life I was devotedly attached, that I would have done much more than lie to get the latest news about her. Had I told the truth all would doubtless have been well; but I dare not, in my burning anxiety, risk a refusal, and off I went. Unfortunately, however, my grandmother, whom I greatly and not unwarrantably feared as a strict disciplinarian—so unlike my dear mother—was looking after her daughter. I daren't face her with the lie in my throat. Poor little wretch: I wandered about until the normal time for the closing of the school and then went home, tired out and hungry. The delinquency was discovered: I had "played truant" from school: that was my grandmother's view, and I went back next morning in fear and trembling. But to my delight and astonishment I found the kindly Scottish mistresses much more sympathetic and understanding of a little boy's anxiety about his mother than my stern grandmother; and, if I was punished, the sentence was a lenient one.

Here is another authentic incident of childhood which, in fact, determined my whole future career. One day I lighted in my father's library on Albany Fonblanque's little book, recently published, *How We Are Governed*. It contained the usual chapters about Parliament, the departments, the army, the church, and so forth. Though quite a good book it was written, as I now perceive, in a most dull and unattractive style.

Dull! but the little boy did not find it so. Why it should have captivated a boy of ten I now find it impossible to understand. But it did. I read *How We Are Governed* not once, but again and again, until I almost knew it by heart. It may have denoted an abnormal and not quite healthy instinct for a child of ten to be interested in politics and constitutional history. But there it was. "Nasty little prig," I can hear my readers say. "He ought to have been reading *Robinson Crusoe* and studying cricket reports." Well: so I was. Cricket reports divided my literary allegiance with *How We Are Governed*, and I could, I believe, have given you the initials and the batting average of most of the prominent cricketers of the day. I confess, however, that politics interested me more even than *Robinson Crusoe*, deeply engrossed as I was in that. As, indeed, I still am. I read the whole of it (Part I) through again a year or two ago: and with not less fascination than I first read it more than sixty years earlier! But the real moral of the story is that to be turned loose in a library (not a "children's library") is about the best education the child of cultured parents can have. Not long ago I had a talk with Lord Baldwin on this subject. I found him to be emphatically of the same opinion: and if ever a man could speak from experience it was S.B.—surrounded by uncles, aunts and cousins like the Burne-Joneses, the Poynters, and the Kiplings. Does not every speech he makes on non-political subjects show the influence of that early environment? Harrow and Trinity may have done something for him: but the wonderful marriages made by his mother and her three sisters—daughters of a Dissenting minister in Birmingham—have assuredly done more. Could there be a better illustration—and S.B. would be the first to confirm it—of the educative influence of a cultivated home?

I was only eleven when over my own home a permanent shadow was cast by the premature death of my father, at the age of forty, on 3rd January, 1871.

I have often since thought that my father must have had

some premonition of his premature death. In August, 1870, my grandfather died in Derbyshire, a hale and hearty old man, at the age of eighty-six.

A few days before my grandfather's funeral my father kept me up beyond my usual bedtime to help him in directing the invitation cards for the funeral. I can still see in imagination the oil lamp under which we sat: my father praised my boyish penmanship, and said: "You will be doing this some day for me."

In less than six months I was. Consequently my recollections of my grandfather's funeral may be somewhat confused with my father's. At both there were the same gruesome details. There were the undertakers with boxes of black kid gloves, and, for the nearest relatives, yards of crape to be worn in streamers from tall hats, and as scarves. For other mourners there were yards of the richest black silk which would stand up of itself, and I still recall the critical appraisement of its quality by the female mourners, who looked forward to wearing that rich silk for many years to come.

My father was buried in the beautiful churchyard of Bowdon Parish Church, of which he was a churchwarden. His funeral, at which my brother Frank (aged nine) and I were the chief mourners, was a wonderful demonstration of the affection and respect he had won by his brief residence in Bowdon and his short business career in Manchester. It left on my mind an indelible impression.

Hardly less vivid is my recollection of my grandfather's funeral at Hayfield, but for a very different reason. It was on the day of his funeral that we heard the news of the surrender of Napoleon III at Sedan. Sedan is the earliest event in foreign history that I can definitely recall, and my recollections were doubtless quickened by a present we received at Christmas, 1870—a sort of chess-game called *The Siege of Paris*. At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War English sympathies were largely with the Germans. Bismarck's famous letter, published in *The Times* on 25th



July, 1870, had made a deep impression in England; it had represented Napoleon as intriguing for the annexation of Belgium to France, and in consequence as the wanton disturber of European peace. Napoleon's disclaimer, issued from his camp at Metz, was only half believed: Bismarck's unscrupulous conduct had produced the intended effect.

But after Sedan, and the crushing victories of Germany and their attack on Paris, English sympathies veered round to the side of France, and we children, in our game, defended Paris with great vigour against the brutal Prussians.

Shortly after my father's death we left Bowdon but not its neighbourhood. My mother bought a charming place about three miles away at Baguley, then "in the country", but soon to become as suburban as Bowdon itself. At Baguley we had a large and beautiful garden through which ran a stream on which we disported ourselves in a punt. We kept some cows and pigs and there were always ponies or horses in the stables. My mother made it a very pleasant home for her children and for their friends. It remained our home until my own marriage and my only sister's in 1891, when my mother followed us both to the south.

For my dear mother, widowed, with five children, at the age of thirty-five, my father's death was a crushing blow. For me it was the end of my childhood. I was only a little boy of eleven, but it was impressed on me that as the eldest son I must be the support (not in a material sense—for she was well provided for) of my delicate mother. I believe I was. As she lay dying twenty-five years later—but before I reached her bedside—my mother sent me a message which my brother Frank thoughtfully took down from her lips. The message remains among my most precious possessions and is inscribed on the fly-leaf of my Bible to-day. The words are too sacred to be reproduced: but I can say with truth that the diction is worthy of the song of Deborah, and my mother's beautiful words have been for forty years one of the great consolations of my life.

I can only hope that the tribute to the son who had supplied a husband's place was deserved. Anyway, my mother believed it to be; with the hand of death upon her she could not have been insincere; and I trust her loving gratitude for what I had been to and done for her was not wholly misplaced.

This at least I can truly say. Everything that a little boy could do to comfort and sustain my poor widowed mother was from the day of my father's death the first object of my life. Had she not been supremely unselfish she would doubtless have kept me always by her side; but she knew that my father's wish had been that his boys should have the Public School and University education denied to him; his wishes were as sacred to her as Prince Albert's to Queen Victoria, and directly I was thirteen I was sent to Repton.

CHAPTER III

A Public School in the 'Seventies

SCHOOLDAYS, 1872-8

THE future of our Public Schools has again (1940) become a question of anxious consideration for all who are interested in education. Equalitarians are jealous of the privileges enjoyed by the children of the rich, and after the present war they will doubtless press grants upon impoverished schools with a view to breaking down a "monopoly". Without State aid some Public Schools must certainly close for lack of scholars able to afford the accustomed fees. From another point of view, the advisability of great boarding-schools does not pass uncriticized.

In the early 'seventies these questions had not arisen, but the recent "Tunding Row" at Winchester had drawn public attention to another aspect of the problem. But for that row I might have become a Wykehamist six years sooner than I did. My mother, however, took alarm at the (grossly exaggerated) reports of the incident, and in default of Winchester I went to Repton.

Old men are apt to say that their "schooldays were the happiest time of their lives". Distance may have lent enchantment to their view. But generally speaking I believe that they are entirely misled. Of the six years I spent at Repton the first two were the most miserable of my life, and the rest were certainly not among the happiest. This was partly perhaps my own fault, and still more due to temporary circumstances.

Repton was then and is still a good school; the boys, sons of squires, parsons, soldiers, lawyers, and other professional men, were mostly drawn from good homes; the

ecclesiastical atmosphere was evangelicā, and the "tone" was reputed to be high. Many of the boys of my time and since have done good service, not a few have done distinguished service in Church and State.

The one-time capital of Mercia, Repton is surrounded by charming country and is itself a little town or village with historic associations, a fine church, an ancient priory, and other interesting buildings, which now form the nucleus of Sir John Parkes' ancient foundation. But I went to Repton entirely unprepared, in every sense, for Public School life. I had hardly ever been separated for a night from my mother, and I was suddenly plunged into hell.

The house to which I was sent was in many respects a good one. The housemaster was a gentleman, a fine athlete, and, though not like the other housemasters in Holy Orders, a simple manly Christian. But he was not an efficient housemaster. No scholar himself, he gave no encouragement to scholars. Having lately married and being much pre-occupied with his plain but fascinating wife, his house was left very much to look after itself. The result was anarchy and worse. We had no sixth-form boy in the house, and a lot of hulking bullies inflicted their cruelties on small boys. Smoking, drinking, filth, brutality, such is my only too keen recollection of my "house". How I stuck out those first two years I cannot now understand. I was a delicate, home-bred child, good neither at games nor work. I was put (quite properly) in the lowest form, but gradually made my way up the school to the sixth. The headmaster, Dr. S. A. Pears, was one of the best headmasters of the day, and had I gone to his house things might have been different; but long before I got far up the school Pears left, and was succeeded by a much inferior master. And, anyway, what does a headmaster matter to a poor little urchin at the bottom of the school?

Pears turned out some good men—William Sanday, the great Oxford theologian, and J. E. Sandys, Senior Classic and Public Orator at Cambridge, among them:

but in my day the teaching was poor, and though the curriculum was almost entirely classical, I had had no real grounding in classics. In the end I only just missed my "first" in Classical Moderations at Oxford, but I was never a real "scholar" in the classical sense. It was only at Oxford that I discovered—thanks to G. G. Bradley, then master of University¹—what Latin prose meant, and though I've written thousands of hexameters and iambics I have never yet discovered the trick of doing them.

Still, I went up the school steadily and not wholly without credit. But in retrospect I am quite clear that the system was bad and the teaching mechanical and unintelligent. Thanks to my mother I knew my Bible, and twice was within an ace of getting the School Divinity Prize. Nevertheless, I left Repton without any understanding of the place of the ancient Hebrews in the general history of their time, and without realizing that there was any connexion between my "scripture" lessons on Sundays and the Roman history I learnt on week-days. Similarly, there was no co-ordination between the lessons in Greek and Roman history and those in the Greek and Roman texts. Virgil, like Homer, meant so many "lines" to be translated or learnt by heart—no more.

Again, though I am opposed to premature specialization, and do not altogether regret that my nose was kept close to the grindstone of the classics, yet I cannot resist the feeling that one of my form-masters ought by the time I was sixteen or so to have discerned that my bent was towards politics and history, and perhaps have sent me in for a Brackenbury Scholarship at Balliol. I don't suppose I should have got one, though my Oxford career suggests that I might. But that is another story.

One of the Repton masters *did* discover that I had a glimmering of intellectual interest. But it was as a friend—and a great friend he became; as a master he had nothing to do with me or I with him. J. H. Gurney was himself an

¹ He succeeded Stanley as Dean of Westminster.

old Reptonian, and had come back to teach mathematics, but his real interest was in the moral sciences. He used to ask me and my brother to breakfast on Sunday mornings—how we enjoyed those sausages—and lend me books on archæology and other out-of-school subjects. Gurney it was who, perceiving where my interests lay, persuaded my mother to send me not to Cambridge, for which I had been destined, but to Oxford. But there was no question of a Brackenbury or any other scholarship. I am sure that it never entered anybody's head at Repton, least of all my own, that I was up to scholarship standard. Nor was I, in classics. I did, indeed, in Michaelmas Term, 1877, spend a most delectable week in Oxford, on the excuse that I should try for a scholarship at one of the smaller colleges. But my candidature was *pour rire*. I wanted to see Oxford and decide to what college I should like to go as a Commoner, and quickly made up my mind to go, if I could, to New College. For the rest I thoroughly enjoyed myself: heard for the first time the chapel services at Magdalen and New College, and was entertained to breakfast, luncheon, and dinner by old Reptonians who astonished me by their cordiality and hospitality. Nor shall I ever forget that one day seeing a crowd coming along Parks Road I learnt that the people had been at a lecture of Ruskin's. It was the first distant contact of a provincialized schoolboy with a real celebrity. I believe that I then realized for the first time that celebrities were human beings, flesh and blood. Until then the Ruskins had been mere abstractions, more or less celestial beings. At last I understood that they were men like unto ourselves.

But the greatest revelation vouchsafed to me in that inspiring week was Oxford itself—the adorable city destined to be my home for forty years. It was with me a case of love at first sight; nor did the love fade so rapidly as such loves frequently do.

From Oxford I returned to Repton for the rest of my last school year, 1877–8. Curiously enough, though perhaps

this was characteristic of the prevailing atmosphere, I cannot remember having been interested in the great political events which happened during my school years. Yet I took *The Standard*, and cannot have been wholly uninformed as to what was taking place in the great world. I do remember that we were zealous supporters of Disraeli, then at the zenith of his career. But I have no recollection, for instance, of his purchase of the Suez Canal Shares (1875), and only vague recollections of the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India (1877), though I still possess a copy of a once famous pamphlet, *A Blot on the Queen's Head*, written by one of the many bitter critics of Disraeli's "Imperialism". Of course I remember the famous music-hall song which gave a nickname to a political party:

We don't want to fight but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've
got the money too.

Similarly, I well remember going to a Manchester pantomime—(that was some years earlier)—where the acerbities of a little group of "republicans", led by Sir Charles Dilke, were rightly held up to ridicule in a "topical" song, one refrain of which ran:

May republican Dilke drink Salford skimmed milk
If ever I cease to love.

My impression is that my sympathies were with Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury and against Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon in the complications which finally issued in the Congress of Berlin (1878). Nor can I have been unmoved by the enthusiasm which greeted our conquering heroes when they brought back "Peace with Honour".

But the real truth is that I have written in later years so much on all these topics,¹ and especially on the "Eastern

¹ E.g. *England since Waterloo* (10th Ed., Methuen); *The Eastern Question* (4th Ed., Oxford, 1940); *The History of Europe, 1815-1937* (4th Ed., Methuen, 1937); *The European Commonwealth* (Oxford, 1919).

Question", that I am perhaps apt to confound reflection with recollection. Whenever I suspect such confusion—as now—I can only promise frankly to confess it, and beg forgiveness. Historians who deal with contemporary periods will not, I am sure, refuse to condone the confusion.

In July, 1878, I said good-bye to Repton with more regret than I could at one time have supposed possible. As I went up the school the conditions of school life had naturally improved for me. I read papers at the Scientific Society—but always on "Moral Science", as it was then called; I took a prominent part in, if I did not found, the Debating Society; I sang the bass solo and played violin solos at the school concerts, and in the "speeches" in my last term I made a great hit (the only really great hit I ever made at Repton) as Sir Anthony Absolute in a scene from *The Rivals*. Above all, though in no way equipped for general popularity as a schoolboy, I had formed intimate friendships with the best "set" in the school. Most of my greatest friends, however, went to Cambridge. Among them were two Fords (of the famous cricketing family), Stanley Smith and (Sir) Montague Beauchamp—both of whom went out with the Studds to the China Inland Mission. Stanley Smith became one of the most famous of Cambridge "strokes", and died, a martyr to his fine work, in China. Most of them are now dead, but not so, I am glad to say, is my brother Frank,¹ who was one of the same group at Repton. Of that brother I might well have been jealous had I not been devotedly fond of him. For he had all the endowments that make for schoolboy popularity, and which I lacked. He was one of the best cricketers in the school, played in the football team, and twice (if not oftener) won the athletic championship. He afterwards got his athletic blue at Oxford, and was tried for the eleven, but at cricket he never quite lived up to his schoolboy

¹ The Rev. F. R. Marriott, since 1901 Rector of Wootton Woodstock, a New College living, and formerly Vicar of Warlingham, Surrey. [ob. March 27th, 1945. H.M.]

reputation, though he got plenty of runs and plenty of wickets. For myself, I hated football; I never won a race, and was a poor fives player. But I loved cricket and laboured assiduously to make myself proficient in the game.

But even in this department I got no encouragement at Repton, perhaps because it was recognized that I did not really possess the "games temperament": conscious of inferior equipment, I was overanxious to excel. I did, however, by dint of persistent practice get as far as the "twenty-two" at Repton, and at Oxford I got a great deal of pleasure out of the game, at which I steadily improved as I got older, more careless of success and less self-conscious. I actually got top score—as against several Eton and Winchester "eleven" men in the College Freshman's match—and as a result was frequently played for the College. One match I shall never forget, for it took me to Rugby when the College played the School. To see the locale of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* gave me a thrill I always remember—unequalled even by similar first visits to Winchester and Eton.

An incidental result of my success at Oxford was that I was invited to play for the O.R.s against the School at Repton. But there ensued on that honour one of the bitterest memories of my life. Fielding at mid-off (I was a pretty good field), I dropped two very hot catches from successive balls from an exasperated lob-bowler. Sixty years have passed, but the humiliation of those dropped catches has never faded from my lacerated memory. That I should have dropped them in that particular match was too cruel: I never played cricket at Repton again.

My schooldays ended in July, 1878, and I went up to Oxford in the following October, with the fixed determination to make more of a success of college than I had made of school.

CHAPTER IV

Oxford in the 'Eighties

DONS AND UNDERGRADUATES

He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,
And healthiness, ne'er saw a better place,
If God Himself on earth abode would make,
He Oxford sure would for His dwelling take.

XVth Century.

IN full agreement with the anonymous poet of the fifteenth century I took Oxford for my dwelling for forty years. On 10th October, 1878, I was matriculated into the University as a Commoner of the College of Saint Mary Winton at Oxford—still popularly known, as it was known five hundred years ago, as the New College.

From the first Oxford enchanted me as it has enchanted thousands upon whom it has laid its spell. Andrew Lang once said that if the spell is not to lose potency you must leave Oxford before the chill of middle age descends upon you. Speaking generally, he was probably right. But my own love for Oxford survived some rebuffs received from the university, the grievous desecration of the city and the ingratitude (as I deemed it) of its electorate. Ten years after leaving Oxford I wrote of the university words which have, I believe, awakened a good many echoes: "For close upon a thousand years Oxford has made history for England and for the new English-speaking nations which have arisen in distant lands. It has not been exclusively or mainly 'the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs', or 'unpopular names', or 'impossible loyalties'. . . . Throughout the ages Oxford has stood for causes which can never be lost while men seek wisdom and follow righteousness; she has stood for beliefs which are catholic because rooted in the con-

science of man, for undying loyalty to the causes most worthy to evoke it, for the freedom of the spirit and the supremacy of truth." ¹ "Is there a man with soul so dead", with imagination so dull, and knowledge of England's story so scanty as not to be thrilled as he gazes on the portraits of Oxford worthies in college halls and common-rooms, or picks out from the catalogue of the Bodleian the works that have come under Oxford's inspiration from Oxford pens? To my allegiance to the university, and my love for the city, I have been constant for more than half a century.

In the 'eighties Oxford was still unspoilt. It was primarily, as Cambridge still is, a university city. In the days when I first knew it, Oxford was still "the adorable dreamer whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages". Quiet and stately, it was not yet crowded, vulgarized, commercialized, mechanized, and suburbanized. You could still look down from Boar's Hill from the group of trees wrongly identified as Matthew Arnold's "lonely elm", upon a beautiful gem in a lovely setting, the eye not yet distracted by rows of red-brick villas encircling the city, north, south, east and west. There were no electricity standards, or even tram lines, to break the line of the High: no motor buses and heavy-laden lorries to shake to their foundations the old colleges and render impossible for study the college rooms overlooking one of the most beautiful streets in Europe. Over the ford which crossed the Isis south of the city, and over Magdalen Bridge on the east, much traffic has from Saxon days converged on Carfax (Quatre Voies), but the High was in my early day reasonably quiet, though the Broad, then cobbled, was not.

Such new buildings as there were, were, be it admitted, very inferior to those which a later generation owes to Jackson and Bodley. Oxford, in the 'eighties, had not emancipated itself from the evil influence (architecturally) of Ruskin and the Neo-Gothic which was supposed to embody the

¹ *Oxford and its Place in English History* (Clar. Press, 1933), p. 6.

spirit of the Tractarian Movement. But the disfigurements inflicted on several colleges by Gilbert Scott and Waterhouse were (save in one or two cases) not very obtrusive. The few villas in north Oxford were cut off from the university by the Parks and were inhabited almost exclusively by professors and college tutors who were beginning to take advantage of the recent relaxation of the rule of celibacy. But social life was still centred in the colleges. North Oxford had not then become the rival of Bath, Leamington or Cheltenham as a refuge for retired civil servants, soldiers, and episcopal relicts: still less did it house "home students", or unattached undergraduates, or offer any social distractions to undergraduates. Summer-town was a country village to which I once retired to recuperate after some slight illness, and like Iffley was separated from Oxford by stretches of open fields. I remember once or twice going up to Boar's Hall to dine with Lord Cranborne (now the Marquis of Salisbury), who was lodging at a house overlooking the Berkshire Downs. The house was, as far as I remember, more solitary than Arnold's "elm".

Among the "dons" of that day were not a few men of real distinction. Great men are apt to loom larger in the eyes of youth than in those of a contemporary, but if the "heads" and "dons" of that day were not more distinguished than their successors they were certainly more dignified. Dr. Bulley, President of Magdalen, was a fine figure of a man, but he and others of like stature were entirely eclipsed by the magnificent and awe-inspiring figure of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, the collaborator of Scott in the production of the famous Greek Lexicon. Yet he and his handsome wife did not escape the satire of Balliol:

I am the Dean of Christ Church, sir,
This is my wife, just look at her,
She is the "Broad", I am the "High",
We are the University.

Later on I became intimate with the Liddell family (though never with its head!), and I shall never forget the first time I dined at the Deanery, and found myself, when the ladies had gone, sitting next the awesome Dean. He was, I fancy, almost as shy as myself, and at last, to break the awkward silence, I greatly dared to ask him a leading question: "Who, Mr. Dean, do you think is the ablest man you ever knew in Oxford?" Without a moment's hesitation he rapped out: "Dr. Halford Vaughan." I just knew Vaughan's name but only as the author of a dull book on the Revolution of 1688. I was, therefore, amazed. Not so were some older men to whom I afterwards told the story—Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls, and Professor A. V. Dicey among them. I asked them the same question, and received varying answers, but when I revealed the Dean's answer, they expressed no surprise—Vaughan was evidently a much greater man than one would infer from his scanty written work.¹

Perhaps the most interesting "Heads" in my young days were Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, and Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln. Pattison was the master of an incisive style which still makes his essays good reading; his chief work was his *Life of Casaubon*, but his fame rests more securely on the fact that he was supposed to have sat for George Eliot's portrait of the scholar-squarson Mr. Casaubon, the ill-mated husband of Dorothea Brooke. Jowett combined with the headship of Balliol the Professorship of Greek, and though not highly rated as a Greek scholar, and regarded as a "heretic" by the High Churchmen, was indubitably both a great and a good man. He had his human weaknesses, chiefly of the amiable sort: but he was largely responsible for making Balliol, though poorly endowed, the most distinguished college, in my day, in Oxford. That distinction was increased by Jowett's own week-

¹ The MS. of Vaughan's *magnum opus* was said to have been burnt by a housemaid. He was the father of Vaughan, successively headmaster of Wellington and Rugby. I told the son the story shortly before his death; it naturally pleased him greatly.

end parties, invitations to which were avidly accepted by many men and women distinguished in politics, art, letters, and even fashion. A little later on, the Hon. George Brodric, Warden of Merton, and Sir William Anson, who succeeded the stately Leighton at All Souls, brought some of the great for week-ends to Oxford, but neither was so catholic in hospitality as Jowett. Nor were Dr. Edward Talbot,¹ Warden of Keble, and his charming wife, Lavinia, daughter of the fourth Lord Lyttelton and sister of many famous brothers. I made the acquaintance of the Talbots early in my undergraduate days; they were extraordinarily kind to me, and remained my friends until they quite recently (1940) died. At their table I first met Mr. Arthur Balfour and Bishop Temple.² J. H. Shorthouse, who won great if transitory fame as an author of distinction, was among the distinguished people I met at Keble, and Mr. Gladstone (Mr. Talbot's uncle) was a frequent visitor.

Keble was in those days in an ambiguous position as regards the university. Technically not a "college" but "the New Foundation", it could nevertheless present students for matriculation, university examinations and degrees: but the Warden was not technically a "head", or eligible to become, in turn, Vice-Chancellor. "Plain living and high thinking" was supposed to be the rule of the "New Foundation". The living was certainly cheap and plain; the "thinking", if high, was not conspicuously reflected by university distinctions.

Outside the charmed circle of "Heads" there were a goodly few men of distinction among the professors and tutors. The professoriate was small compared with the professoriate of to-day, and the subjects represented correspondingly few. In those days there were only about fifty university teachers in all: to-day there are over 160 of whom seventy are full professors, maintained partly by a Treasury subvention and

¹ Successively Vicar of Leeds, Bishop of Southwark, Bishop of Winchester.

² Successively Bishop of Exeter and London and Archbishop of Canterbury.

still more by the taxation of the colleges, which now contribute £65,000 a year to university purposes. This is, indeed, only one aspect of a tendency to restore the authority of the university over the colleges continuous since the Royal Commission of 1854, and especially marked since that of 1922. In my day the teaching (except in natural science) was almost entirely in the hands of the colleges, which from the days of Archbishop Laud down to the twentieth century had dominated the university.

In the theological faculty the Tractarians were still supreme: Dr. Pusey was Professor of Hebrew, but was an old man, rarely visible and very soon to be succeeded by a great Hebraist, my own tutor at New College, Dr. S. R. Driver. Edward King, of saintly character and countenance, exercised an immense influence as Professor of Pastoral Theology. I knew Bishop King very slightly, but like everyone else, whether ecclesiastically in sympathy with him or not, I found the charm of his personality irresistible. In his combination of gentleness and firmness he always seemed to me a second St. Anselm, though a second Rufus was not discoverable either in Queen Victoria or in King's metropolitan—Archbishop Benson.

Christ Church was, in those days, governed by the Dean and Chapter, but among the senior students were several men of mark. Of Canon Liddon, whom I always picture as nursing on his knee the common-room cat, of Scott Holland and Francis Paget, I shall speak later. Then there was C. L. Dodgson, shy, silent and (by me) unapproachable, whose name as Lewis Carroll will probably outlive that of all the scholars and theologians. G. W. Kitchin, the author of *Modern France* and afterwards Dean successively of Winchester and Durham, was another of the Christ Church dons. He was one of the handsomest men in Oxford, whose gentle courtesy seemed somehow inconsistent with his rather fierce radicalism. To me, however, he was a good and constant friend: I stayed with him in his beautiful Deanery at Winchester; he would have liked me to go

to Newcastle as Principal of the University College. I cherish him as a most kindly memory. Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Acland, the Regius Professor of Medicine, was also a member of Christ Church. But I never knew him more than slightly. A man of striking presence, the intimate friend of Gladstone and John Ruskin, with powerful connexions in the great world, Acland lent dignity to his office; and with Mrs. Acland (whose splendid work for the suffering, and the sick is commemorated in the "Sarah Acland Home") made his old house in Broad Street a centre of hospitality for old and young alike. R. L. Ottley, the theologian, Arthur Hassall, the historian, and "young" Sidney Owen, the brilliant Latinist, joined the common-room later when, as the guest of these and others, I came to know it more intimately.

Enough, for the moment, of the university. The Swiss have a motto: "My shirt is closer to my skin than my coat." To most Oxford men their college means more than the university. I never regretted my deliberate choice of New College, though in my particular subject I should have got much better teaching at Balliol. I delighted in the musical services in chapel; the dignity of the college hall—second to none—never ceased to impress me; while the beauty of the gardens, framed by the old city wall and bordered by its stately lines of chestnuts and limes, was a perennial delight, especially to those who, like myself, were fortunate enough to get rooms overlooking its smooth lawns.¹

The Warden of the college in my time was the Rev. Dr. Sewell (a brother of Elizabeth, the novelist). Sewell was a devoted and "gremial" Wykehamist, as well he

¹ All the chestnuts were, during a gale in September, 1881, blown down, or were cut down as unsafe. I well remember the scene of desolation: but before I left Oxford the young trees planted to replace them fully equalled in stature their predecessors.

The perfect preservation of that portion of the city walls which runs through New College is doubtless due to the fact that by the conveyance of the land granted by the city to William of Wykeham, the college was bound to repair and maintain the wall.

might be, having lived for more than sixty years on the beneficence of William of Wykeham. Though not distinguished as a scholar he was a good man of business and most punctilious in the discharge of all his not too arduous duties. Small in stature but of great dignity he was greatly liked and esteemed by the undergraduates, to whom he was familiarly known as "the Shirt", by reason of a certain starchiness of mien, his high Gladstonian collars, and the neatness and nattiness of his old-fashioned apparel. To me he was consistently kind, and of my wife, and still more my little girl, he was very fond. From a visit to the Warden the child always returned, in autumn term, laden with beautiful pears from his sunny garden in the rear of the college brewery.

The Dean was the Rev. Dr. Spooner, known to fame as the author of countless "Spoonerisms", some of which were, to my knowledge, genuine, though more were the product of misdirected industry. Spooner was the first non-Wykehamist to be elected to a scholarship at New College, thus breaking down the Winchester monopoly, which was still more strikingly invaded when, forty years later, he became the first (and so far the only) non-Wykehamical warden.¹

His gifts, if not brilliant, were placed at the service of the college continuously and ungrudgingly for more than half a century. Sharply contrasted with Spooner was the philosophy tutor, W. L. Courtney, more like a well-groomed guardsman than a college don in appearance, but a most competent teacher. His passionate devotion, however, was less for philosophy (though he wrote some useful books on the subject) than for the drama and the stage. I met both J. L. Toole and Sir Henry Irving at his table, and he delighted in their company and in that of dramatists and literary men. The only time I ever met Oscar Wilde was when he dined in college with Courtney. It was Courtney who persuaded Jowett (when the latter was Vice-Chancellor)

¹ [We must now add the name of the present Warden, A. H. Smith. H.M.]

to sanction the building of a theatre in Oxford and also to give his countenance to the foundation of the O.U.D.S.—the nursery of many famous players, Arthur Bouchier and young “Harry” Irving among them. But the whole story may be read in Courtney’s *Fight for the Drama in Oxford* and Alan Mackinnon’s *Oxford Amateurs*. I was myself a keen amateur actor, but the only plays in which I took part in Oxford were the *Agamemnon* and the *Alcestis*. In the former I only played in the “chorus”; but in the latter I made a great hit (so the critics said) as Pheres. To the great loss of Oxford in general and New College in particular, the lure of the drama carried Courtney off to London in 1890. He was for many years dramatic critic of *The Daily Telegraph*, and a very successful editor of *The Fortnightly Review*. To the latter he admitted scores of my articles, and we remained friends till his death in 1928, when, at his widow’s request, I wrote the *In Memoriam* tribute to him in his own *Review*.

Throughout the whole of my time, both as undergraduate and as lecturer at New College, the college was ruled by the Bursar, Alfred Robinson. He died prematurely in 1895; otherwise he would certainly have succeeded Dr. Sewell as Warden, and it was generally felt that his death removed the stoutest pillar in the college and perhaps in the university. Of somewhat austere aspect but with a gentle and humorous smile, Robinson could reprove with almost terrifying sternness any lapse or shortcoming in undergraduates, college servants, and even colleagues. Yet his heart was as kind as his discipline was firm. A first-rate financier and administrator he would, had he entered politics, have made a great Chancellor of the Exchequer. Only once was he tempted to desert New College for the larger field of work. Edward Wickham, to whom as an ardent reforming tutor New College, in the earlier days of its expansion, owed much, married one of Mr. Gladstone’s daughters (whereby hangs a tale) and became Dean of Lincoln. Wickham, like Robinson, was a strong Liberal,

and knowing Robinson's great gift for finance, wished to secure him as a private secretary for his father-in-law. The plan miscarried: Robinson remained until his death to guide the destinies of the rapidly growing college at Oxford. But he had been tempted, though he recognized Gladstone's weaknesses. He once told me, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, that he had one day travelled up with the great man from Oxford to Paddington and during the whole journey Gladstone preached on a single text—the harm that had accrued to England from being governed by septuagenarian Premiers. Years afterwards Gladstone himself light-heartedly took office again when he was over eighty!

Apropos of the Wickhams and Mr. Gladstone there is an authentic "Spoonerism" (of which by the way there are relatively few). Meeting Mrs. Wickham in Oxford one day Spooner inquired after her little boy, and expressed the view that he was sure to be clever. Mrs. Wickham modestly demurred, but Spooner insisted: "Oh! he is certain to be clever: genius, you know, always skips a generation!" A well-meant compliment, which might perhaps have been more tactfully expressed.

CHAPTER V

Life at New College

UNDERGRADUATE AND DON, 1878-87

FOR nearly ten years New College was my home in Oxford, the centre of my interests and activities. My undergraduate career, though it culminated in the one serious illness (hitherto) of my life, and in a consequential catastrophe, was on the whole reasonably successful. I greatly enjoyed it.

New College was just at that time entering upon what many of its sons regard as its "golden age". Certainly no society could have been more delightful than that to which I was admitted in Michaelmas Term, 1878. The college had ceased (some twenty years earlier) to be an exclusively Wykehamist Society. Down to that time New College was one of the smallest and least distinguished colleges in Oxford. It is now (1940) one of the largest and greatest. For 500 years it had been, as Wykeham meant it to be, the nursery of a parochial clergy, of godly conversation (*mores*) and sound, if not excessive, learning. Less excessive, in truth, than any other college, for, as a stronghold of Conservatism, privilege and exclusiveness, it had only in 1834 abandoned the right to demand for its members a degree from the university without passing a university examination. The "privilege" had become nothing but a damaging restriction, especially since the examination system was reformed and the Balliol and Oriel Fellowships were "opened" in the first years of the nineteenth century. Not until the 'sixties did the evil results of reluctantly surrendered privilege begin to disappear from New College. Nor were the undergraduates even at the end of the 'seventies a particu-

larly distinguished body. All its members were, indeed, required to read for at least one Honour School: most read for two, and read hard. Most of the scholars still came from Winchester. Of the Commoners about as many, I suppose, came from Eton as from Winchester, and nearly all the rest came from good schools. I was almost the only Reptonian in college, and the men with whom I "digged" in lodgings and mostly lived in college were all (with few exceptions) Etonians. But the Etonians were not of the sporting type who still went mostly to Christ Church; they read at least as hard as anyone else and contributed a most valuable element to the general life of the college. Not least to the college boat club, the brilliant success of which during the next few decades was due to men like the Bournes—father, son, and grandson—who brought to New College the Etonian tradition of oarsmanship. We had some cricket-blues too: H. R. Webbe, brother of the more famous "A. J.", and F. G. Jellicoe, a brother of the great admiral, among them. In pure scholarship D. S. Margoliouth towered above all others in the college, or indeed in the university. As an undergraduate he was somewhat remote. Though almost an exact contemporary of mine, I don't remember ever in our undergraduate days exchanging a word with him. Later on he became one of my greatest friends. I was his Sunday *socius*, and after his marriage performed for him the useful function of breaking in upon and breaking up his Sunday luncheon parties to undergraduates who were too shy to know when they ought to depart! Long before that Margoliouth had become a Fellow of the College and Laudian Professor of Arabic in the university. Another Winchester scholar, similarly hardly known to me as an undergraduate, but later to become a friend, collaborator, and in two senses a colleague, was (Sir) Charles Oman. As Chichele Professor of Modern History, the foremost military historian of our time, and M.P. for the university, Oman has won distinction in more than one field. He was the first to make the college famous as a nursery of historians,

being quickly followed by F. J. Haverfield, Professor of Ancient History but specially known as a great authority on Roman Britain; C. H. Turner, a learned professor in ecclesiastical history; (Sir) F. G. Kenyon, Librarian of the British Museum and a great archæologist with ecclesiastical leanings; and H. A. L. Fisher, subsequently Warden of the college and a truly great historian. All these were Winchester scholars, as was G. E. Buckle, of a slightly earlier generation, and presently to make his mark as editor of *The Times* and as editor of *Queen Victoria's Letters*, and the sympathetic biographer of Disraeli. Hastings Rashdall, also a scholar, but from Harrow, was one of my undergraduate friends: a man of keen intellect, a brilliant talker, and destined to real distinction as a theologian and moral philosopher. He returned to New College as a Fellow or lecturer in middle life, and ended his days as Dean of Carlisle. But in his latter years I saw little of him: I always imagined that he suspected me of obscurantism. Perhaps I was wrong: anyway, we never renewed our undergraduate friendship. Among other undergraduates destined to some distinction in various spheres were William D. Sargeaunt, afterwards a Lord Justice of Appeal; (Sir) E. T. Cook, a Union orator with a rapier-like tongue and afterwards a brilliant critic and journalist and the biographer of Ruskin; and (Sir) Frank Benson. Benson's interests were divided between the running track and the College Shakspeare Society. He ran the three mile for the university, and of the Shakspeare Society was the life and soul. He got all the credit for the famous production of the *Agamemnon* (1880). As a fact the credit belonged to M. C. Bickersteth, a son of the then Bishop of Ripon. Bickersteth was always a saint and ultimately became a well-known member of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield. In later life I saw nothing of him, but at New College he was one of my most intimate friends, and I well remember his opening to me his project for a performance of a Greek tragedy in the original. The performance was given first in the hall of Balliol in summer

term, 1880, and just before Christmas at St. George's Hall, Portland Place. At both performances Benson was the *Clytemnestra*, G. P. C. Lawrence of C.C.C.—a great man over the hurdles—was the *Cassandra*, and the Hon. W. N. Bruce, another athlete, and truly a king of men, was the *Agamemnon*. I played in the Chorus at St. George's Hall, where the performance was attended by "George Eliot" and many other notabilities. In the Balliol performance I could not take part as I was in that term for Honour Classical Moderations. To my surprise and delight I was not far from getting a "first"; but I was an indifferent scholar, and my unlooked-for measure of success was due partly to a certain literary gift in translation, and much more to my work in logic, which I took as an alternative to the modicum of mathematics required in a classical school. My interest in logic was largely due to the inspiring teaching of Alfred Robinson, whose lectures were much the best I ever attended in college. To him also I owed, later on, my early interest in the *Politics* of Aristotle, a work to which my debt is perhaps heavier than to any other single book. As the classical teaching in college was so lacking in stimulus, it was fortunate for us that New College belonged to a small group of colleges which pooled their lectures. Among them were Balliol and University. This enabled me to attend the lectures of the Rev. G. G. Bradley, Master of University, who had previously put Marlborough in the very front rank of classical schools, and was presently to succeed A. P. Stanley as Dean of Westminster. Bradley was the greatest teacher I ever encountered: he taught me more about Latin prose composition in six weeks than I had learnt in the preceding six years. Not less brilliant than Bradley's own lectures were those of his Marlborough pupil, S. H. Butcher, who had been Senior Classic at Cambridge, and was imported into University College, Oxford, by its master, and—his, as classical lecturer. Butcher, afterwards Professor of Greek at Edinburgh and later still M.P. for Cambridge University, ultimately became, like his brother, J. G. Butcher, a great

friend of mine: as an undergraduate I knew him only as a brilliant lecturer on Demosthenes.

Clearly, then, New College was emerging towards distinction: it was, thanks mainly to its unbroken connexion with Winchester, producing great scholars and was giving to the university a larger proportion of its professoriate. But it had not yet become the nursery of cabinet ministers, pro-consuls, law officers, bishops and judges galore. It was characterized rather by a high average level in scholarship and athletics, and in particular by its general sociability and by its relative freedom from "sets", due, largely, no doubt, to its junior common-room, open to all, and the consequent absence of exclusive wine-clubs.

Of the many personal friendships I made as an undergraduate at New College perhaps the two greatest and most lasting were with men diametrically opposed to each other in politics and ecclesiastical views, and not at all points in sympathy with me. E. G. L. Mowbray was the younger son of Sir John Mowbray, at that time Senior Burgess for the University, and one of the best known and most popular members of the House of Commons, where for many years he acted, to the general satisfaction, as Chairman of the Committee of Selection—a delicate job. Until his death Sir John was a good friend to me, and I cherish with gratitude and affection his memory. His son Edmund, who ultimately succeeded his father and brother as 3rd baronet, was a fair scholar, a hard reader, a keen oarsman from Eton; above all, a strong High Churchman, who presently took Holy Orders and did fine work as a devoted parish priest. From New College Mowbray went to Cuddesdon, and I sometimes went over to lunch with him there on Sundays. Perhaps he thought that the peace and beauty of the place and the obvious joyousness of the students might lead me to go there. But strongly as I was attracted by Cuddesdon, not even Mowbray or Charles Gore, who was then chaplain at the college, could have drawn me, had they tried, into that particular corner of the fold.

A still greater friend was Robert Forman Horton, who was elected to a Fellowship at New College soon after Mowbray and I went into residence. I did hardly any tutorial work with him, but I had fallen in love with him at first sight, when, from afar, I saw him in the Presidential chair at the Union, and to my great delight we became, almost from the first, great friends. He left Oxford for good in December, 1883. After that we were not again in close contact until the last four or five years of his life. Indeed we only occasionally met and rarely exchanged letters. It made no difference; we always met again as though we had but just parted. That is a stern test of friendship. Ours stood the test. After Horton's death (1934) his widow and friends urged me to write his *Life*. Their urgency touched me deeply: but, though I contributed several chapters to the *Life*,¹ I was convinced that as a whole it could be written only by a member of his own communion.

Except through Horton I have never been much in contact with Nonconformists, from no lack of sympathy or appreciation of their many sterling qualities but simply through circumstances. To Horton's own views, ecclesiastical and still more strongly political, I was definitely opposed. His Nonconformity and his Radicalism greatly mellowed, indeed, in old age, and towards the end, while deeply lamenting the virtual disappearance of the Liberal Party, he found, I think, in Mr. Stanley (Earl) Baldwin the nearest approach among modern statesmen to the idol he had worshipped in his political adolescence—Mr. Gladstone. Though he supported Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, a member of his Hampstead congregation, in his contest at Leicester, Horton, despite his strong sympathies with the underdog, was never a Socialist, nor, in the technical sense, a pacifist. Thus far we agreed, and I hope I half converted him to my ideals of Imperialism. Anyway, he always listened patiently and sympathetically to my crude exposition of

¹ *R. F. Horton*: A. Peel and J. A. R. Marriott (George Allen & Unwin, 1937).

them. Nor did he ever attempt religious or political proselytizing. He did, indeed, drag me down once or twice to a ragged school in the slums of Oxford where he himself taught Sunday after Sunday. I could not cope with the boys, who were the rudest and roughest lot I ever encountered even in the "worst" districts in either of my constituencies. Horton considerably condoned my miserable incapacity and released me from an ungrateful task. Even he himself confessed that the boys of St. Ebbe's were "simple savages". One Sunday they stoned him, but, as he characteristically added in recounting his experience: "it is a blessed thought that a cup of cold water given to them is given to Christ."

Horton's residence at New College (1874-83) coincided with a most interesting phase in the ecclesiastical history of the University. I have told the story elsewhere;¹ only a brief reference to it is, consequently, here permissible. For the first time since the days of Elizabeth, the University, and almost all its honours and emoluments, were open to men of all creeds and of no creed. Horton was one of the first to take full advantage of the abolition of tests effected by the Act of 1871. Paradoxically, however, the Nonconformists were almost as anxious as the Anglicans about the results of that Act. Mansfield College was transplanted from Birmingham to Oxford primarily to act as a training college for Congregational ministers, but partly also to stem the drift of young Nonconformists towards Anglicanism or scepticism. Until this advent of Mansfield College the latter function fell largely to Horton, who, though not untempted to Anglican Orders, remained staunch in adherence to the faith of his fathers, and quietly and unobtrusively, if effectively and firmly, strengthened others in resistance to like temptations.

Many were the walks Horton and I took in the lovely country round Oxford, over Shotover or to Elsfeld where John Buchan ultimately made his home, and where we used to linger long gazing at the fine view it affords over the

¹ *R. F. Horton*, Chaps. III and V.

towers and spires of the city nestling among the mists of Mesopotamia. What delightful intercourse it was between minds united in sympathy, but strongly opposed in opinion! How we thrashed out with argument at once heated and friendly every subject under the sun, political, philosophical and ecclesiastical! Of course Horton was completely master of me in dialectic, nor was he, when roused, by any means incapable of the *saeva indignatio* indispensable to the orator, in the pulpit or on the platform.

A great orator, both by natural gifts and assiduous cultivation, Horton unquestionably was. There was a perfect galaxy of oratorical talent at the Union in those days. H. H. Asquith, afterwards Earl of Oxford and Asquith, Herbert Paul, Alfred (afterwards Viscount) Milner, A. A. Baumann, St. John Brodrick (afterwards Earl of Midleton), and N. Micklem were among the Presidents contemporary with Horton, who was himself President in 1877. Among the Presidents of my own undergraduate days were G. N. (afterwards Marquess) Curzon, J. A. Hamilton (known as one of the greatest judges of his day as Viscount Sumner), (Sir) E. T. Cook, (Sir) Michael Sadler, and (Sir) Edward Poulton. W. Hudson Shaw, E. L. S. Horsbrugh, H. J. (now the Right Hon. Sir Halford) Mackinder, Cosmo Gordon Lang (later Archbishop of Canterbury), and (Professor) W. Alison Phillips formed a notable group of Presidents all of whom enlisted, under the banner of Sir Michael Sadler, in the University Extension Movement and did yeoman service for it. F. E. Smith (Earl of Birkenhead), J. A. (Viscount) Simon, and Hilaire Belloc were among the Union Presidents of a rather later generation who were recruited for the same movement by me.

It is the more remarkable, in view of my great interest in politics, of my friendship with Horton, and with others who belonged to the Union, that I never, as an undergraduate, joined the Union myself. I regard it as the greatest blunder of my Oxford career. The blunder was due partly to a friend who persuaded me that "only smugs" joined

the Union, which I ought to have soon learnt was untrue; but more, I think, to my fear lest absorption in politics should obstruct my work for the schools. As it was, I joined the Musical Club, then located in a beautiful old room over Vincent's shop in the High, and squandered on music time which had far better have been spent at the Union. The School Musical Society at Repton had (half) persuaded me that I could play the violin, and was competent to sing the baritone solos in cantatas, oratorios and so forth. Though keenly interested in music, and (until I married an unmusical wife) a regular concert goer (especially to the Hallé concerts in Manchester), I was never more than second rate, if so much, as fiddler or singer, while the piano, strive as I might, I could never play at all. From the point of view of my life-work my music was a sheer waste of time. My amateur acting was not. But that is a later story. Never did I regret my folly in not joining the Union so keenly as I did after my election to Parliament. I had made myself (I am assured) a more than ordinarily effective platform speaker; but in debate in the House of Commons I never got over a certain awkwardness and self-consciousness of which the Union might have cured me. I ought perhaps in simple honesty to add that partial friends have assured me that my defects as a debater were less apparent to others than to myself; but I never had any doubt whatever about their existence.

Though I did not join the Union I did accept election to the Canning Club, then, consule Curzono, at the zenith of its popularity and greatness. For ten years or more I spent some of the happiest hours of my Oxford life at the weekly meetings of the Canning. We met in each other's rooms in rotation. The membership was select: twenty-five undergraduate members with a graduate treasurer and chaplain. Membership was, however, for life, and graduates in residence received the weekly invitations to attend. Both as an undergraduate and for many years as graduate I regularly attended, and for many years tried as

treasurer to curb the extravagance of ambitious secretaries—always, of course, undergraduates. The ritual observed at the meetings adhered rigorously to tradition. We met at nine: coffee was served, long churchwarden pipes were lit: minutes were read, and the host of the evening was called upon to summarize the “events” of the week. A paper was then read on some question of the hour, a discussion followed—often lively and amusing—and having drunk “Church and King” and “The Immortal Memory” in spiced ale (with claret-cup as a summer substitute) we adjourned generally about eleven. Happy memories of irresponsible youth who nevertheless took itself (*more juvenutis*) very seriously.

There was no lack of “subjects of the day” for the young essayists to choose from, and for others to debate. Being then a Free Trader, I myself wrote on *The Fallacies of Fair Trade*—a subject which divided the party, and its microcosm the Canning. Gladstone’s great victory at the polls in 1880 had a sequel in local politics which caused us great glee. Sir William Harcourt, the senior member for the City of Oxford, having been appointed Home Secretary, had to seek re-election. After one of the most corrupt elections on record, he was defeated by A. W. Hall, a local brewer and one of the finest mob orators I ever heard, by the narrow majority of fifty-four. A petition followed: general bribery on both sides was proved up to the hilt; some highly respectable city Liberals and one Conservative professor narrowly escaped imprisonment; Hall was deprived of the seat, and the city was temporarily disfranchised. As the by-election took place in term-time, it formed an uproarious interlude in our undergraduate life.

Imperial politics were also of extraordinary interest. Lord Beaconsfield’s “forward” policy in Afghanistan and South Africa was promptly reversed by Mr. Gladstone. The fruits of Lord Roberts’s famous march to Kandahar were squandered, and Kandahar itself, to the bitter indignation of the Queen and many of her subjects, was evacuated.

Gladstone pursued a like policy in South Africa. The Transvaal, which in 1877 had been annexed to Cape Colony, was, after serious defeats inflicted upon us by the Boers, handed back to them. In Ireland too Gladstone's policy involved us in humiliation. Coercion alternated with concession: the proclamation of the Land League with agrarian reform and a Kilmainham Treaty. Then in May, 1881, came the tragedy of the Phoenix Park, the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Truly there was no lack of subjects for young Tories to debate.

Of successive secretaries George Curzon was, by general consent, in a class apart. Never in his brilliant career can he have shown a more attractive side of his complex personality. We saw nothing at the Canning of the "superior person", derided by Balliol contemporaries, and too often, I fear, in later life by subordinates and inferiors. To us of the Canning he was invariably genial, ready of wit, and of inexhaustible high spirits. So brilliant were his "Minutes" that we all subscribed to print them as a memorial of the secretaryship. Of other members I remember best George Talbot¹ of Christ Church, the eldest son of the Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, Junior Burgess for the university, three of my best New College friends, Edmund Mowbray, Granville Kekewich and John Pemberton, the three Cecils (Lord Cranborne, Lord William and Lord Robert). C. G. Lang joined the Club and became secretary a few years later, and later still I well remember as secretaries the Hon. Henry Lygon, Lord Wolmer, and Gilbert Talbot.

"Games" were a less than secondary interest in my undergraduate life. In the summer term I gave all the time I could spare to cricket, but in two out of my four summer terms I was preoccupied with imminent "schools", with which cricket is less consistent than rowing. My rowing experiences (though in middle life I kept a boat on the Cherwell and spent many happy afternoons in it) did not

¹ Afterwards Mr. Justice Talbot, *ob.* 1938.

survive a short period of "tubbing" and a painful abrasion. Once, and once only, was I pressed into playing football for the college, and I disliked it almost as much as I did compulsory football at Repton, where the lower-school boys played about seventy-five a side and few of us ever saw the ball except when it soared towards the sky! In later life I took to golf, and for thirty years found in that convenient game immense enjoyment and genuine recreation. I played on most of the links in England, Scotland and Wales, and sampled about all the courses between the Maritime Provinces and Vancouver Island in Canada. Keen as I was I never became a really good golfer, but at golf, especially on my many golfing holidays, I made new friendships and, better still, confirmed old ones. Among the latter were "Joey" Wells, "Tommy" Field, D. H. S. Cranage of Cambridge, and closest of all, R. W. Macan.

Until I took to golf, walking and riding were my only forms of exercise in winter. Nobody walks nowadays; but there is something to be said for that form of exercise. For myself, I came really to know and to love the Oxford country: the slopes of Shotover and Hinksey, the peaceful upper Thames valley, the lovely Berkshire and Oxfordshire villages. Rather farther afield were the Cotswold "towns" which later on I came to know well; but if, within a radius of fifty miles from Oxford, there is a lovelier village than Great Tew—the home of Falkland—I never found it. Walking has one advantage over golf: it permits and even encourages talk. And many were my walks and talks not only (as already mentioned) with R. F. Horton, but with Cyril Bickersteth, Edmund Hobhouse, John Pemberton¹, all of New College, G. J. Talbot of Christ Church, and G. C. Bower of University—to name only a few of the best remembered.

So my undergraduate days drew to a close and to their crowning catastrophe. I read very hard, especially in my last year, and with the gratifying result that in College

¹ M.P. for Sunderland, 1900-6; *ob.* 1940, *ætat.* 79.

Collections—a complete rehearsal for the Final Schools—I not only beat all competitors for the College Prize in History, but got a “first” on every paper. My tutors regarded my “first” in the Final Schools as a certainty. But disaster befell. Overwork, an insanitary lodging house and nerve strain induced by the cobble-stones of Broad Street brought on a severe attack of pneumonia from which I had hardly recovered when I had to go in for my Final Schools. Had an *ægrotat* been permissible I should certainly have applied for it, as preferable to anything except the “first”, to which in my enfeebled state I could hardly aspire. In the event the Examiners cut down the first class to two men—both from Balliol, and I found myself, to my disgust but hardly to my surprise, labelled as a “second”. I was in good company, however, for (Sir) Sidney Lee was there also, and one or two others who subsequently attained distinction. One of the latter, a learned Anglican Dean, I met for the first time some fifty years later. “Did you ever get over it?” I asked him. “Never,” he replied: “it hurts me still.” Nor did I.

CHAPTER VI

The Teaching of Politics

OF HISTORY AND HISTORIANS AT OXFORD, 1882-1919

LENGTH of days has been granted to me in full measure. Since I came to man's estate all those days have been devoted consistently to a single purpose, the service of the State. But how was I to serve it?

When I returned to Oxford to put on my bachelor's gown in October, 1882, that question was undecided. Should I try to serve the State as an ordained minister of the Established Church? I had some inclinations, not very definite, in that direction. Should I seek to reach "political life"—as commonly understood—by the avenue of the Bar? Should I try to train boys for the service of the State at a Public School? For the sake of my mother I did not wish to go to India as a Civil Servant, and, indeed, for that reason subsequently declined an educational appointment in that great country. I had, in fine, no settled plans.

My unfortunate illness had cost me more than my "First". All my thoughts, hopes and efforts had been concentrated on getting it. I had hoped that a "First" would give me the chance of competing for an All Souls' Fellowship. As a fact, owing to recent change of regulations my "Second" would not have debarred me. But on that point I was misinformed by my "coach", himself an ex-Fellow of All Souls. Too late we both learnt the mistake. My slender chance had gone. In 1882 I might (as I subsequently learnt) have had a chance, as the field was in that year so poor that no election was made at All Souls. I stood in 1883, but I had no possible chance against such candidates as G. N. Curzon of Balliol and C. W. C. Oman of

New College, who were elected. In 1884 I stood again, but half-heartedly. The college was not likely to elect a second-class man in his sixth year against F. W. Pember, a brilliant classical scholar, or against H. H. Henson. At the time of his election Henson was an obscure Non-collegiate student. He did not long remain obscure, and has since served his generation well as Canon of Westminster, Dean of Durham, Bishop of Hereford, Bishop of Durham, and again Canon of Westminster. No man need be ashamed of being beaten by such a quartet—a great proconsul, an historian of European reputation, a future Warden of All Souls, and one of the most eminent ecclesiastics of our time.

Such consolation I had, but it did not resolve my immediate uncertainties. My first thought was of ordination, and to that end I stayed in Oxford for Michaelmas term, 1882, and attended the two courses of Divinity lectures then required of candidates for Holy Orders. One was given by the Regius Professor, Dr. Ince, a hopelessly uninspiring personality and lecturer. The other was given by Dr. Edward King. King was not perhaps a great scholar, but what did that matter to the young men whom he trained for the Anglican priesthood at Cuddesdon, or to the thousands of undergraduates who were captivated by his sympathetic and gracious personality. Dr. King left Oxford on his nomination in 1885 to the Bishopric of Lincoln. Apart from the adoration he evoked from clergy and laity of all schools in his diocese, his episcopate was memorable for his trial before a Lambeth tribunal on a charge of ritualistic practices. The "Lincoln Judgment" (1890) (for which Bishop Stubbs was mainly responsible) was substantially in favour of the Bishop, and the result gave hardly less satisfaction to the "Protestants" than to the ritualists. So great is the effect upon all men of a loving and lovable personality. In my own case I happily recognized my unfitness for many—perhaps the most important—sides of a clergyman's work in time. Nor did the opportunity of a Public School mastership ever come to me, and so, fortunately again, I escaped

an occupation which would have been increasingly irksome to me and in which I could never have attained success. Thus it was more or less accidentally that I found the special sphere in which my life's work has been done.

Directly after taking my Schools I had gone to Scotland to coach two Christ Church undergraduates, Lord Eskdail (afterwards Earl of Dalkeith) and J. K. Wingfield-Digby, afterwards lord of Sherborne Castle. The Duke of Buccleuch had placed at his grandson's disposal for the vacation one of his shooting boxes, Langholm Lodge in Dumfriesshire. There I spent one of the happiest vacations in my life. Langholm was a charming place; we had it entirely to ourselves; we played cricket; I learnt to catch salmon and sea trout; and we worked reasonably hard—with such success that in the following December the names of Lord Eskdail and Wingfield-Digby appeared in the Fourth Class in the Honour School of Modern History! My reputation as a teacher was made! I soon had as many private pupils as I could conveniently take, drawn in particular from the undergraduates of Christ Church. Two of their number—and not the cleverest or the most industrious—could boast of having graduated in Honours! And all thanks to Marriott! Many another gilded youth did I, in the next few years, help to climb to the same dizzy height! Some of their names have now escaped me, but Pitmans and Bowes-Lyons, and (I think) Bentincks and Grosvenors were among them. I now get rather "mixed" between those who were actually my pupils and those whom I came to know simply as friends, and many a pleasant dinner did I enjoy in their company at Loders Club, and—more uproariously—up in the old barn at Bullingdon.

Those were happy days. I had ceased to be under the discipline of an undergraduate; I had not yet assumed any of the responsibilities of a "don". In the summer I played a good deal of cricket; in the winter I rode a little, and I worked most successfully with private pupils. As the idea of Holy Orders receded, my attraction to politics led

me to serious thoughts of the Bar. As a student of the Inner Temple, I ate all the necessary dinners, but, having become increasingly absorbed in teaching work at Oxford, was never called. My chief recollection of the Temple is of many pleasant dinners eaten in the company of three Oxford friends, George Talbot, Cosmo Lang, and Lord Robert Cecil. It is noticeable that out of our "mess", only one made the law his life-career, but of the others two won high distinction in other fields.

Meanwhile, I had gone on from term to term taking private pupils, though I had no intention of settling down permanently as a coach in Oxford.

Towards the close of 1883, I had all but decided to try my fortunes at the Bar when a fresh prospect opened out at Oxford. My old college, to my surprise and delight, offered me the Lectureship in Modern History which my friend Robert Horton was about to vacate on his departure for a Congregational pastorate at Hampstead. The pay was exiguous, the tenure precarious, and the dignity not imposing. Still it was an official position, and was definitely a compliment, especially in view of the other and more distinguished young historians available at the moment. So I accepted the offer, though I am still doubtful as to the wisdom of my decision. Though the position at New College was not a permanent one, it was the beginning of developments which anchored me for the greater part of my working life in Oxford.

About the same time I had been invited to lecture in modern history to the lately formed Association for the Higher Education of Women in Oxford. For the next thirty years a large proportion of my time was devoted to teaching women-students, for whose reception two residential halls had lately been established—Lady Margaret Hall in 1878 and Somerville College in 1879. Many hundreds of women, besides attending my public lectures, passed through my hands for tutorial work. On the average I found women more responsive to my teaching than men, though the best

men were definitely superior, with a very few notable exceptions, to the best women.

I had previously been appointed by Dr. Kitchin, then Censor of Non-collegiate Students, a tutor in modern history to that body, and I continued to act in that capacity until I left Oxford. It gave me the opportunity of helping a number of poor men whose struggle to obtain a university degree at the least possible expense was in some cases little short of pathetic. I recall the case of one pupil who, after spending long hours as a clerk in a local bank, got a good "second" in the Schools, and another who earned his living as a schoolmaster, and after taking his degree entered the Colonial Service and reached eminence in it. And there were other cases not dissimilar.

To the foregoing appointments I added yet another, when in 1885 I entered on my thirty-five years' work at Worcester College. At Worcester I taught not only for the Honour school of Modern History, but also for the Pass Final schools in history and political economy. I found the work of teaching economics to passmen very interesting, though Worcester was one of the smaller colleges and my Honour pupils at first were few, and with rare exceptions not of the highest quality. Before the end of my time, however, I induced the college to award some exhibitions and an occasional scholarship for modern history, and these did much to raise the whole level of my history pupils. By that time I was responsible for a large part, at one time nearly a fourth, I believe, of the whole work in college for the Final Schools. And it was no little satisfaction to me that of the scholars I recommended for election not a single one failed to get a "first". I should be curious to learn whether that constituted a "record". Anyway, it was gratifying to the tutor! It was many years, however, before my work for the college was rewarded with a Fellowship. I did not complain. I was well aware of the poverty of the college, since relieved by the generous re-endowment by Lord Nuffield. There was little enough money to go round the college

officers and tutors, who, unlike me, were unmarried men living in college. I ran out of my Fellowship in 1919. By that time I was in Parliament and the college paid me (as the Provost wrote) the "highest compliment in its power", by electing me to an Honorary Fellowship.

In addition to my teaching work I frequently acted as public examiner and examiner for the Economic Diplomas, and when in 1903-5 I was examining for the school of modern history I had what must, I imagine, be a unique experience. Among the candidates to whom we gave "firsts" were three men who were simultaneously responsible for the government of India, Lord Irwin as Viceroy, Sir Samuel Hoare as Secretary of State, and Lord Lothian, Under Secretary. Among the "seconds" I recall the name of C. R. Attlee of University College, Leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons, and now (1940) a member of the War Cabinet.

An incident of that same examination is worth recalling, as it vindicates the value, often questioned, of the Oxford system of viva voce examination. Five different examiners, acting independently, had unanimously assigned a "second" to a certain candidate. He presently came up for viva voce. As his class was not in doubt the proceedings were to be brief and formal. In a few minutes, however, he showed himself to be a man above the class to which, on his written work, he had been relegated. The formal viva was prolonged, and prolonged. We began to have doubts. As a result all his ten papers were carefully re-read, and he got his "first". More than one moral may perhaps be drawn from this story: but it is indubitable that in this case justice, thanks to viva voce, was done.

As an examiner I learnt much from the precepts and practice of my "senior", A. L. Smith, then Tutor and afterwards Master of Balliol. Smith's patience was inexhaustible, his judgment admirable, and his conscientiousness an example to all his juniors. An almost perfect examiner, he was also a great teacher and a brilliant lecturer,

not merely learned, but incisive and ready of wit. Smith was, however, only one of a remarkable group of men who built up the modern history school at Oxford. Of these Mandell Creighton was perhaps the greatest, but though I was subsequently his guest at Peterborough—he had left Oxford before I went up—I knew of his work for the history school only by hearsay. When he left Oxford his mantle fell on the shoulders of Arthur Johnson, a chaplain and ex-Fellow of All Souls, the best private coach of his day, and simultaneously tutor in history to some half-dozen colleges. An indefatigable worker, a great sportsman, and to me one of the kindest of friends, he had little leisure for writing, and his monument is not in libraries but in the affectionate memory of innumerable pupils. Almost an equally good friend to me was (Sir) Richard Lodge, then Fellow and Tutor of B.N.C., and afterwards Professor of History at Edinburgh. A younger brother of Sir Oliver Lodge, “Dick” was, like him, an impressive figure and, both in his lectures and books, showed himself a master of lucidity. Richard Lodge wrote several good text-books, and after his busy teaching days were ended he did valuable research in the diplomatic history of the eighteenth century. More constant in research work, and the author of valuable *Italian Studies*, was Edward Armstrong, Fellow, Bursar and ultimately acting-Provost of the Queen’s College. Armstrong was an inspiring teacher, a brilliant conversationalist, with a flair for hospitality which I frequently enjoyed. Nearer to my own standing, though rather senior to me, were two other good friends, Arthur Hassall of Christ Church, and C. R. L. Fletcher of Magdalen. Hassall was indefatigable in the production of manuals and text-books of something less than the highest quality, but a genial and vivacious teacher. Fletcher, equally vivacious but less genial, wrote the best *Introductory History of England* known to me. Exactly reproducing Fletcher’s own characteristics as a teacher, it is a model of objectivity and vivid presentation of facts which, though familiar, needed a touch of genius to make them

real to the understanding. That touch Fletcher brought to them. Considerably junior to all these men, and even to me, was Herbert Fisher, who, after many years' teaching at New College, was for a short time Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, and ultimately, after some years of parliamentary and ministerial service, returned to Oxford and closed a brilliant career as Warden of New College.

As an historian Fisher was, by general recognition, in a different class from most of the college tutors of his day, as he proved by his *Medieval Empire*, his *Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship*, his *History of Europe*, and many other works. As a friend and contemporary of my younger brother Douglas,¹ I made great friends with Fisher as an undergraduate; for many years after that he was my frequent companion; we sat together in Parliament, and though we met rarely after his return to Oxford, we kept up our friendship until his death² (1940). When I congratulated him and the college on his election as Warden, he said to me whimsically: "Yes: isn't it curious that New College should never before have had a Warden of distinction?" There was no trace of vanity in the observation: it was the unselfconscious statement of an historical fact.

Even Fisher, however, would have acknowledged a master in our Regius Professor, William Stubbs. He, too, was a good and constant friend to me. But to assess his greatness as an historian would demand a paragraph. I content myself with two anecdotes. On his nomination to the bishopric of Chester (1884) Stubbs, to the general regret of all his colleagues of the history faculty, left Oxford, but four years later was translated to the see of Oxford, on the resignation of Dr. Mackarness. Meeting me in the street, he suddenly asked me: "Marriott, why am I like Homer?" Giving me (fortunately) no time to answer, he said: "Because I lose by translation."

¹ Died of enteric while serving in the Hampshire Yeomanry in South Africa in 1901.

² For an appreciation of his career and work, cf. my article in *The Quarterly Review* for July, 1940.

As a fact, he lost more than income. He was less happy in the country palace of Cuddesdon than in the midst of the city at Chester. Moreover, he was more at home with the business men of the north, to which by birth he belonged, and with the clergy in their town parishes, than with the country clergy in the three counties of his far-striding southern diocese.

Prime Ministers will never, it seems, realize that Oxford is one of the most completely rural dioceses in England, and that the last thing to be considered is the university, which episcopally matters little. Francis Paget and Burge, though "dons", were bound to be beloved wherever they might be, but Charles Gore, who loved Birmingham, was much less happy after his translation to Oxford. Queen Victoria once saved Lord Salisbury from a similar mistake, and dealt quite in the spirit of her Tudor predecessor when he wanted to nominate Canon Liddon to the see of Oxford. It is fair, however, to both parties to add that the Queen's objection to Liddon was not to his scholarship but to his ritualism, which might, she thought, "ruin and taint all the young men as Pusey and others did before him" (6th July, 1888). It is difficult to imagine Dr. Liddon tainting anything or anybody, but on the broad issue the Queen was right. Dr. Liddon was more fittingly employed at St. Paul's than he would have been in any bishopric, and for the see of Oxford he was peculiarly unsuitable.

To return to Bishop Stubbs. One Sunday early in May (1889) I walked over to lunch and spend the day with him at Cuddesdon. After evensong in the village church, the bishop asked me what I thought of the sermon which had been preached by a young curate. I endeavoured to be charitable, but Stubbs pulled me up short: "It wasn't a sermon at all: it was three sermons; you should never have more than one point in one sermon." That is an admirable maxim for any orator, ecclesiastical or political. If you want to convince, the more you can group your material round a single text, the more likely you are to succeed.

When Stubbs went to Chester Mr. Gladstone nominated Dr. E. A. Freeman for the Regius Professorship. Under Stubbs we had been a very happy family: under Freeman we were not. A learned, if over-rated, historian, Freeman was not only a violent Radical, but rude, dogmatic, and overbearing. The story is told that Dean Plumptre, proposing a vote of thanks to Freeman for a lecture on Saxon England at Wells, with an air of innocence asked an embarrassing question: "Is there anyone in 'England' who could have brought before us so vividly the habits of our rude ancestors?" The general impression at Oxford was that there was not. Freeman complained that the college tutors would not send their pupils to his professorial lectures, and derided them as "crammers". The terminal dinner of our History Association he denounced as "the crammers' cram". In fine, he was not sympathetic towards his colleagues, and to many of them it was a welcome change when on Freeman's death Lord Salisbury nominated J. A. Froude for the chair. Froude was as dignified as Freeman was blustering: as courteous as the latter was rude. He had been the lifelong enemy of Freeman, and even to Stubbs was, ecclesiastically and historically, anathema. Witness the latter's famous epigram. (Froude, it should be said, was Charles Kingsley's brother-in-law, and had lately been making, in a lecture at Edinburgh, some depreciatory remarks about parsons.)

The epigram ran:

Now Froude instructs the Scottish youth,
That parsons do not care for truth.
The Revd. Canon Kingsley cries,
That History is a pack of lies.
Whence come these judgments so malign?
A single word explains the mystery,
For Froude thinks Kingsley a Divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for History.

More biting wit was never surely concentrated in fewer

lines. Yet I make no doubt that Froude's work, despite some defects of historical judgment, will outlive that of Freeman, and perhaps even that of Stubbs. Stubbs is, in truth, a far greater master of English style than those who judge him only by his *Constitutional History* (though that cumbrous work contains some fine passages) imagine, but as a writer of exquisite prose he pales before Froude. But who does not? Professor Froude gave every encouragement to us younger men; his own lectures (e.g. on the *English Seamen*) were models of their kind, and socially he was a great addition to Oxford. I recall one or two delightful dinner parties at his house, and only wish I had memory and space to recall the west-country stories which, on one occasion, he and two fellow-countrymen told.

Froude's tenure of the chair was all too short, and after York Powell's brief and undistinguished professoriate, my own friend and contemporary (Sir) Charles Firth was appointed. Firth belonged definitely to the "research" party, who were too sharply and rather unfairly distinguished from the "teachers", whose published work, in fact, compares favourably in bulk, and not so very unfavourably in quality, with that of those who rather ostentatiously disdained the pedagogic art. Firth was critical of the history school, as apt to turn out journalists rather than historians. The teachers retorted, and, it would seem, effectively, that the demand for professional historians was strictly limited, that it was the professor's proper function to train them in his seminary, or by any other machinery he might devise, but that the history school, while giving the budding historian (as experience proved) a good preliminary training, had a further and wider purpose. My own view was and is that a better school of statesmanship it would be difficult to devise: that it afforded an admirable training for public service, for politics in the widest sense, and that it could confidently claim to be judged by results. Anyway, it was because I so conceived the purpose of the school, that

I was content to spend the best part of a lifetime in its service.

While making these high claims, I must not omit to recall some pleasant variations incidental to my teaching work in Oxford. Greatly as I admire some of the lyrics of Arthur Hugh Clough, my special debt to him is for the romance with which *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* has for ever clothed the reading party.

There were few years between 1884 and 1890 when I did not myself take one or two parties. Two Easter vacations (1886 and 1887) saw us in exclusive occupation of the "Royal Oak", a delightful inn at Rosthwaite in Borrowdale. There we read and walked and rode, with the Lake Country almost entirely to ourselves and admirably "done for" by one of the many Mrs. Riggs whose name is a guarantee of hospitality and good cheer. Twice we went to North Wales, once to the Yorkshire Wolds, and twice we sojourned at fine old farmhouses in East Sussex. From one of them—at Buxted—we scoured the whole of that fine country on horseback. In particular we explored Ashdown Forest—then (1889) almost entirely uninhabited. Cronborough Beacon is now a "residential district", but the Forest is still largely unspoilt, and I have spent some happy days there in recent years as the guest of my colleague Sir Henry Cowan, M.P., at his beautiful home at "Crows' Nest". The golf at Crowborough (where I once or twice took on Conan Doyle) is first rate; but the course at Piltdown—hardly less beautiful—is more suitable for the aged and infirm.

A golf course was a rarity in England in my reading-party days, but in the summer we got a good deal of cricket and plenty of tennis. Nor shall I ever forget a football match which we played one Easter vacation. There were only four of us, but one of the four was W. Bromley-Davenport¹ of Balliol, a "Soccer" blue, if not an international. The headmaster (the Rev. J. C. C. Pipon) of a famous prepara-

¹ Now Brigadier-General Sir W. Bromley-Davenport, K.C.B.

tory school in the neighbourhood was an old friend of mine and had shown us much hospitality, and nothing would satisfy Bromley-Davenport but that we four should play the school eleven at football. His three colleagues—Charles Liddell of Christ Church, Lord Weymouth (now Marquis of Bath), and I—were no use, and during the first half the boys ran away with the game. Then Davenport set his teeth; he was a great fighter—as he subsequently proved in more important fields—and off his own bat or rather his own toes he snatched a victory! His heart was none too strong, and I was really afraid lest the effort—it was tremendous—might have killed him. But it didn't; and we still occasionally dine together at the Carlton Club!

Bromley-Davenport sat for the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire from 1886 to 1906; he was Financial Secretary to the War Office in Balfour's Ministry, 1903-5. But he lost his seat (like most other Tories) in 1906, and did not regain it in 1910. He had brilliant abilities and great energy in action, but he had no great appetite for the "grind" of political life; and was probably too honest and outspoken to make a successful politician. As colonel—commanding the Staffordshire Yeomanry—he saw service in South Africa (1900-1) and commanded a mounted brigade in the Great War. A great fighter and a gallant soldier!

Most of the members of my reading parties were selected rather for their social than their intellectual qualities, but one of them is now an eminent banker, another is one of the senators of the Court of Justice in Scotland, a third has done splendid work in local government in Suffolk,¹ and most of the others have done good work in their several callings. So, if I cannot embody the memories of my reading parties in immortal verse, I can look back upon those days with satisfaction as well as pleasure. Three weeks or a month with a small party in a Lakeland inn or an isolated farmhouse leads to more real intimacy than as many years at Oxford. Besides, the tutor and his pupils are

¹ Sir R. Eaton White, Bart. (*ob.* 1940).

on a footing of far greater equality. One was "Marriott" in the one case, "Mr. Marriott" in the other: and no one could have enjoyed the easier intercourse more than the preceptor! I can only hope that the memories of such as survive—there are, alas, but few—are not less fragrant.

CHAPTER VII

Political Apprenticeship

TWO DECADES OF CONSERVATISM. IRISH HISTORY OR IRISH POLITICS

THE Redistribution of Seats Act (1885) afforded a great opportunity for young men anxious to embark on a political career. Almost the whole country was divided up into single-member constituencies, many of which lacked candidates. Several of my Oxford contemporaries were presently adopted. I had no mind to be left out. Some kind friends in Parliament interested themselves on my behalf, and in May, 1885, I received an invitation to the annual dinner of the East St. Pancras Conservative Association. I accepted it, and on the very day of the dinner was perturbed but excited to get a telegram to say that the principal guest, (Sir) Richard Webster,¹ had failed them, and asking me to take his place and propose the toast of the evening. I did so; and seemingly my performance was so far acceptable that shortly afterwards I was invited to address the Association with a view to my adoption as their candidate. I have lately re-read my speech, reported verbatim in the local paper; it is much more elaborate, not to say more pompous, in style than any speech I should dare to make to-day, but I have no need to be ashamed of it, and it achieved its immediate purpose: I was adopted as Conservative candidate for East St. Pancras.

The general political situation was a curious one. On 9th June Mr. Gladstone, defeated on the budget, and holding a refractory Cabinet together only with the utmost difficulty, resigned. Lord Salisbury, invited by the Queen to form a Government, declined to take office without a

¹ Afterwards Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England.

majority in the House of Commons. That only a General Election could give him. But an immediate dissolution was momentarily out of the question because the new Register, adding under the Franchise Act of 1884 2,000,000 new voters to the electorate, could not be ready for some months. Mr. Gladstone, a shrewd tactician, definitely refused to resume office. The *impasse* was complete, and it was only resolved by the tactful intervention of the Queen, who virtually compelled Mr. Gladstone to concede to Lord Salisbury terms which enabled him to get the necessary supplies and carry on until Parliament could be dissolved.

At the ensuing election in November I did not stand. The East St. Pancras Association sought to impose on me terms which seemed to me and to experienced politicians whom I consulted unreasonable, and, on their advice, I withdrew my candidature. In some ways I was disappointed. I should have been beaten in 1885; but had I persevered I should presumably have won the seat, as my successor did, in 1886, and should have antedated my entrance into Parliament by more than thirty years. But East St. Pancras, a decadent residential neighbourhood with a large proportion of slum dwellings, was not a delectable constituency, nor did it prove consistent in its allegiance to Conservatism. Perhaps I was well out of it. Anyway, within two years I had become absorbed in other work which, though remote from politics in the narrower and more commonly accepted sense, was essentially a form of service to the body politic.

Though not myself a candidate at the General Election of 1885, I threw myself whole-heartedly into the contest on behalf of Lord Valentia, an Irish Peer but an Oxfordshire squire, who was contesting one of the divisions of the county. The contest was one of the roughest I ever experienced: the newly enfranchised farm labourers were greatly excited by Mr. Chamberlain's "unauthorized programme" and still more by his speeches, which, in those

days, seemed to us Tories almost communistic, though for the rural voters they were crystallized into "Three Acres and a Cow". We were beaten by an imported barrister, but Lord Valentia was presently elected for Oxford City, a seat in which, long years afterwards, I succeeded him.

The General Election of 1885 replaced Mr. Gladstone in office, but, owing to the split in his party on the Home Rule question, he was never really in power. Defeated on his Home Rule proposals in April, 1886, Gladstone immediately appealed to the country. Arrayed against him was not only a united Conservative Party, but the flower of the Liberal Party in Parliament, and outside it almost the whole aristocracy of intellect, wealth and rank. His former colleagues, Lord Hartington, Lord Selborne, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Northbrook, Sir Henry James (untempted by the offer of the Woolsack), Mr. Goschen, Joseph Chamberlain and John Bright were among the most unsparing critics of Gladstone's policy. The verdict of the country was conclusively against it. The Gladstonian Liberals numbered in the new House only 192, the Irish Nationalists 86, the Liberal Unionists 76, and the Tories 316.

At the eleventh hour Rochdale, a Lancashire borough, found itself suddenly without a candidate, and asked me to stand. I had only exactly a week in which to canvass the constituency, and was well aware from the first that I had no chance of winning the seat against Thomas Bayley Potter, who had long held it, and as Chairman of the Cobden Club was strongly entrenched in a Lancashire constituency in which his great friend John Bright was an influential voter. It was, however, great fun. I liked the Rochdale folk, and apparently they liked me; anyway, they were very kind to me, and I have nothing but pleasant memories of my first contest. I was one of the few defeated candidates in Lancashire. G. N. Curzon won the Southport and Lord Cranborne the Darwen division. I had gained some experience, and at little cost in time or money, for the expenses of the contest were "found". I did not come across my

opponent until we met in the counting room. When I was presented to him, he greeted me with the genial if somewhat condescending remark: "I knew your great-grandfather, Mr. Marriott." It was true; the Potters were old friends of my mother's family.

As a result of the verdict at the polls Gladstone immediately resigned and Lord Salisbury formed an exclusively Conservative ministry. He would himself have preferred and actually offered to serve under Lord Hartington, but the Liberal Unionists, while promising general support to the new Government, were not yet prepared to merge themselves in the Conservative Party or even to coalesce with them. Lord Salisbury, therefore, became Prime Minister, a position which he heartily disliked,¹ and for which he was less pre-eminently fitted than for the Foreign Office, which was given, in tardy amends for the slight inflicted on him in 1885, to Lord Iddesleigh, formerly Sir Stafford Northcote. Lord Randolph Churchill was rewarded for successful rebellion against "Marshall and Snelgrove" by the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the leadership of the House of Commons.

The Conservative supremacy, interrupted only by the short Gladstone and Rosebery ministries (1892-5), lasted for twenty years. Defeated on the Army Estimates in June, 1895, Lord Rosebery escaped from a humiliating situation by immediate resignation, and Lord Salisbury took office. Three years in common opposition to Gladstone and to Sir William Harcourt (who led the Commons as Lord Rosebery's mutinous lieutenant) had cemented the alliance between the two wings of the Unionist Party: and Lord Salisbury had no difficulty in persuading the Liberal Unionist leaders to join his Government: the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Goschen (Admiralty), Lord Lansdowne (War), and Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) James were all in the Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain selected the Colonial Office,

¹ See Marriott: *Queen Victoria and Her Ministers*, p. 1.

where during the next eight years he made history. Mr. Balfour led the House of Commons as First Lord of the Treasury. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was a most careful and competent Chancellor of the Exchequer, and fully deserved his reputation as the last of the Victorian economists. Lord Salisbury took the Foreign Office, an ideal arrangement if he had not doubled with it the post of the Premiership. At the General Election 411 Unionists (of whom 71 were Liberals) were returned, against 177 Gladstonian Liberals and 82 Irish Nationalists.

The result of the General Election was to relieve the country of the insistent pressure of the Irish Question for the next fifteen years, to endorse the decision of the House of Lords to reject Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, and to approve in principle the alternative solution of the problem put forward in 1886 by the Unionist Party, and successfully applied by Mr. Arthur Balfour and his brother Gerald, by Lord Ashbourne (Edward Gibson), and Mr. George Wyndham.

The absolute ascendancy of the Unionist Party was confirmed by the "khaki" election held in the midst of the South African War in October, 1900. But after the election Lord Salisbury handed over the Foreign Office to Lord Lansdowne. Queen Victoria died in January, 1901, and Lord Salisbury, having seen peace concluded with the Boers in May, 1902, resigned in July, and was succeeded by Mr. Balfour. Though the inevitable successor to his uncle, Balfour was not a great Prime Minister. The party was hopelessly split on the Fiscal question, and Balfour's resignation in December, 1905, was followed by a General Election which resulted in a resounding triumph for the Liberals. The two decades of Conservative and Unionist government had come to an ignominious end.

To retrace my steps. My election contest at Rochdale in 1886 had been fought on the single issue of Irish policy: but up to that time my study of the Irish question had been purely theoretical. I determined to make a thorough study

of it in all its practical aspects and at first hand. To that end I visited every part of Ireland, north, south, east and west, in the long vacations of 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890. Of those Irish tours the most systematic and thorough was made in the autumn of 1887.

In the spring of 1887 Lord Salisbury had laid upon his nephew, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the terrible responsibility of governing Ireland as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Although towards the end of his career I sat with Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, I never came to know him at all well. The pink of courtesy, he was not very accessible to acquaintances, and I can recall only two occasions on which I had any real talk with him. One was towards the end of his life when we happened to share a compartment from York to King's Cross, and when our *tête à tête* was interrupted for a short time by an intruder who gave Balfour a wonderful opportunity for the display of courtesy and tact. The intruder was a constituent of mine who caught sight of me from the corridor, and came into our compartment to congratulate me on some speeches I had lately made in York, but to explain that owing to his deafness he had not heard but only read them. Then catching sight of Balfour, who naturally went on reading and paying no attention to a conversation which did not interest him, he loudly exclaimed, "Are *you* deaf, my lord?" Balfour replied, with a charming smile, "Well, I don't hear very well *in the train*." "Then try this, my lord," said my friend, and out of his pocket he whipped an ear trumpet which he bade Balfour try at once. To my astonishment Balfour at once complied, and after asking me to read him something from *The Times*, handed the instrument back and said, "I do think it makes a difference," and to my greater astonishment added, "Would you tell me where I could get one?" My friend was in the seventh heaven, and became, I doubt not, a devoted admirer of the great man. Could courtesy have gone further? I'm not sure that I should have done as much to win a vote!

The first time I had a talk with Mr. Balfour was at least fifty years earlier when I first met him at dinner with the Talbots at Keble. I had lately taken an active part in a by-election for the still undivided city of Manchester, for which Sir William Houldsworth was returned as a Conservative against a Dr. Pankhurst, best known to fame as the husband of Mrs. Pankhurst. Mr. Balfour was then sitting as member for his uncle's pocket-borough of Hertford, but had lately received an invitation to contest one of the divisions into which Manchester was about to be cut up. Full of my experience of the keen political atmosphere of that great city, I was daring enough to urge Mr. Balfour to accept the invitation. He did so. "I suppose," he said to me, "if one goes into politics one must play the game."

Hitherto he had played it rather languidly as a somewhat detached member of the "Fourth Party", which in the 1880 Parliament gave, under the leadership of Lord Randolph Churchill, some trouble to Mr. Gladstone and much more to their own nominal leader Sir Stafford Northcote. Of Mr. Balfour, "Toby, M.P.", *Punch's* brilliant diarist, wrote: "As he sprawled on the bench below the gangway he was taken at best as a Parliamentary *flaneur*, a trifler with debate . . . not sufficiently in earnest or adequately industrious to take his full share in the labours of the Fourth Party."

Little did people suspect the mailed fist under the silken glove of the man so surprisingly appointed to the Chief Secretaryship in 1887. His four years' tenure of that most difficult office proved Arthur Balfour to be a statesman of the highest quality: a courageous and indefatigable administrator, a man of iron will and perfect temper. Neither lawlessness in Ireland nor abuse and derision at Westminster could disturb his serenity or deflect his purpose. That purpose was twofold: to enforce order and drastically to reform the Irish land system. Though a Scot by birth and an Englishman by education, Balfour understood Ireland and Irishmen as no British statesman had understood them

since the far-off days of Sir Arthur Chichester and Lord Strafford. He was, as a contemporary said of him, unaffectedly interested in Ireland "as a country rather than a cockpit. It is the condition of Ireland not the gabble of parties at Westminster which is uppermost in his thoughts." For the gabble at Westminster Balfour cared nothing. The Parnellites in the House of Commons vowed that they would break "this hothouse flower", this "scented popinjay" in much less time than it had taken them to break his predecessors. To their amazement—and be it added paradoxically to their admiration—it was Balfour who broke the lawbreakers and rescued their unhappy dupes. He had two instruments to his hand: the Crimes Act of 1881 and the Land Act of 1891. The Nationalist leaders dared "bloody Balfour" to do his worst and defied his Crimes Act. Between the forces of order and disorder there was a struggle *à outrance*; but, thanks to Balfour's patience and persistence, the law won: order was restored. The Land Act carried a stage further the policy of land purchase begun by the Ashbourne Act of 1885 and crowned by the Wyndham Act of 1903. When in 1905 the Unionist Party went out of office, the land question, which had distracted Ireland since the days of Elizabeth, had been solved: evictions, the horrors of which had roused much sympathy in England, had practically ceased; "fair rents" had been judicially fixed for half a million holdings; more than 70,000 tenants had by an ingenious use of State credit become the owners of their farms.

The conflict between the Land League and the law, between Balfour and the Parnellites, was just beginning when I visited Ireland in 1887. I had armed myself with plenty of letters of introduction chiefly given to me by my friend Alfred (Viscount) Milner, who had many friends in Ireland. Thanks to the amazing hospitality of Irishmen, I hardly needed them. The Kildare Street Club opened its doors to me, and either there or at the Dublin Horse Show—taking place at the moment of my arrival—I met half

the landlords and agents of Ireland and received from them more invitations than I could accept. Dr. Robert McDonnell, an eminent Irish physician, a friend and disciple of Judge Longfield, and the associate of Isaac Butt, Mitchell-Henry and other "moderate" Home Rulers, was good enough before I left Dublin to give me a complete synopsis of the land question which proved of great value to me on my tour. Anxious, however, to study the Irish problem in all its aspects and from all points of view, I obtained from the Secretary of the Land League in Dublin a general letter of commendation to the various local branches of the League. If that letter did not actually save my life, it certainly saved me from more than one awkward if not ugly situation. The Dublin office of the League, though well aware of my political views, was apparently anxious to give me every opportunity of forming an independent judgment. The local branches when they discovered the presence of a strange Englishman at one of their Land League meetings, or nosing out information from priests and farmers, were apt to mistake me for a spy or even a detective! But the production of the Secretary's letter, which I always carried about with me, soon put matters right, though on my more hazardous expeditions I carried not only the letter but a revolver.

I happened to be in Dublin when a great meeting was held at the Rotunda to welcome some English sympathizers and listen to denunciations of "Bloody Balfour" and his Crimes Act by John Dillon, William O'Brien and other "agitators". I was advised to attend it, and to my great embarrassment was conducted to the forefront of the platform and placed among the chief speakers. It was an amazing sight—an unforgettable experience—the great Rotunda packed from floor to ceiling. The vast audience listened quietly and respectfully to some dull speeches from the English delegates, among whom was a slim young barrister, Mr. R. B. (afterwards Viscount) Haldane, and John Bright's less famous brother Jacob. Far different was

the reception given to the impassioned oratory of John Dillon as he denounced "Bloody Balfour" and bade the people defy his Crimes Act. To me the speech sounded as a direct incitement to murder, and that speech formed part of the evidence produced to establish, before the Parnell Commission, the connexion between Parnellism and crime.

From Dublin I went on a tour comprising all the most disturbed parts of the country, from County Sligo down to County Kerry, County Cork and County Limerick. I stayed with landlords and agents: with Mitchell-Henry, a disillusioned Home Ruler, at Kylemore Castle in Connemara; with Judge Henn in his beautiful home, well named Paradise, on the shores of the estuary of the Shannon near Ennis. Never shall I forget a characteristic incident which happened when I was at Paradise. My host had invited the District Inspector, an old Oxford friend, to meet me at dinner. We waited and waited: no message came, nor did the expected guest. He met me at Ennis next morning, looking anxious and haggard. The explanation of his absence from dinner was terribly adequate. His serjeant had been battered to death, and all night long the police had been out searching for the assassins. Such interruptions to social life were almost too common to evoke comment. From Connaught I made my way to the even "worse" district of Kerry. Many historical memories were stirred in my mind when I stayed with Sir Maurice O'Connell on the shores of Killarney, and at Killarney I stayed also with Professor S. H. Butcher and his charming wife in their lovely home Danesfort. From County Kerry I went to County Limerick to stay with the O'Grady on whose property the "plan of campaign" was first put in operation, and who, when I visited him at Killballyowen, was strictly boycotted and guarded night and day by police. All through my tour I came into frequent contact with resident magistrates, land agents like the famous "Towny" Trench; I attended with Colonel Turner, who was in military command of the "proclaimed district" in the south-west,

trials at Petty Sessions, and travelled, escorted by armed police, through districts which time and again had been the scene of outrages and murders. I went to Land League meetings; I interviewed "parish curates" (generally more red-hot than the old P.P.s), and witnessed scenes arising from the "plan of campaign". It was all immensely exciting and illuminating. All the time I worked really hard collecting statistical and other information, of which I subsequently made less use than I should have done with greater leisure and more journalistic experience. But, in all modesty, I think I may claim to have acquired a grip upon the Irish question such as few Englishmen of my own age possessed, and not many older men. Mr. Herbert (Viscount) Gladstone, a son of the Prime Minister and an Oxford acquaintance of mine, was one day dining with Judge Morris and expatiating on the average Englishman's ignorance of Ireland. "True for you, Mr. Herbert," shouted his irascible host, "and there isn't an Englishman more ignorant of Ireland than your own papa!", I found that opinion to be widely shared by men of strongly opposed political opinions throughout Ireland.

I saw nothing of Ulster during my tour in 1887, but that omission was repaired when in 1888 my mother rented for the holidays a small house at Cushendun on the lovely and romantic coast of County Antrim. It was a delightful holiday. The house stood on the strand of a little bay; it was quite isolated and approachable only by a tunnel through the rocks. We visited the Giant's Causeway, which disappointed me, and explored much of the coast to the east and west of us, which did not. The MacNeills at Cushendun House were hospitable and friendly, though Ronald MacNeill, an Oxford friend with whom I was later on to be closely associated in Parliament, was not there. We lived chiefly on lobsters and salmon taken straight from the sea into the pot, varied by chickens, for which we paid 8d. a couple! But it is the salmon I chiefly remember. Never have I tasted such salmon since.

Before returning to England I spent a night or two in Dublin with Dr. Robert McDonnell, and there a curious thing happened. One evening my host asked me whether I had formed any opinion about the "Parnell Letters", the appearance of which in *The Times* had made a great sensation that summer. I replied rather carelessly: "Oh! I suppose Parnell did write them"—despite his emphatic disclaimer which I happened to have heard as a visitor to the House of Commons. "He did not," said McDonnell, "and I'll tell you who did." Thereupon he took from a drawer the facsimile of the Parnell letter reproduced in *The Times*, and several letters in MS. "Compare those," he said. The MS. letters were signed Richard Pigott. "That is the man," said McDonnell, "who wrote the Parnell letters."

That was in September. The Parnell Commission opened in the following November, and towards the end of February Richard Pigott was put into the box and subjected to a scathing cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell.¹ By a swift and clever stroke Russell clearly proved Pigott to be a forger. Poor Pigott, an out-at-elbow journalist who had been in the confidence of the Parnellites, fled precipitately to Spain before a warrant for his arrest could be executed, and there blew out his brains.

That the most incriminating letter of the whole series was a forgery, and that Pigott had written it, was proved beyond question. Whether the rest of the letters were or were not similarly forged will remain, I suppose, one of the unsolved mysteries of history. Anyway, the case of *The Times* was smashed, and its proprietors nearly ruined. They had to pay £5000 to Parnell as damages for libel in a subsequent trial as well as immense bills of costs in both cases. Parnell became a social and political lion. He received the Freedom of Edinburgh, and was entertained by Liberal clubs all over the country; he was Mr. Gladstone's guest

¹ Principal Counsel for Parnell. Afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen, and Lord Chief Justice of England.

at Hawarden, and accepted a gift of £3000 publicly subscribed towards the payment of his expenses in connexion with the Parnell Commission.

But Parnell's triumph was short-lived. In November, 1890, his old colleague, Captain O'Shea, filed a petition for divorce against his wife. Parnell was named as co-respondent. When the *decree nisi* was made absolute, Parnell married Mrs. O'Shea. It was virtually the end of a career unique in Anglo-Irish politics. He made a most courageous attempt to retrieve his political position. But Gladstone and the English Nonconformists repudiated all further connexion with the adulterer. So did the majority of his party who, unlike himself, were Catholics, and on 6th October, 1891, the painful struggle was terminated by Parnell's premature death.

So pleasant had our holiday in County Antrim proved, that in the following summer my mother again took a house in Ireland. This time it was in the extreme south—Glengariff Castle, with some thousand acres of rough shooting and a salmon river. We arrived at the castle about 12th August, only to find the proprietors, Madam White and her family, entrenched in the basement of the castle. The upper portions of the castle were, indeed, vacant and duly prepared for the occupation of the astonished tenants. Truly an Irish situation! As for the "birds", they had all been shot before the 12th and sold in Bantry market! The river was full of fish—but they were all dead, poisoned with a white weed that grew in quantities on the banks of the river. The Whites, being strictly boycotted, were not permitted to let the castle, shooting, or fishing, and their tenants suffered accordingly. However, Glengariff itself is one of the loveliest spots in the British Isles: the climate, indeed, is as soft and enervating as the West Indies—so give me County Antrim. But we spent many happy if languorous days on or in the waters of its beautiful bay.

In 1890 I was back again in Ireland. This time, in com-

pany with two brothers, I went to County Donegal. My brothers, being keen fishermen, could put up with 'the discomforts of the little hotel in Ardara at which we stayed. I couldn't. Not even the magnificence of the coast scenery in County Donegal could count against the domestic horrors in which we found ourselves involved. One of my brothers had incautiously sent a dozen of port to await our arrival. It did not await us. The temptation was too strong for a bibulous landlord who had consumed the whole of it to the accompaniment, presumably, of his native whiskey. So we found the little household completely disorganized. The landlord was suffering from a bad attack of delirium tremens; his wife had recently given birth to a child *in the kitchen*, to which the whole family had retired to make room for us. After that discovery I did not find the food appetizing. I fled precipitately back to Oxford: nor did I visit Ireland again for several years.

In the course of the four years 1887-90 I had visited all parts of Ireland, north, south, east and west, and had fulfilled my purpose of making an exhaustive study of every aspect—economic, ecclesiastical and political—of the terribly tangled Irish question.

CHAPTER VIII

Social Life at Oxford in the 'Nineties

COUNTRY HOUSE VISITS

THE Irish towns described in the preceding chapter marked the close of my political apprenticeship. Many years, however, elapsed before I took up the freedom of the craft, as generally understood. I made a few speeches during the General Election of 1895, but only one of them, at Hurstpierpoint near Brighton, do I recall. As my name was announced several young men in the audience solemnly rose, took off their coats, and put them on again inside out. The explanation of this strange proceeding was that my namesake, Sir William Marriott, M.P. for Brighton, had lately deserted the Liberal Party and joined the Conservatives. Such is election humour! I had only once met Sir William. It was at a great Conservative demonstration at the Pomona Palace, Manchester, where Lord Randolph Churchill was the "star" speaker, and where I missed, to my lasting regret, the chance of an effective repartee. Sir William Marriott, whom I did not know by sight, said to me as, cheered by some of my supporters from Rochdale, I mounted the platform, "They take you for Randolph." Of course I ought to have replied, "No, they take me for Marriott." But I missed the chance, and never saw Sir William again. At the khaki election of 1900 I spoke still less often, and in 1906, for reasons which will appear, not at all. It was not, in fact, until 1910, when a crisis arose in connexion with a Second Chamber (a subject in which both as a constitutional historian and as a Conservative politician I was deeply interested), that I again gave serious thought to the idea of standing for Parliament. Between

1886 and 1910 much happened to debar me from active participation in party politics.

Of these not the least important was my marriage, which definitely anchored me in Oxford. On 7th April, 1891, I was married at the Parish Church at Brighton, where my wife's people were then living. Her father, the Rev. Dr. W. Percy Robinson, was an Ulsterman, and was for some years before his premature death Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, perhaps the most romantically situated of all our Public Schools. Glenalmond had been established by some devout Anglicans—Bishop Charles Wordsworth, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Beresford Hope among them—for the sons of Scottish gentry of like persuasion, anxious to avoid the long journeys to the south. My wife's mother was the daughter of George Gray of Glennane, the owner of flourishing linen mills, and a man held in high honour by his Ulster neighbours. Mrs. Robinson was said by friends who had known her in youth to have been more beautiful than her daughter. But not having known her in youth, I always disputed the truth of that statement! Anyway, on her first appearance in Oxford my wife was the recipient of many bouquets, and the accompanying photograph, taken by an amateur when we paid a visit, shortly after our marriage, to Methven Castle, may partially help my readers to understand the reason.

One little incident connected with my wedding is worth recording as throwing light on an interesting literary career. Some forty years after my marriage I was introduced to E. V. Lucas, Chairman of Methuen & Co., who have published many of my books. "Do you know where I first saw you, Sir John," were Lucas's first words to me; "it was at your wedding at Brighton: I reported it for the *Sussex Daily News*." That excellent report I still have, little suspecting the author of it. "E.V.L." had travelled fast and far since 1891.

Our brief honeymoon we spent on a driving tour in the loveliest parts of Sussex, Kent and Surrey, and I know none



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MY WIFE

lovelier. In the course of it we stayed with Sir Thomas and Lady Ferguson at their romantic old house Ightham Moat, near Sevenoaks. Lady Ferguson was the younger daughter of Max Müller, and like her only sister, the beautiful wife of F. C. Conybeare, a Fellow of University, died prematurely. Both sisters were great friends of mine, and by many others as well as myself were greatly mourned.

The Oxford term began before the end of April, and by then we had settled down in a beautiful old house in Holywell. The house was mainly of late Tudor architecture, though parts of it were much older, and as I had long been a collector of old furniture I could furnish it congruously. For ten years that house was our home: and there our only child, Elizabeth Dorothy Cicely, was born in 1892. In 1901, however, we moved, chiefly on her account, to a villa in North Oxford. The air of North Oxford was doubtless more salubrious than that of Holywell; my wife, who became a good gardener, rejoiced in the larger field for her activities, but the move was a terrible wrench. In leaving Holywell we felt that we had exchanged Oxford for villadom.

Social life in Oxford in the 'nineties was almost entirely academic, and, if somewhat narrow, was very pleasant. We had many friends and enjoyed much hospitality. Successive Vice-Chancellors gave rather formal dinner parties, to which most resident dons were, with their wives, in turn invited. Heads of Houses also entertained regularly, and many were the dinner parties which we enjoyed at the Deanery, especially while the Liddells reigned there, and at many other colleges: notably at University, where my friend Dr. Franck Bright was succeeded by a greater friend and greater historian, Dr. R. W. Macan; at Queen's, where Dr. Magrath, though rather a bitter Radical, was a model host; at Magdalen with Sir Herbert and Lady Warren; with the Jacksons at Exeter, the Inges and Daniels at Worcester, and many others. The Max Müllers were among our kindest and most constant friends. Mrs. "Max" (a Grenfell by birth) was a born hostess, and never happier than

when entertaining with equal cordiality interesting visitors and the young men, maidens or brides of Oxford. Many were the picnics on the Cherwell or Upper River, and singular simple entertainments, which Mrs. Max organized and we enjoyed. Then there were luncheon parties in college common-rooms given by unmarried dons, and less pretentious but equally enjoyable dinner parties given by their married colleagues in North Oxford villas. More elaborate were the dinner parties given at Headington Hill Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Morrell, and out at Oakenholt by Sir William and Lady Hunter. Even more enjoyable was the Sunday luncheon eaten with an appetite sharpened by a four-mile walk, and enlivened by our host's brilliant table talk. Many a useful lesson did Hunter give me in literary production, and his premature death was a great loss to me. To the shrewd Scot who won fame as the historian of India Mr. Morrell was a striking contrast. A wealthy brewer, he sat in Parliament for one of the Oxfordshire seats but died comparatively young. Mrs. Morrell was a woman of unusual capacity; foremost in every good work, a keen Conservative, a constant and most helpful supporter while I sat for the city, and one of my best friends. After we left Oxford she frequently gave me shelter at Headington.

Three forms of recreation, much enjoyed as a bachelor, came to an end after my marriage. My wife had no skill in music and cared much less for playgoing or dancing than I did. There was, indeed, little leisure for such things in my married life, and I gradually gave them up. But having taken a large part in the organization of Commemoration balls, college and university, I had accumulated a large collection of ball programmes. As an alternative to incineration, I presented these, together with a number of menu cards of Canning and other dinners, theatrical programmes and other like *trivia*, to the Bodleian Library, and received the formal thanks of the Curators of the library for my donation! After all, was it an inappropriate gift from an historian? Centuries hence, maybe, some research student,

engaged on a thesis of social life under Queen Victoria, may be grateful for my imaginative foresight!

Let it not, however, be imagined that my wife was a kill-joy. Quite otherwise. For much hospitality received we made such return as our small establishment permitted. We were proud of our interesting old house, with its panelled rooms, its fine staircase and its appropriate furnishing, and were glad for other people to see it. The favourite entertainment for pupils and other undergraduates was Sunday luncheon: to our older friends we gave many little dinner parties. It was all, of course, on a modest scale, but thanks to a methodical wife, the *ménage* was always well ordered, and we were able to offer hospitality, which was seemingly appreciated, to a good many interesting visitors. Some were old friends who—like Dr. Horton, the W. L. Courtneys, Prof. S. H. Butcher, Lord Salisbury and his brother Lord Robert, or more recent friends like Mr. (Viscount) Walter Long, J. L. Garvin, and Lord Milner—came to Oxford for a night or two to fulfil some political or social engagement. Others, like Augustine Birrell, Sir Richard Jebb, Professor George Trevelyan, stayed with us when lecturing at the Summer Meeting; others, like Sir Edward Carson and his beautiful young wife, came simply for a quiet week-end in Oxford. So even in those days we were not entirely cut off from the great world.

Some of our country neighbours gave us similar opportunities. The Marlboroughs were particularly kind in this respect. At Blenheim we met, at luncheon or dinner, many notabilities: among them King Manuel, the ill-fated King of Portugal, and the almost equally ill-fated Crown Prince of Germany. We also spent several interesting week-ends at Blenheim. There I first met Lord Lansdowne, whom I afterwards came to know pretty well, and greatly to admire for his good judgment, his polished diction and his exquisite manners. But the week-end I best remember at Blenheim was one when, with a large party, we were invited to hear the Duke's young cousin Winston Churchill lecture

on his escape from Pretoria during the South African War. Never shall I forget the perfect artistry and thrilling interest of Mr. Churchill's lecture. How often I have since listened to the man who has now (1940) become the hero of the whole English-speaking world I know not; but if in Parliamentary debate I have often opposed him (particularly when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer), I have never listened to him without deep admiration for his skill as an orator and his adroitness in debate.

Nor is my appreciation of Mr. Churchill's great gifts of recent growth. From the outset of his career I discerned, and frequently commented upon, not merely his amazing command of language and his rare skill in the ordering of words and the arrangement of paragraphs and sentences, but his no less wonderful power of lifting every subject he touches out of the commonplace, of setting the part against the background of the whole, and of investing it with a significance which only a vivid imagination can reveal. As for his prose style I do not hesitate to rate it, though less pure than Froude's or George M. Trevelyan's, above Gibbon's or Macaulay's. With a vocabulary as copious as Macaulay's he is his equal in vivacity, and in rhythm of his sentences he is both to Macaulay and Gibbon manifestly superior.

One of the distinguished visitors to Blenheim was the cause of serious social embarrassment to my wife and myself. The Crown Prince of Germany was to come and stay there in September, 1901, so the Duchess asked me to take him round the university and give him luncheon or tea. He had a large suite and our establishment was quite unequal to the effort; it was the dead of the long vacation; the kitchen was closed both at New College and Worcester. To the Common-room at New College we could send over tea things from our house close by, but nowhere could we boil a kettle! Dr. Sewell, the dear old Warden of New College, learning of our dilemma, most kindly offered us the use of the Warden's stately lodgings for the occasion. He stipu-

lated only that we should employ his old butler, Moon (well named Moon for his full round face). Moon at that time combined the functions of Vice-Chancellor's beadle ("Poker") with those of a day waiter. He also possessed a ready tongue. Meeting him off duty one day shortly after my marriage when we were entertained at dinner parties night after night, I accosted Moon jocularly thus: "Well," I said, "are we going to meet again to-night, Moon?" "Yes, Mr. Marriott, we do meet pretty often," he replied, "and I don't know whether it is more creditable to you, sir, or to me!" So Moon was called in to superintend the arrangements for the Crown Prince's visit—fortunately only an afternoon one. My wife and I lunched at Blenheim and the whole party—the Duke and Duchess, their house party, the Prince and his large suite—drove into Oxford in four-in-hand coaches. I had made elaborate preparations for their reception. The Dean (Strong) did the honours at Christ Church; the President of Corpus (Fowler) showed off the vase presented to his college when the allied Sovereigns visited the Oxford Commemoration in 1814; Dr. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Warren showed the party over Magdalen; Sir William Anson awaited us at All Souls, whence we were to go over the Bodleian and finish up with tea in New College. At All Souls disaster befell. The Warden had kindly arranged a splendid display of the college plate in hall, and the company was invited to sample the famous college ale in small silver bowls. Not suspecting the potency of "treble X", the thirsty company drank it as though it were Pilsener. Result! A hasty and furtive petition to me from the Duchess that the visit to the Bodleian should be cancelled, and that we should forthwith repair for tea to New College! We did: disaster was averted. The Prince left the same evening for Germany. My elaborate preparations were, I believe, entirely wasted. Through Count Metternich, Germany's charming and well-disposed ambassador, I subsequently received a signed photograph of the Prince, but I am sure he had seen little of Oxford: he had

eyes only for a very lovely American girl in the Blenheim party, and for whom (rumour said) he was willing to renounce his great inheritance. Rumour added (perhaps more truly) that there were ructions on the Prince's return to Potsdam.

There was an amusing sequel to the Prince's visit. Early in the following term Miss Sewell, the Warden's niece, met Moon. "Well," she said, "I hear you've been entertaining Royalty in New College this vacation." "Yes," replied Moon; "you see, ma'am, the Warden said to me, 'Moon, you must come in to help: you know a deal more about such-like people than I do'."

In sharp contrast to the interesting but rather hectic week-ends at Blenheim was one we spent at Sir William Anson's country-house at Pusey, and many week-ends spent with Lady Wantage at Lockinge. At Pusey I discussed with my host certain moot points raised in my *English Political Institutions*, which Sir William was then (1910) kindly helping me to see through the Press. Combining in unique measure knowledge of constitutional theory and of practical politics, Sir William gave me invaluable help by correcting the proofs with meticulous care, as well as by discussing with me some disputable conclusions. My gratitude is warmly, if inadequately, expressed in my preface.

Lady 'Wantage, from being a mere acquaintance, became in her later years a real friend. The only child and heiress of Jones Loyd, Lord Overstone, the banker friend of Sir Robert Peel and the real author of his Bank Charter Act of 1844, Lady Wantage inherited much of her father's ability and was in many ways one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Not that she was very easy to know. Of strong will and inflexible in adherence to high principles, she was rather shy in manner, and like many shy people rather apt to communicate her own shyness to others. Anyway, it was a long time before I was completely at ease with her. The eagle eye, portrayed in Lazlo's superb

portrait, would have been almost disconcertingly penetrating but for her beautiful and reassuring smile. I had first met Lord and Lady Wantage many years before when I was staying with Sir John Mowbray, then senior member for the University, and I then thought them the handsomest couple I had ever met. Little did I then dream that she would one day admit me to her friendship, and would give me as well as my wife and daughter so many pleasant week-ends at Lockinge. Her house was perfectly ordered, and her week-ends (happily) on somewhat old-fashioned lines, but she had the social gift of bringing together interesting and congenial guests.

One party at Lockinge I have special reason to remember. Archbishop Lang (then of York) was the centre of it. Of my friendship with him in Oxford days I have already written, but since his ordination we had rarely met and never intimately. On that Sunday afternoon at Lockinge we went for a long walk on the Downs, and as we seemed to have resumed our old friendly relations, I ventured to remind him of an incident deeply impressed on my memory.

One Sunday in May, 1889, I had gone over to Cuddesdon to spend the day with my old friend Bishop Stubbs. Lang had gone out the same day with Henry Offley Wakeman, like himself a Fellow of All Souls, to spend the day at the college for ordinands. After compline at the college the three of us set out to walk back to Oxford—some six miles away—over Shotover. It was a truly heavenly night: the sky was unclouded; the soft air was fragrant with May blossom; to the exquisite song of the nightingales we tarried again and again to listen. It was striking midnight as we crossed Magdalen Bridge, said good night, and went our several ways. We had talked little: somehow I felt a sense of solemnity which has never left me.

Had something happened to my old friend then just about to be called to the Bar? I did not know; but very soon afterwards we learnt that Lang had decided to abandon a career which would assuredly have led him either to

10 Downing Street or to the Woolsack, and to seek Holy Orders in the Church of England.

I never mentioned the matter to him until we took that walk at Lockinge, when I asked him tentatively, "Do you remember another Sunday when we walked home together from Cuddesdon?" "Am I ever likely to forget it?" he replied, very seriously. "May I tell you what my own feelings were that night?" "Do," he said. Then I made my confession: "I felt somehow that I had been in the presence of one who had been on the Mount of Transfiguration." "That," he said, "was exactly where I had been: that day was the turning point of my life." So my instinct had not been at fault. Something of great moment to the Church and to the nation had happened. But little did I surmise how much.

Mention of Archbishop Lang reminds me of a service which I was able to render to another friend of "Canning" days. In 1905 Lord Curzon returned from India a disappointed and almost embittered man. No man had ever taken up the office of Viceroy with higher promise, or a more inflexible resolve to promote the well-being of the many peoples committed to his charge. To a large extent his hopes were fulfilled. But in his second term of office he came into conflict, on a point of high constitutional significance, with a man of determination equal to his own. Whether Curzon or Kitchener was right about the position of military member of Council this is not the place to argue. Enough to say that to his bitter chagrin Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister and the Earl of Midleton, Secretary of State, two of Curzon's greatest personal friends, sided with his adversary. Lord Curzon resigned, and at home found himself in a curious and indeed embarrassing situation. In the hope of some day re-entering the House of Commons—for he was young and ambitious—he had insisted that the peerage conferred on him when he became Viceroy should be an Irish peerage. But when in 1905 he finally came back from India, he was a sick man, and had no wish to seek—

incongruously for an ex-Viceroy—a seat in the House of Commons. He would not accept an English peerage from Balfour; Campbell-Bannerman churlishly refused to give him one. The difficulty was ultimately resolved by his election as a representative peer in Ireland. For the moment he was at a loose end.

In 1907 Lord Goschen, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, died, and with one or two other friends and contemporaries of Curzon I immediately brought forward his name for election to the vacancy. There were, however, difficulties. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Rosebery were older men, and at least equal to Curzon in official status, though definitely his inferior in academical distinction. But when I suggested to Curzon that he might prefer to wait until the next vacancy, he strongly demurred. "This is the hour: now or never" was his attitude. He was, indeed, desperately anxious for the office, and during the contest that ensued wrote to me, sometimes in pencil from a sick bed, almost daily. I have a bundle of his letters on the subject still. If he were elected he would owe it all to H—, O— (mentioning other two friends) and to me! I had thought it possible that another friend of mine, Lord Milner, might care to stand, but was authorized by him to declare publicly that he would not. So for me the way was clear. It was bruited abroad in the university that Sir William Anson had "bonneted" Lord Lansdowne, and I had "bonneted" Milner, in Curzon's interests. Of course the "lying jade" was at her appropriate job. In the end Lord Rosebery, run chiefly by Christ Church, was Curzon's only competitor, and Curzon was elected by a great majority.

He quickly proved himself to be the most actively reforming Chancellor since Archbishop Laud, and working, as he could, at breakneck speed, he produced his famous "Scarlet Letter" (*Principles and Methods of University Reform*, 1909). He then set to work without a moment's delay to push through, under his own direct supervision, a mass of far-reaching, complicated, and in some cases highly con-

troversial reforms. His legitimate ambition was, by drastic reform internally initiated, to anticipate and render superfluous the less sympathetic hand of the State; but some of his friends felt, as I did, that we had indeed put King Stork on the throne: nor did his tactics effect his purpose. In 1922 the Royal Commission for which Bishop Gore and some of his Radical friends had been pressing was appointed, under the sympathetic chairmanship of a loyal son of Oxford, Mr. Asquith.

Except in one important respect the reforms recommended by the Asquith Commission were not fundamental in character, though in the aggregate numerous.

Of the university, as refashioned by the Asquith Commission, I have no direct or personal knowledge. Some years before it came into being I had ceased to have any official connexion with the university and had entered Parliament as Member for the City.

CHAPTER IX

The Universities and the Nation

A PERIPATETIC LECTURER

Such an institution cannot be regarded as a mere aggregation of private interests; it is eminently national.
Report of the Royal Commission on Oxford University (1852).

ONE morning in Lent term, 1886, there burst into my rooms in New College a stranger, curly haired, fresh complexioned, and of engaging aspect, who revealed himself to me as Michael Sadler. "I want you"—these were his first words—"to go and give a course of lectures at Bath." That was my first meeting with a man destined to exercise a decisive influence on my whole life's work—a work which, though wholly remote from party politics, was essentially "political".

Sadler had lately (1885) become secretary to a committee appointed to organize the movement for extending university teaching to provincial towns. The movement had been started about twelve years earlier in Cambridge by Professor James Stuart; Oxford had followed the lead of Cambridge tardily and half-heartedly. Distant echoes of it had reached me, but Sadler's sudden incursion was my first real contact with it. I could not at the moment accept Sadler's call; owing to the temporary absence of the senior lecturer in history, I had the main responsibility for the history work of a great college on my hands. But in 1887 my lectureship at New College came to an end, and though I still had a good deal of teaching work in Oxford, I agreed to go and do some "Extension" lecturing.

The significance of the work on which I thus embarked can be fully appreciated only in relation to the general

movement for reform which in the course of the nineteenth century transformed the two ancient universities and brought into being several new ones.

"Oxford is a seat in which learning sits very comfortably as in an easy chair, and sleeps so soundly that nobody can wake her." So T. J. Hogg wrote in his *Life of Shelley*, and he reflected the accepted opinion of the Oxford of the eighteenth century. "The university," wrote a Radical historian, "neither taught, nor maintained discipline, nor examined." Edward Gibbon wrote of the "monks of Magdalen" (his own college) as "decent easy men who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the Founder", and "from the toil of reading and thinking had absolved their consciousness". The eighteenth century discounted enthusiasm in any sphere or direction. The universities reflected the temper of the nation at large. But an awakening came with the French Revolution, and England simultaneously was transformed from a land of farms into a land of factories, forges, shipbuilding and railways. The universities did not escape the revolutionary fervour. It took shape at Cambridge in the Evangelical Movement led by Charles Simeon, at Oxford by the Tractarian Movement. The latter movement was initiated by John Keble's Assize sermon on "National Apostasy" preached before His Majesty's Judges in the university church on 14th July, 1833, and continued by J. H. Newman's *Tract XC* published, as one of a long series, in 1841.

The "Oxford Movement" was symptomatic of much besides ecclesiastical enthusiasm and the revival of catholic ideals. During the first half of the nineteenth century Oxford, by a series of drastic reforms, in teaching, discipline and examining, set its own house in order. But the Royal Commission appointed by Lord John Russell in 1852 had a wider object in view. It was bent on helping the university to realize and fulfil its function as a national institution. All barriers, ecclesiastical, social, economic and academic, that impeded that mission must be thrown down. "It

would seem to be a matter of public policy that . . . such measures should be taken as may serve to raise its efficiency to the highest point and to diffuse its benefits most widely." The ambition of the external commissioners was shared by a strong body of reformers within the university, and they submitted to the commissioners no fewer than seven "plans for University Extension", though among them, curiously enough, was not the scheme to which the term was, later on, specifically and exclusively applied. Thanks largely to the zeal of Sir Thomas Acland for secondary education, the university established, in 1858, a system of local examinations which has immensely improved the standard of teaching in thousands of middle-class schools. That was the first step. But if the university may examine persons outside its walls, why not teach them as well? The answer to that question was given when the university appointed a committee, later regularized into a *Delegacy*, charged with the provision of teaching of a university standard "beyond the limits of the university". Thus was started the "Extension" movement.

The whole conception attracted me powerfully. Here was a chance of political work wholly divorced from the environment which too often besmirched politics (in the narrower sense). I had become used to the platform, and found myself at home upon it. I knew my subject well, and was conscious of capacity for speaking and for teaching.

So, with a small group of like-minded men, strongly opposed to each other in political opinion and social outlook, but united in a common belief in Oxford's "mission", and anxious to extend its educational benefits as widely as possible, I enlisted under the banner of Michael Sadler.

Between that time and the outbreak of war in 1939 I reckon I gave some 10,000 lectures in all parts of England except East Anglia and the country covered by the present London and North-Eastern system, which was the preserve of Cambridge. Among the lectures I count those given in

Oxford itself, where I continued my history teaching until, in 1917, I went into Parliament. For some years after 1887, however, my tutorial duties were comparatively light, and I was able to compress them into Saturdays, Mondays and Tuesday mornings, lecturing at 9, 10 and 11 a.m. on Saturday, and devoting the rest of Saturday and all Monday to "tutorials", and Tuesdays I generally got off in time to lecture at some town not too distant from Oxford on the Tuesday evening. I often lectured at two neighbouring towns, or twice in the same town, on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and perhaps on my way home somewhere else on Friday afternoon. That gave me a maximum of twelve lectures a week, but I suppose my average for the six winter months was more nearly nine. One particular Tuesday I shall not soon forget. After three lectures, one Honour and two Pass, at Oxford in the morning, I lectured at Bedford in the late afternoon and at Rugby the same evening. As a "lecture" meant an hour's lecture followed by thirty to fifty minutes' "class", that was a gruelling day. I could not have kept up that pace as long as I did—for some eight years—had it not been for the amazing kindness of innumerable hosts in the places I visited. As far as I can remember I only had to spend three nights in hotels in the course of thirty years. That meant everything to me; for I find hotel life (with a few exceptions) very distasteful. My heart still swells with gratitude for the kindness shown, often by perfect strangers, to a perfect stranger, whose arrangements must have been very upsetting to an orderly household. I don't like talking for an hour or two on an empty stomach, and, when consulted, always expressed my preference for a meal *before* the lecture, though it was often rather a hasty one. After the lecture my preference was for a glass of hot milk with, perhaps, a tot of whisky or rum added to it! Despite all the trouble I gave them many of my hosts became life-long friends, though relatively few, alas, now survive.

I stayed with people of almost every degree, from peers

and prelates to much humbler folk. I became fairly familiar with most of the cathedral class in southern England. I have specially cordial memories of the lovely close at Wells where I stayed with all the canons of that day, with two Deans, Jex Blake (formerly of Rugby) and Armitage-Robinson, and with the courtly and genial Bishop Lord Arthur Hervey. The latter had a special interest in University Extension work, for, as far back as the 'fifties, he had written a pamphlet (the copy he gave me is still in my possession) urging the adoption of such a scheme by the "Mechanics' Institutes" which in many towns working men had recently established. I greatly amused the Bishop one day by telling him of the instructions given to me by the very efficient but rather fussy local secretary of the centre. "You needn't bring evening clothes with you as a rule—except, of course, when you are engaged to stay at the Palace or the Deanery!" Lesser dignitaries did not count! Lord Arthur Hervey was a very good friend to me and to the cause for which I worked. I shall always think of him as the ideal "Father in God", very dignified without an atom of pomposity, a "scholar and a gentleman", greatly honoured, and greatly beloved by clergy and laity, indeed by all classes and creeds throughout his beautiful diocese. Of the Palace at Salisbury (in Bishop John Wordsworth's day) I have another recollection. The Palace was icy cold, but I found a roaring fire in my bedroom. In the morning Mrs. Wordsworth inquired if I had been warm enough. I reassured her. She expressed her pleasure and added: "You see, we have central heating, but the system is out of order, and the Bishop won't have it put right. My relations won't come near us for fear of pneumonia." The visit had no such ill consequences for me. But I had some sympathy with Mrs. Wordsworth. Bishop Wordsworth was a scholar and a saint, but with his frame of iron I doubt if he could distinguish between cold and warmth.

I used (privately) to classify the houses at which I stayed in four grades: (i) those in which no mention was

made of a bath; (ii) those where I was asked whether I would like a bath; (iii) where I was shown the bathroom; (iv) where I found a hipbath in my room with plenty of hot water. My preference may cause surprise, but in those days few houses had more than one bathroom, and I greatly dislike a competition for the bathroom, especially if there are children among the competitors!

Besides the kindness of hosts I had another alleviation in my lot. I like railway travelling. Given the right conditions, I still prefer it to any other mode of locomotion except horseback. The essential condition is, of course, solitude—equally necessary for work and sleep. I generally secured it, and by a very simple device. Having temporarily lost my voice in the Lent term of '88, I consulted a specialist in voice production. He was kind and honest enough to say that my voice production was naturally correct and that I needed no lessons. But he prescribed some exercises for tongue and lips which proved invaluable to me—in more ways than one. Whenever my compartment was invaded by two or more garrulous females, I had only to start practising my exercises. At the next stopping place my carriage emptied: no one liked to travel with a lunatic!

The methods of University Extension teaching were worked out in the early days of the movement, and have remained substantially unchanged. The lecturer's first task was to prepare a syllabus, containing a detailed synopsis of each lecture, a list of appropriate books, hints for reading, and in some cases alternative subjects for essays. The Free Library movement, with which University Extension has since worked in close conjunction, was then in its infancy; books were often difficult to come by, especially in the poorer centres, so a "travelling library" was supplied from Oxford, wherever possible, for preparatory reading, and always remained at the different centres for the duration of the course. The *lecture*, given at weekly or fortnightly intervals, lasted about an hour, and was followed by a *class* at which questions were asked and, if possible,

answered, the corrected essays were returned to the writers, and subjects announced for the next week. The class, lasting generally from thirty to fifty minutes, might be prolonged to a late hour if a keen discussion, as sometimes happened, arose. It might be attended by a select body of students only, or by the greater part of the audience, who sometimes looked upon it as the most stimulating and perhaps the most amusing part of the evening's "entertainment". The essays were criticized in public but always in general terms and in scrupulous anonymity; lecturers were strictly enjoined to avoid "scoring" off hecklers, and never to quench the smoking flax. Working men were peculiarly sensitive to ridicule, and not even quick, as a rule, to appreciate humour. In fine they had to be very delicately handled, or they would desert the lectures in dudgeon. Nor were they alone in resenting criticism of the oral questions or their written essays. Criticism sometimes gave offence simply by reason of unavoidable brevity. At one centre I noticed that a particular young woman had suddenly ceased to send in her periodical essay. I subsequently discovered that the reason was that I had described her argument as "loose", which she took as a reflection not upon her logic but upon her character! Dire were the pitfalls awaiting an incautious or hurried critic.

The correction of essays was in my own case done of necessity in the aforementioned railway carriages. Hence the need for solitude and silence. Hard, indeed, was the work, but I enjoyed it. I found great stimulus in the extraordinary variety of audiences I had to address. Sometimes they would consist mainly of middle-class folk in a decorous cathedral city, such as Hereford, Wells or Salisbury. Again it would be an almost exclusively "sealskin" audience (as we termed them): ladies who came in to the county or market town in carriages and motors for an afternoon lecture. Anon there would be a large sprinkling of artisans or novices, in such centres as Oldham, Rochdale, Barnsley or Rotherham. The two former towns I never (for political reasons)

visited myself, but my colleagues W. Hudson Shaw, E. L. S. Horsburgh, Dr. F. W. Fison, the astronomer, would hold audiences (notably at Oldham, where the lectures were run by the "co-ops") of 1000 people or more, week after week, year after year. Sometimes the nucleus of the audience would be supplied by the local "Lit. and Phil." Society, as at Heaton Chapel, where I had a fine audience of 400-500 people, but with very few "students". "Students" were always encouraged to sit for examination, conducted at the close of the course by an independent university examiner. They could, however, "sit" only if qualified by regular attendance at the classes and by the writing of essays. On the result of the examination certificates, "distinction" and "pass and a prize" were awarded, and sometimes the local committee would give in addition a scholarship tenable at the Summer School.¹ Of course, "Extension" lectures and classes were no real substitute for a complete university curriculum. But the movement did represent a genuine effort on the part of self-sacrificing "missionaries" to "carry the university to those who could not come to the university". The whole system was coherent and well thought out, and the educational results were much less superficial than atrabilious critics alleged.

My own lecturing tours were in the south and the midlands, comparatively small towns within fairly easy reach of Oxford, such as Banbury, Bath, Swindon, Reading, Newbury, Leamington, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Ramsgate, Tunbridge Wells, Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Burnham, Bridgwater, Malvern, Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, Chipping Norton, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Wellington, Shrewsbury, Chester, Frodsham, Wallasey, suburbs of Manchester such as Eccles, Alderley Edge, Sale, Cheadle, Altrincham, and smaller country towns such as Ledbury, Cirencester, Henley, Maidenhead, Goring, Lymington and Lyndhurst. I gave many courses, however, at Bradford, some in the Potteries of Staffordshire, one or more at

¹ See *infra*. p. 106.

Halifax, in the Spen Valley, at Barnsley, Birmingham and Wolverhampton. This list sounds catalogic, but it is in fact very far from complete. Perhaps our most useful work was done not in the larger towns where more educational facilities were available, and where universities were gradually established, but in small country towns where there were few or none. None of my centres gave me such anxiety as those in the Isle of Wight—Ventnor, Cowes, Ryde and Newport. I was always doubtful whether the winter fogs in the Solent would allow me to keep my engagements in the island, and still more to get away from it in time for those on the mainland. But the worst seldom happened, and I have very pleasant recollections of my visits to the island and the hosts who entertained me. Among them I recall Canon Smith, Rector of Whippingham, the "Parish Priest" and the friend of Queen Victoria; Professor Henry Morley, whose fine library at Carisbrooke gave a title to one of his many series of reprints of English critics; Professor Milne with his Japanese wife, and his famous Seismological Observatory; and not least a kind spinster lady at Ventnor who nursed me through a bad attack of influenza, the only illness which overtook me in thirty years of itinerant lecturing. To no single centre did I devote so much time and energy as Bournemouth, in which and its environs from Christchurch to Poole I gave over 400 lectures, and where I left one of the few material memorials of my work in the Municipal College which grew from seeds I planted. A more imposing outcrop is Reading University, which owed its origin entirely to the work of the University Extension centre in the town, and its rapid evolution to the zeal and organizing ability of my colleagues (Sir) Michael Sadler and (Sir) Halford Mackinder, supported by the generous help of the Suttons, the Palmers, and Lady Wantage. Reading is not, indeed, the only modern university which grew from seeds planted by University Extension. The Universities of Leeds and Sheffield, and the University Colleges of Nottingham and Exeter sprang, if I mistake not,

from the same fruitful germ. Bristol owes its origin to the prescience and generosity of two Oxford colleges. Reading was assisted by a third. Thus, as Sir Richard Jebb once observed, the ancient universities have proved themselves "no longer content to be only in the strict sense of the phrase 'seats of learning'; they now desire to be mother cities of intellectual colonies". Nor did the same great scholar omit to expose the need for colonization. "Elementary education," he said, "unless crowned by something higher, is not only barren but may even be dangerous. It is not well to teach our democracy to read unless we also teach it to think." The object of University Extension could not be more succinctly stated: "to teach our democracy to think".¹

In the course of my "missionary journeys" I made a host of acquaintances and not a few lifelong friends. I stayed with great headmasters, like T. W. Dunn, who made a great, if transient, success of Bath College, with Dr. Waterfield (now Dean of Hereford) at Cheltenham, with R. H. Owen of Uppingham, and with Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Percival at Rugby. I experienced a thrill when I first entered Dr. Arnold's study in the school-house at Rugby, and a greater when I stayed (as I often did) with the author of *Tom Brown*, Judge Thomas Hughes, at Chester. Judge Hughes was very kind to me; though a somewhat disillusioned man, he spoke freely of the enthusiasms of his early manhood and his coadjutors like Maurice and Kingsley. He contributed a Prefatory Note to my lecture on "Charles Kingsley, Novelist", delivered to a great audience, including the Bishop (Jayne) and the first Duke of Westminster, and published to provide a "Kingsley Scholarship" at the Oxford Summer Meeting.

Of the great educationists whom I came to know well perhaps the greatest was Miss Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham Ladies' College. On first receiving an invitation to

¹ *The Work of the Universities for the Nation*, pp. 1-2, 49.

lecture there I was terrified at the prospect of confronting a famous "schoolmarm", but my terrors were soon dissipated; we became great friends and allies, and for twenty successive years I gave an annual course of lectures to her senior students. By the vulgar, Miss Beale is now best remembered by the ribald epigram linking her name with that of another famous schoolmarm. Said to have been found on a schoolgirl's slate, it ran:

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel:
How different from us,
Are Miss Beale and Miss Buss!

Nevertheless, though unimpressive in aspect, Dorothea Beale was a great educationist—among the greatest of her generation—and I still constantly come across women, themselves in important scholastic positions, who have arisen to call her blessed. A perpetual memorial of her work will remain not only in the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, but in St. Hilda's College in Oxford. The latter Miss Beale founded primarily for the reception of students from Cheltenham, thus maintaining the tradition of William of Wykeham, the founder of the two St. Mary Winton colleges, and of King Henry VI, who, on the model of Winchester and New College, founded his linked colleges, Eton and King's. Thus does good seed fructify.

CHAPTER X

An Educational Entrepreneur

THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION DELEGACY

IN March, 1895, I was elected, in succession to (Sir) Michael Sadler, as Secretary to the "Delegacy for the Extension of Teaching Beyond the Limits of the University". Sadler had made the office one of considerable importance, though not of great emolument, and my election was not uncontested. At the end, however, I was elected by a comfortable majority against Joseph Wells, at that time Fellow and Tutor, and later on Warden, of Wadham College, and, in his turn, Vice-Chancellor of the University. Wells was one of the sweetest and most even-tempered men I ever knew, and my victory, honestly unexpected by me, caused, I am glad to remember, not the slightest "feeling" between us. Wells remained through the whole twenty-five years of my tenure of office one of my most loyal supporters (and sometimes I greatly needed such support) on the Delegacy, and was, up to the time of his death in 1929, one of my dearest friends.

My work as secretary consisted in the control of the central office in Oxford, the supervision of some two-hundred "local" centres extending from Cornwall to Cumberland, from Dover to Carlisle, and the organization of the vacation school (or "summer meetings" as we called them) during the months of August in each alternate year. In the alternate years the meetings were organized at Cambridge, though in later years we were apt to be so overcrowded by an increasingly large attendance of foreign teachers that in the years alternating with our regular

summer meetings we organized summer schools exclusively for foreign students. Thus throughout a great part of my time at Oxford a "long vacation" was a contradiction in terms. But I had great compensations.

My organizing work was done, with efficient though inadequate assistance partly from Oxford, in some very cramped offices in the Examination Schools, but it also involved frequent visits to the local "centres" (at which I continued sometimes to lecture). Every Easter "vacation" I held district meetings (my "archidiaconal visitations" as they were called in the office) in some towns, such as Manchester, Bradford, Carlisle, Chester, Gloucester, accessible for the several centres in different localities. There I met the local secretaries and other delegates from the "centres", conferred with them on the progress of the work in general and their own local difficulties in particular. I also arranged as far as possible convenient groups of contiguous centres, so as to save the wear and tear of travelling to our lecturers, and travelling "expenses", sometimes a heavy item, to the centres. This was a particularly difficult job. One centre—say Oldham—would want history this year, while a neighbour—perhaps Rochdale—insisted on science, and vice versa. Or one centre was attached to a particular lecturer who might not "go down" with its nearest neighbour. If ever patience and tact were needed, it was at my archidiaconal visitations, and I do not pretend that my supply did not sometimes run short, when centres were more than usually stubborn and recalcitrant.

The constant recruiting of our lecturing staff was one of my chief anxieties. The work called for men endowed with gifts not too often found in combination. Our first and constant endeavour was to keep the scholarship and teaching up to real university standards. Unless we could do that, the whole *raison d'être* of the system was undermined. But a man might be a first-rate scholar, well qualified to be a university professor, but incapable of "holding" the large and very "mixed" audiences which a lecturer had

to face from a University Extension platform. Unlike college lectures, the attendance at Extension lectures was not compulsory, nor encouraged by the hope of success in examinations! Men like F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead), who combined in an eminent degree fine scholarship and brilliant rhetorical gifts, were *rarae aves*, and when caught for a time were apt to fly away (as he did) to climates which promised richer harvests. Others, like (Sir) E. B. Poulton, the zoologist, and L. L. Price, the economist, became absorbed in professional work in the university itself, or, like C. G. Lang (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), were called to higher duties in the ministry of the Church, or, like (Sir) H. Llewelyn Smith, became permanent servants of the State.

It was a general rule of the Delegacy to require candidates for appointment as lecturers to give one or more trial lectures in Oxford, and it was an important part of my duties to attend those lectures with other members of the Delegacy. Not a few candidates were rejected; some were advised to get more experience in lecturing; some were accepted with acclamation. Among the latter I well remember the "trial" of (the Rev.) W. K. Stride, who for many years did valuable work as a lecturer in history, and that of R. Ashe-King, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who joined our staff somewhat late in life and was one of the most brilliant lecturers on English literature—especially that of the eighteenth century—to whom I ever listened. He lectured without a note, and enlivened his lectures with anecdotes and quotations which (unlike many such) invariably illustrated the precise critical point he wished to make. It was supreme art retained to old age. I remember his reply to a letter of congratulation from me on his ninetyeth birthday: "One only has to live to extreme old age to become a celebrity." The memory of Ashe-King is still cherished in a Yorkshire parish which he served, half a century ago, as vicar, and in many "Oxford centres".

Perhaps the part of my work as Secretary to the Delegacy

on which I look back with most complete satisfaction was the organization of the "Summer Meetings" already referred to. The idea of these meetings (borrowed, I believe, from the American Chautauqua) was to bring up to Oxford for a month of more intensive study in the long vacation the students from the several local centres. The first of the long series was held in 1888 and was organized by W. A. S. Hewins, an economist on the staff of the Delegacy, and afterwards well known in London as secretary to Joseph Chamberlain's Tariff Commission, as Principal of the School of Economics, as M.P. for Hereford, and for a short time Under-Secretary for the Colonies.¹ That was the only Summer Meeting at Oxford I ever missed. It was followed by others in 1889, 1890, 1891, 1893 and 1894, which were organized by M. E. Sadler, but at which I lectured. My first Summer Meeting lectures were on "The Makers of Modern Italy, Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi". They were so far successful that, by request, they were published in a little book, which ran for twenty-five years or more in England and Italy, and sold some 1500 copies. It had been out of print for some years when, in 1931, it was republished by the Oxford University Press. I had intended, in response to a demand, only to reprint, with a few additions, the original lectures: but by 1931 I found that to be impossible. My own point of view had somewhat changed: I was, for instance, rather less enthusiastic about Mazzini than I had been forty years earlier, and I recognized that Napoleon I must be included among the makers of modern Italy, and I thought it well to extend the narrative down to the conclusion of the Lateran Treaties in 1929. So the book had to be largely rewritten and greatly enlarged, to be sold not at 1s. 6d. but at 10s. Even so, it has gone into a second edition, though since Mussolini's Abyssinian expedition the Italian Risorgimento, and the consequent unification of Italy, excite less enthusiasm in England than they did in days when W. E. H. Lecky could write of the Italian move-

¹ See *Recollections of an Imperialist*.

ment as "the one moment of nineteenth-century history when politics assumed something of the character of poetry".¹ After 1889 I did not put pen to paper again for many years. I was too busy teaching and organizing, nor in truth was I in any hurry to rush into print until I had had more time for study and reflection.

The Summer Meetings, thirteen of which I organized and directed (as well as several vacation schools for foreigners) between 1895 and 1919, were intended primarily for those who had attended the local courses of lectures. To enable those to attend them who could not afford the expense even of a brief residence in Oxford, small scholarships or bursaries were given on the results of an essay competition. Some centres raised funds to send up the more promising of their own students to take advantage of unique opportunities. What it meant to an elementary teacher from a country school, or to a Lancashire mill-hand, or a collier from South Wales, to come even for a month under the magic spell of Oxford's beauty, to listen to some of the greatest authorities on history, science, or art, come into daily contact with men and women inspired by similar zeal for higher education, and to exchange ideas with them can be understood only by those who, like myself, were privileged to be their confidants, and to see the leaven visibly working.

During the month there would be five to seven lectures a day, but some of them were deliberately arranged to clash with each other, so that students might be encouraged to give the bulk of their time to the subject, be it history, science, or what-not which they specially wished to study, and not to incur the risk of mental indigestion. At each meeting the lectures would be arranged to illustrate, in all its different aspects, a special period in history or the civilization of a particular country. Thus having worked through in successive years all the main periods of English or European history, we devoted three meetings to the history of Italy, Germany, France and ancient Greece

¹ *Democracy and Liberty* (1896).



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TAKEN ABOUT 1890

Photo; Hills and Saunders

respectively, and a fourth to the place of Oxford in national history. The last was in a sense propagandist as well as educational in character, and was intended to excite enthusiasm for the work, internal and external, of the university. Nor did it, I think, fail of its object. Incidentally, it supplied a title for one of my own books, which, published in 1933, recalled something of what I had tried to teach and much that I had learnt at the Summer Meeting of 1907.

The chief lectures were given in the great halls of the Examination Schools, and the classes were held in the smaller rooms of the same building, where the office of the Meeting, the reception rooms, &c., were also accommodated. In 1914 the Schools were requisitioned for a general hospital; the meeting of 1915 (a much smaller one) was held in the hall, and lecture rooms of Christ Church, and those of 1917 and 1919 in the Sheldonian Theatre and various colleges.

The students, who in my day numbered on average about 1200, were drawn literally from all classes; many were teachers, but almost every calling was represented, and, in later years, almost all the countries of the world, with a special preponderance of Germans and Scandinavians. The attendance of foreigners—mostly teachers of different grades—was at first cordially welcomed both by the students and by the authorities. But at the meeting of 1909, when "Italy" was our subject, the attendance, mounting to 1800, became almost unmanageably large. We had to "close the booking office", and as the foreigners contributed 400-500 to the total, we decided to relieve the pressure by organizing a special meeting for foreigners only, in the years alternate with the general meeting. These vacation classes for foreigners were chiefly in English language and literature, but I gave them a course myself on "English Political Institutions" which evoked a good deal of astonishment, and (I believe) a good deal of satisfaction. Largely reinforced by notes made on the same subject for my university lectures, I worked the subject up into a volume

which has proved one of the most popular of my books:¹

The foreigner's vacation course in 1914 caused me much embarrassment and anxiety. On 1st August I found myself with 200 or more Germans (among other nationals) on my hands. All the younger men rushed back to Germany; the older men and practically all the women, some of whom were in an hysterical condition, remained. The ambassador, Count Albert Mensdorff, whom I knew slightly, agreed to take some of the Austrians back with him by sea. Many of the German teachers, however, were dependent on weekly payments from their government, and could neither pay for their lodgings in Oxford nor for their passage home, even when transit could be arranged. We were compelled in sheer humanity to raise a loan fund for them; Oxford residents were very kind; and ultimately all the Germans were sent home. To their credit it must be recorded that they were truly grateful for the kindness shown to them, and that by an arrangement with an agent in a neutral country all the money we advanced to them was repaid. But I had had enough of organizing vacation courses for foreigners, though some years later I lectured to foreigners again both in Oxford and London, as I had previously lectured to them in Leipsic and Dresden, as well as in Switzerland. I found it a stimulating exercise to try and make clear to foreigners English conditions, political and economic.

The foreigners were, however, an excrescence, so to say, upon the "Summer Meeting", though the English students, especially the teachers, welcomed the opportunity of exchanging ideas with them. Such interchange was greatly facilitated by common residence in a college. Most of the students lodged in the town, but a few men were received in one of the colleges, and women in one or more of the "halls" for women. The charges for board and residence

¹ *English Political Institutions* (Clarendon Press), 1910. Frequently reissued, the book was revised and brought up to date in 1925 and again in 1939.

were very moderate, and the privilege of living for a while the life of an undergraduate or undergraduette was highly appreciated. There was also a good deal of modest hospitality offered to the students by residents: garden parties were given by individuals, as well as by the Delegacy, which also entertained students, lecturers and residents at a *conversazione*. It was part of my own duty and privilege to entertain small parties of the general body of students and in particular the local secretaries, who were encouraged, whenever possible, to attend the Summer Meeting and to draw, therefrom, inspiration for their toilsome, and sometimes discouraging, work in their individual centres. To help and encourage them we arranged special meetings for local organizers, as well as conferences open to the whole meeting. To preside over these conferences, at which some subject of wider educational significance was discussed, I always tried to obtain the services of some prominent public man. Among others who were good enough to act in this capacity were Lord Goschen, Lord Haldane, the Marquis of Crewe, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (Lord St. Aldwyn), Mr. J. H. Whitley, at that time Chairman of Committees, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir William Hart Dyke, a former Minister of Education, and many others of like eminence. I always tried also to get some scholarly public man to give the inaugural address at each summer meeting. Thus Mr. Asquith came one year; Lord Halsbury another; the Italian Ambassador a third, and so on. In 1911 "Germany" formed the subject of study. For the inaugural lecture on this subject we were fortunate enough to have Lord Haldane. No living Englishman could have spoken on Germany with equal authority, with such profound knowledge of its philosophy and history, or with such a combination of sympathy and impartiality. An indiscreet confession that in Germany he had found his spiritual home led ignorant folk to label him a pro-German. Campbell-Bannerman, who disliked him, refused him the Woolsack, preferring Sir Robert Reid

(Lord Loreburn), and offered him the Attorney-Generalship, which he refused, and ultimately gave him the War Office. "We shall now see," said C.-B. with a cynical chuckle, "how Schopenhauer gets on in the kail-yard." He got on there so well that, despite much contemporary criticism, it is now generally acknowledged that he was the greatest War Minister of our time.

The criticism, descending into abuse, he bore with rare magnanimity. He accepted with dignity the stupid refusal of the Tory leaders to enter the Coalition Ministry of 1915 unless Haldane was excluded from it, and never (I believe) reproached his old friend Asquith for acquiescing, however unwillingly, in that cruel injustice. Nevertheless, he felt the injustice very deeply, as he revealed to me during the only long talk I ever had with him.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1919 that at his request I went to his house in Queen Anne's Gate to discuss with him an educational matter. That particular matter he dismissed in a few minutes, and then plunged into a detailed *apologia* for his army administration. No one had appreciated more accurately the anti-British policy of Germany; no one was more convinced that the German war-party meant to fight us. "Why, knowing all this," I bluntly asked him, "did you not go with Lord Roberts and introduce National Service?" "I'll tell you quite frankly," he replied. On his return from his mission to Germany in 1912 he had revealed to the Cabinet and to the Army Council the true facts of the situation, and to the generals he put the question: "Realizing the imminence of the danger shall we adopt universal service?" "How long," they asked, "will you give us to make the shift over?" "How long do you want?" he retorted. "Three years," they replied. "I cannot promise you three months," was his final word. So we embarked on the war of 1914 with an "Expeditionary Force" which in point of quality was, and proved itself to be, "the finest army for its size on the earth", and behind it the Territorial Army and an Officer's

Training Corps, for the conception and creation of which Haldane must have all the credit. How inadequate to the necessities of the Four Years' War all this proved, no one realized more clearly than Haldane. But that he had done all that was possible, *under the circumstances*, to prepare the country for the war which he knew to be inevitable, he remained to the end convinced.¹

To return from Lord Haldane to our Summer Meetings. For my farewell meeting (1919), which was devoted to "The British Empire", I secured for the inaugural address my old friend Alfred (Viscount) Milner, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. When we dealt with Italy, the address was given by the Marquis di Giuliano, then Italian Ambassador to England, afterwards Foreign Secretary in Italy. The inaugural lecture was always made the occasion of some little ceremony, the Vice-Chancellor (or his deputy) presiding, and the doctors, in scarlet, and masters, in gowns and hoods, accompanying him in the procession. When the Italian ambassador gave the address, I persuaded the university to confer upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L., and the ceremony of conferment in the Sheldonian, witnessed by all the students, was an auspicious inauguration of one of the most successful meetings I ever organized. On another occasion the university showed its appreciation of the devoted work of the local secretaries by conferring upon two of the most efficient among them an honorary degree of M.A. In the absence of the Public Orator, I was asked to "present" them, which I did in speeches prepared for me in his most elegant Latin by my friend A. D. Godley, who was then Public Orator. We considerately printed and circulated translations of the speeches for the benefit of the spectators of a ceremony which, I am glad to think, gave pleasure to many loyal workers besides the actual recipients of honorary degrees. I know that it gave great pleasure and satisfaction to the person primarily responsible.

Not only for conferences and as inaugural lecturers was

¹ Cf. Haldane: *Before the War* (1920); *Autobiography* (1929).

I careful to secure eminent persons. Being vacation, there were no university sermons; but the Vicar of St. Mary's was good enough to arrange special services for the students morning and evening at the University Church, and to leave to me the selection of the preachers. I took great pains to get men who were both eminent as preachers and likely to speak the appropriate word to a very special congregation. I was fortunate enough in this connexion to secure the help of such men as Bishop Talbot (of Winchester), Bishop Gibson (of Gloucester), Bishop Percival (of Hereford), Bishop Jayne (of Chester), Bishop Gore (of Oxford), the Rev. W. Temple (successively Archbishop of York and Canterbury), the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw, and many others. Of many deeply impressive sermons preached on those occasions not the least impressive was that of the Rev. E. M. Walker, some time Provost of Queen's. For courage and outspokenness I rarely heard the like.

Careful to get the right preachers, I was also, of course, equally careful to get on every subject the very highest authority. It was a most difficult task—it generally took me many months to get my schedule of lectures completed—but though I often failed to get my “first choice”, I succeeded more often than I could have deemed possible. Here are a very few instances. When “Ancient Greece” was our subject, I got Professor Mahaffy (Provost of Trinity College, Dublin) to introduce it; the lectures on Greek history were given by my dear friend R. W. Macan (some time Master of University), and those on Greek tragedy by Professor Gilbert Murray. To Dr. Macan also I went (since his knowledge of modern German is almost equal to his knowledge of ancient Greek literature) for lectures on Goethe when we dealt with Germany. In that same meeting we had Alois Brandl (on “Shakspeare in Germany”), Sir William Osler on Virchow and Koch, Professor Alexander Macalister on Vesalius, Sir Joseph Larmor on Helmholtz, Sir William Tilden on Liebig, and on German music Sir Henry Hadow and Sir Donald Tovey. What a constellation of stars!

Similarly when dealing with Italy: for Garibaldi I would be content with no one but Professor George Trevelyan; Professor Osler must deal with medicine in the Italian Renaissance, Mr. Edmund Gardner with Italian art, Mr. Charles Foulkes with Italian armour and armourers, Signor Guglielmo Marconi with Italy's contribution to electrical science, Signor Agnolette with Carducci and D'Annunzio, and Professor Holland Rose with Napoleon I and Italy. The backbone of the meeting was supplied by Philip Wicksteed, who gave not only a general course on Dante, but a special course on "Some Aspects of the Paradiso". Nor will anyone who heard either of those courses forget the impression Wicksteed gave of profound scholarship combined with a fervour almost religious. Mr. A. L. Smith dealt with some of the mediæval Popes and Emperors; while several of the lecturers on our own staff, such as Hudson Shaw, (Sir) Charles Mallet, Professor F. S. Boas, E. L. S. Horsburgh, and others dealt with subjects with which they were specially familiar.

To the general subject under treatment we often added a special section devoted to social economics, and it was in connexion with them that I secured the co-operation of such men as Mr. Sidney Webb (Lord Passfield), the Rev. L. R. Phelps on the Poor Law, Sir William Beveridge and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald on different aspects of insurance, Mr. Philip (Viscount) Snowden on socialism, Sir George Newman on school clinics, Mr. J. R. Clynes and Mr. J. H. Whitley. When we were dealing with the period of the Renaissance, Mr. George Wyndham gave a brilliant lecture on Ronsard, and I recall some equally brilliant lectures—on more than one occasion—by Augustine Birrell and Herbert Paul.

To deal in detail with the successive programmes on the elaboration of which I lavished infinite pains would be tedious. I take as an example the meeting of 1913 devoted to "France: its evolution and place in History". Apart from a special section in social economics, that meeting was

organized in three main sections: (i) The History and Political Evolution of France; (ii) The Contribution of France to Literature, Philosophy and Science; (iii) Music, Fine Art and Architecture. In the historical section I gave the more continuous and general courses myself, but lectures on special subjects were given by Professor Haverfield on Roman Gaul; Mr. Arthur Strong on Religion in Roman Gaul; by Edward Armstrong on the French Monarchy. Professor Mantoux (who afterwards rendered such invaluable service at the Paris Peace Conference) gave three lectures on Modern France: (i) The Land System; (ii) The Industrial Revolution, and (iii) Political Institutions. For a lecture on The University of Paris to whom could we have gone but to Dr. Hastings Rashdall, the greatest authority, dead or living, on Mediæval Universities; for a lecture on the Judicial System of France to whom but to Professor A. V. Dicey? For the section on Literature, Philosophy and Science, we brought over Professor Maigron to give a course (in French) on "Le Romantisme en France," and shorter courses were given by Sir Sidney Lee and Mr. F. Y. Eccles. Mr. J. C. Powys lectured on Rabelais, Lord St. Cyres on Pascal and Bossuet, Mr. John Bailey on La Fontaine, and (Sir) C. Grant Robertson on Voltaire and Rousseau. For Pasteur we must needs go to Dr. Stephen Paget; for Lavoisier to Sir William Tilden, himself a great chemist. The Rev. Principal Mellone gave three lectures on Bergson, and the Rev. Principal Carpenter two on "Renan and the Origin of Christianity", while Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Pauls, gave four more general lectures on Biblical Study. In section (iii) M. M-D. Calvocaressi gave a course on French Music, and the Rev. D. K. S. Cranage (then my "opposite number" in Cambridge, now Dean of Norwich) on Gothic Architecture in France. Mr. Charles ffoulkes lectured on French Ironwork, and Mr. Roger Fry on Recent Developments in French Art.

Those familiar with the Oxford History School will have noticed in preceding paragraphs the names of many of the

best-known Oxford tutors of their time, and to them must be added the names of my old friends and colleagues (Sir) Richard Lodge, formerly of B.N.C., Arthur Hassall of Christ Church, and the Rev. W. H. Hutton (afterwards Dean of Winchester), to whom we naturally went for a lecture on the greatest of former Presidents of St. John's, Archbishop Laud. Of Professors, Max Müller, Francis Gotch, Osler, and A. V. Dicey were particularly helpful and interested in our work; and of Heads of Houses, Sir William Anson (All Souls), (Sir) Herbert Warren (Magdalen), Dean T. B. Strong (Christ Church), the Rev. Dr. W. W. Jackson (Exeter), the Rev. Dr. Magrath (Queen's) deserve, in addition to those mentioned above, some for lectures, others for sympathetic help in administration, to be held in grateful remembrance. But the simple truth is that university opinion, in regard to University Extension work in general and the Summer Meeting in particular, was profoundly modified between the time when Michael Sadler took up the Secretaryship in 1888 and I laid it down in 1920. There were always, of course, some scoffers. Some residents resented the intrusion of the Extensionists upon the quiet—never again to be enjoyed as Charles Lamb enjoyed it—of the long vacation; but as time went on I was embarrassed less by the reluctance of resident teachers to lecture at Summer Meetings, than by their eagerness to address the great audiences whom they found more stimulating to themselves and more touchingly eager to absorb knowledge than the average undergraduates. This I can say with complete confidence: all lecturers at the Summer Meetings gave of their best. Never, I believe, was there any disposition or attempt to "talk down" to their audiences. It demanded, indeed, some effort to maintain the standard set by the lecturers as a whole. Nor was the effort lacking.

Speaking from long and intimate knowledge of work in the university itself, I am bold to say that nothing more complete and coherent (within the necessary limitations of time) than the schemes of study provided for the students

of the Summer Schools was ever devised for matriculated members of the university.

One criticism frequently passed upon the composition of the summer school audiences as well as upon those at the local centres demands notice. It was said that they consisted predominantly of women. Predominantly they did—but not by any means exclusively. And I have often reflected with satisfaction upon that fact. “We must educate our masters,” said Robert Lowe. Tardily we did. But we enfranchised them before we deemed it necessary to educate them. Women were first admitted to the parliamentary franchise in 1918. They have, ever since 1928, constituted a majority of the electorate. Was it not supremely fortunate that a whole generation of women should, before the fortunes of Great Britain were committed to their hands, have enjoyed the advantage of that liberal training in citizenship which, by providing teaching both within and beyond the limits of the university, Oxford and Cambridge showed themselves willing to give? To have played a part, however modest, in preparing the women of England for the discharge of such a responsible duty may well give a savour to a long life’s work.

CHAPTER XI

Literature and Politics

EARLIER BOOKS

THE beginning of a new century marked the opening of a new phase in my political activity. Since embarking on University Extension work, I had employed as the medium of my political service my voice only; from 1900 onwards I began to use my pen as well. In that year I contributed my first articles to *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Fortnightly Review*. Since 1884 I had done some reviewing for *The Saturday Review*, then edited by Walter Herries Pollock, not the least gifted member of a family richly endowed by nature and much favoured by fortune. I had also reviewed for *The Guardian*, then under the very able editorship of Mr. D. C. Lathbury. From 1895 to 1920 I myself edited the *University Extension Gazette* and its successors, under different titles, issued by the Delegacy, and to those journals contributed numberless articles and reviews. Since leaving Oxford I have done a good deal of reviewing, mostly for *The Observer*, *The Sunday Times* and *The Fortnightly Review*, and occasionally for other reviews and journals. This work has been of the greatest possible help and value to me. How otherwise I should have kept abreast of the new work on my own subject—especially during my busiest years as a teacher—I cannot imagine. In this way I have been impelled and compelled to read and digest many of the most important works which have been published during the last half century in history, economics and political science. As I have never been on the staff of any newspaper, my choice of books to review has always been eclectic, and limited to books which bear upon my

own studies and interests. My library—now a very fine one—also owes much to the generosity of literary editors.

My first contribution to *The Fortnightly* was an appreciation of the life and work of my friend Sir W. W. Hunter, the historian of India, who died prematurely early in 1900. Hunter resided in Oxford during the later years of his life, and built for himself a delightful villa on the western slope of the low Wytham ridge on the other side of which stands the beautiful abbey which, after the dissolution, passed to the Berties, Earls of Abingdon. For Hunter I had a great regard and admiration, and expressed it so warmly in my article that his widow asked me to make a little contribution to her husband's *Life*—as I did. Though Hunter's literary output was prodigious, he lived to complete only two volumes (out of the five projected) of *The History of British India*, which was to crown his life's work. The book is consequently a *torso*, but so brilliant are the first two volumes that no one can doubt that had Hunter lived to complete the work it would have taken its place not merely as the standard work on its own subject, but alongside such works as those of Macaulay and Froude as a great literary masterpiece.

But the gods are jealous. Having spent twenty years in India collecting original materials for his *magnum opus*, Hunter travelled home with them. The *Nepal*, in which they sailed, was wrecked in the Mediterranean. Persuaded by his undaunted wife to return to India and renew his researches, Hunter collected more materials, and sent them back to England ahead of his own return. The ship to which he committed his precious freight was wrecked on the voyage. A third time Lady Hunter persuaded her husband to start afresh. This time his researches were confined to London, Lisbon and Amsterdam, and presently the first volume was published. In apology for delay he told in his Preface the story of the *Nepal*. But "Why only the story of the *Nepal*?" I asked him. "If I had mentioned the second wreck," was his shrewd retort, "no one would have believed the first."

After Hunter's death his publishers entrusted the continuation of the work to a highly competent scholar and brilliant pupil of my own, Mr. P. E. Roberts, now Vice-Provost and Fellow of Worcester College. Owing to illness he was compelled to relinquish the task. Lady Hunter then urged me to undertake it. Regretfully but resolutely I declined.

To Mr. James Knowles, founder and first editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, I was introduced by our mutual friend (Sir) Henry Birchenough, and Mr. Knowles at once asked me to send him my lecture on "The Imperial Note in Victorian Poetry", which Birchenough happened to have heard and admired at the summer meeting of 1899. The article appeared in August, 1900: it was promptly followed, at Mr. Knowles's invitation, by an article on "Cabinet Government and Departmentalism" and has had, in the same *Review*, more than fifty successors. Knowles was a remarkable man with the same sort of flair for running a review that I had for running a summer school! He had a beautiful house in Queen Anne's Gate, entertained largely but with discrimination, knew everybody worth knowing, and induced most of them from Tennyson, Gladstone, and Huxley downwards to write in his *Review*.¹ I regarded it as a great honour to be included among its contributors. My earlier articles were not, in the narrower sense, political. Later on they not only appeared more frequently, but as the country approached nearer to the constitutional crisis of 1909-10 became more controversial in tone. Speaking regularly from a University Extension platform, still more as an official (after 1895) charged with the direction of the whole Oxford branch of the work, I had virtually forsworn party politics, and in my lectures attempted to treat all questions, historical and economic, with complete detachment and impartiality.* There is a certain danger of running, in ultra-conscientiousness, to the other extreme, and at one

¹ To the Jubilee number (No. 726, Vol. CXXII) I contributed at Sir Arnold Wilson's invitation an appreciation of Knowles and his son-in-law and successor, Walter Wray Skilbeck, under the title "Our Fathers that Begat us".

centre where I had given one course on Modern European History, an invitation to deliver a sequel was withheld on the ground that I was "such an awful Radical"! Such is the penalty of attempting to be *too* impartial.

That happened, however, at the end of the 'eighties. By 1910 the conflict between parties was becoming exacerbated, and the issues that divided them more sharply defined. By that time I had done more than twenty years' work for University Extension, and had been teaching in Oxford for nearly thirty. As the sound of battle mounted higher and higher, the more was I tempted to throw off academic restraints and re-enter the political arena.

The issues at stake—the maintenance of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, the preservation of a Second Chamber as a check upon unicameral omnipotence of the House of Commons, and the preservation of private property and individual initiative—seemed to me vital; I was eager to do battle for them. Moreover, I was myself gradually emerging from a painful period of political doubt. The fiscal controversy had shattered the old Conservative-Unionist Party. With Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's views on the Imperial Question I was completely in sympathy; I had been among the earliest to join the Imperial Federation League, founded in 1884. I had done my best to promote its principles, and had rejoiced when at the Colonial Conference of 1897 Mr. Chamberlain had preached so earnestly the gospel of Imperial unity. But on the question of Free Trade *v.* Protection I had, like Mr. Balfour, "economic doubts". Nor did the latter's halting leadership satisfy me. I even went so far as to make something like an appeal to Lord Rosebery to put himself at the head of a new party of Conservative Free Traders and Liberal-Unionists. Lord Rosebery was as strong an Imperialist as Mr. Chamberlain, and had lately repudiated Gladstonian Home Rule. There was in those days a considerable body of opinion which favoured the Federal principle as a simultaneous solution of the Imperial problem, the Irish question, and of prob-

lems of domestic administration in the United Kingdom.

Meanwhile, I was increasingly busy with my pen. Now, after my three initial and encouraging efforts in 1900, I continued for the next few years to contribute occasional articles to *The Fortnightly* and, more rarely at first, to *The Nineteenth Century and After*. In 1903 I published a little book on *George Canning and his Times*¹ which both in the press and by individuals was cordially received, and evoked a wholly unexpected letter from Lord Peel, who had been Speaker of the House of Commons and wrote to congratulate a very slight acquaintance on a "little masterpiece". Alike as an historian and a politician, and also as a member of the Club that bore his name, I had always been greatly attracted by George Canning, but my view of his position and policy was largely influenced by the historical tradition that was wont to exalt Canning, in order to depreciate poor Lord Castlereagh. The liberal school of historians, while not descending to the vulgar abuse showered upon Castlereagh by Thomas Moore, Byron and Shelley, represented him as the tool of the Holy Alliance in European affairs, and in domestic administration as the incarnation of reaction and obscurantism. If in my *Canning* I was unfair to Castlereagh, I can only make the lame apology that my crime was shared by most historians, and that as soon as I discovered my error I set to work to make reparation. It was not, however, until 1936 that I found opportunity to work up materials gradually accumulated, and to carry out those further researches at the India Office and the Record Office which seemed necessary for the completion of my task. The results were embodied in my *Castlereagh, The Political Life of Robert, Second Marquess of Londonderry*.²

Castlereagh was, of course, a much more elaborate work than *Canning*, which was little more than the expansion of a lecture delivered in 1902 at Cambridge. But both represented phases in my own political evolution. When I wrote

¹ John Murray, 1903. Cheap Edition, 2s. 6d.

² Methuen & Co., 1936. Cheap Edition, 1940.

Canning I was feeling after the formation of a middle party in English politics such as I adumbrated in my article on "Lord Rosebery's Chance", and such as Canning was moving towards after 1822 and might have led had he survived the Reform Act of 1832. *Castlereagh* represented the views of a Tory, confirmed in adherence to Tory principles by the surrender of his party to the Irish Separatists in 1922, and by the trend towards Socialism which was not entirely confined to the Labour Party.

To my study of Canning I returned in two articles contributed to *The Quarterly Review* (for which Canning himself wrote so much) in 1909 and 1927, and in the latter year I went to Brighton to unveil a Memorial Tablet set up to commemorate Canning's stay at that salubrious resort.

It was not, however, my essay on Canning but a much more elaborate work, *Lord Falkland and His Times*, published in 1907, which more accurately reflected my political mood of the moment. No other book of mine has ever been acclaimed with such unanimity of critical and popular approval, and I think I may repeat without immodesty the accepted view, only recently reaffirmed in authoritative quarters, that it remains the "standard" book on the subject. Frankly, I do not see, in view of the labour I lavished upon it, and the paucity of biographical material, that it can ever be superseded. Yet it only attained a *succès d'estime*. The first edition went off like hot cakes, but the second edition, promptly published, hung fire, and, though second-hand copies now command a considerable premium, the book has, to my regret, never been republished. I will only add that, fond as I am of many of the children of my brain, and often as I re-read them without a sense of shame, *Falkland*, though neither the biggest nor the most successful of my books, is perhaps the one by which I would most gladly be remembered.

Lord Falkland has been described as the "apostle of moderation". Justly. He occupied a middle position in revolutionary times, and as the tide of passion rose higher

and higher he felt it impossible to co-operate cordially either with the Cavaliers or with the extreme Puritans. Though mistrusting Strafford and the system of *Thorough* he was in favour of a monarchy, provided it was limited. He disliked Laud, but believed in a "moderate Episcopacy" and an Established Church. He acted with Hampden and Pym so long as their work was to remedy the abuses of Personal Government, but when the Puritans threatened the monarchy and the Church he consented, albeit reluctantly, to serve Charles I as Secretary of State. But the outbreak of the Civil War broke his heart, and, though the story of his "suicidal" death is a malignant invention, he was not sorry when, at the first battle of Newbury (1643), he was released by death from any longer carrying

—the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

As Principal Tulloch finely said of Falkland, "his ideas were born out of due time; and the extremes, first of action and then of reaction, were destined to run their course. . . . But the seed of wise thought never perishes; and Falkland's ideal of the Church no less than of the State may yet be realized." Dr. Tulloch's words, written in 1874, were prophetic. We may now surely say that Falkland's ideal has been realized in a monarchy, relieved by ministerial advice of direct political responsibility but indispensable as the symbol of national solidarity and Imperial unity; in a Church whose establishment is compatible with complete religious liberty and with toleration for all creeds.

If I am tempted to linger over my *Falkland*, I can crave forgiveness partly on the ground of my immense admiration and affection for so lovable a personality, partly because in writing *Falkland* I found a means of expression for my own political difficulties and doubts.

All such doubts were, however, dispelled, a clear call to decisive action came, by the rapid development of events after the rejection by the House of Lords of the "People's

Budget " of 1909. " We have got them at last." Such was Mr. Lloyd George's exultant cry on the morrow of the fateful division in the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery believed and said that the Government wished the Lords to throw out their Finance Bill. Be that as it may, there was no doubt that the storm had long been brewing and that the action of the Lords in 1909 only " put the lid " (to use an expressive vulgarism) on a series of offences deeply resented by the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone's farewell speech in the House of Commons (1st March, 1894) was a call to action on a "question [the relations between the two Houses] which has become profoundly acute, which will demand a settlement and must receive at an early date that settlement from the highest authority"—the electorate. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, within a year of becoming Prime Minister, declared war on the Upper Chamber. "It is," he said, "plainly intolerable that a Second Chamber should, while one Party in the State is in power, be its willing servant, and when that Party has received an unmistakable and emphatic condemnation by the country, the House of Lords should then be able to neutralize, thwart and distort the policy which the electors have approved."

That the dilemma was a real one for Liberals, no Conservative could honestly deny. Yet no civilized State has ever entrusted a Single Chamber with unlimited legislative power. Even Cromwell quickly discovered that a Single Chamber claiming "Sovereignty" was apt to degenerate into a tyranny, and he attempted to set up bicameralism again. But the existing House of Lords is not an ideal Second Chamber, though the quest for a better one has not yet succeeded. The strongest plea on its behalf is that its true function in a Democracy is referendal, to appeal from "Philip drunk" to "Philip sober", to make sure that the deliberate opinion of the electorate is in favour of any given proposal before the proposal is embodied in law. Plainly the House of Lords reflected in 1893 the considered opinion of the country on the Home Rule Question more accurately

than the House of Commons. Unfortunately the House of Lords was apt to exercise its referendal functions only when the Liberals possessed a majority in the House of Commons. Inevitable as this was, it did constitute a grievance of which in the ensuing struggle the Liberals made the most, and it supplied the most effective argument in favour of the Parliament Act.

In that struggle I was deeply interested alike as a politician and as a constitutional historian. In *The Fortnightly Review* for June, 1907, I had outlined a scheme for transforming the House of Lords into an Imperial Senate, thus at the same time strengthening it as a Second Chamber, and giving to the Dominions direct representation in the Imperial Parliament. As already mentioned, I had favoured the Complete Federation of the Empire, but I appreciated the difficulties inherent in the scheme. The suggestion made in *The Fortnightly* was admittedly no more than a *pis aller*, a partial solution of the problem. But it seemed to me worthy of attention at the time, and I still think that effect might with advantage be given to the principle. That and other reforms are obstructed by the refusal of the House of Lords to admit the principle of Life Peerages. Why should not the Agent-General of a Dominion, for instance, receive a Peerage tenable for the duration of his office, just as a Bishop is a Spiritual Peer only so long as he occupies a see? The appointment as Life Peers of men like Mr. Bruce and Mr. R. B. Bennett¹, who have held with distinction the highest offices under the Crown in Australia and Canada respectively, would, beyond question, add to the strength of any Second Chamber and would give representation to the Dominions concerned.

The article in *The Fortnightly* was followed by others in *The Nineteenth Century*: on "The Reform of the House of Lords" (January, 1909), "The House of Lords and the Budget" (August, 1909), and "The Constitutional Crisis" (January, 1910). In December, 1910, I was moved to ask

¹ [Created a Viscount in the hereditary peerage, 1941. H.M.]

again in *The Nineteenth Century*, "Is there a Conservative Party?". With the place of the Crown in the Constitution I dealt in *The Nineteenth Century* for June, 1910—the month following the death of King Edward VII, and in *The Fortnightly* for November, 1911, I examined the cruel dilemma in which the young King George V had been placed by the action—inconsiderate and even cruel in the circumstances, as I deemed it—of his Liberal Ministers.

My *Review* articles formed the backbone of my *Second Chambers*,¹ the first of many books to be published by the Oxford University Press. The reception given to this book was, to my rather apprehensive mind, extraordinarily gratifying. One review after another (and none of my books has, I think, been so widely reviewed) bore testimony to my impartiality and my "temperate recital of facts" (*The Times*). *The Spectator* emphasized the "judicial spirit" in which the book was written: "The last charges that could be brought against [the] work are those of superficiality or partisanship." Dr. W. S. McKechnie, in *The Scottish Historical Review*, praised the work as "skilful, judicious, and accurate", declaring that its pages "although by no means colourless, contain nothing to which partisans on either side can reasonably object". Even *The Oxford Magazine*, sometimes captious and always stern in its criticisms, found the book to be "full of knowledge lightly borne and of pregnant thought vigorously expressed". *The Daily Telegraph* held its "outstanding virtue" to consist in its "serene practicality". "This," it added, "is no 'catch-penny' political tractate, but a sound, well-informed study in political science." "Its accuracy and impartiality," wrote a critic in *The English Historical Review*, "give it a real claim to public attention." And so on and so on. I do not recall a single discordant note. *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Nation* and *The Daily News* were hardly less cordial than *The Morning Post*, *The Manchester Courier* and *The Spectator*, *The Freeman's Journal* and *The Northern Whig*.

¹ Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1910. Revised Edition, 1927.

The welcome given to this first of my books on Political Science was a great encouragement, which was accentuated by the success of my *English Political Institutions*, to which I have already referred.

Meanwhile, I had taken an active part in both the General Elections of 1910, particularly on behalf of Lord Valentia, who so long represented the City of Oxford. Mr. Asquith's Ministry had taken up the challenge thrown down by the Lords without delay: the House of Commons declared that the action of the Lords was "a breach of the Constitution, and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons", and the Prime Minister asked the country "to give us authority to apply an effective remedy". The response of the country was ambiguous. The Liberals returned 274 strong; the Conservatives 273; the Labour Party 41. The Irish Nationalists with 82 members held the balance, and refused to help the Government to carry their Budget or curtail the "veto" of the Lords unless the Government would pledge itself to use their new powers to carry Home Rule. The Lords let the Budget pass, and the Commons accepted a series of resolutions on which the Parliament Bill was based. Would the Lords pass it? If they rejected it, the Government indicated that they would ask for a Dissolution, but only after extracting a promise from the King to swamp the House of Lords, if necessary, by the creation of peers.

At the height of the constitutional crisis (May, 1910) King Edward suddenly died. Political controversy was momentarily hushed, and an honest attempt was made by the leaders on both sides to reach, by a conference, an agreed settlement. The conference, though at first promising success, ultimately broke down, and pressure was then put upon a King new to the throne to give the promise required of him by his ministers. The King was placed in a cruel situation. A pistol was (metaphorically) held at his head, and he was told, in effect, that if he did not yield to the demand of his ministers his own position on the Throne

would be endangered. The memorable interview between King George V and the two ministers, Mr. Asquith and Lord Crewe, took place on 16th November, 1910. The King gave his undertaking; the General Election held in December made practically no change in the position of parties: the Radicals and Unionists got 272 seats apiece; the Irish Nationalists remained masters of the situation.

With their help the Parliament Bill was passed quickly through the Commons, and after a heated debate between the "Hedgers" and the die-hard "Ditchers", the Lords gave way and the Parliament Bill became law (10th August, 1911). My article in *The Fortnightly*,¹ written with some inside knowledge the source of which I cannot even now disclose, told the story as revealed in the debates in Parliament on 7th August and 8th August. In the Lords, Lord Crewe admitted that to him "the whole business was 'odious'". He was a great gentleman, and we can well believe that to him it was "odious". He was the only man alive in 1940 who knew the story in full and at first hand. A few years ago (in 1937) I had the opportunity of a long talk with him on the subject, and I urged him to leave a record of an episode of the highest constitutional importance. Whether he has done so I don't know, but he emphasized the point that in fact the supreme object of Asquith and himself was to keep the King's name out of the controversy. Certain it is that neither the King as an individual nor the monarchy as an institution suffered any damage. Of the effect of the Parliament Act upon the Constitution this is not the place to enlarge.²

An incident that took place during the Constitutional Conference between the party leaders in November, 1910, is worth recording, the more so as it reflects great credit upon the patriotism and unselfishness of a man whom I

¹ *The Crown and the Crisis*, September, 1911.

² For the whole story, from the introduction of the Budget in April, 1909, down to the passing of the Parliament Act in August, 1911, cf. Marriott: *Modern England* (Methuen, 1934), pp. 288-307; and Marriott: *Second Chambers*, 2nd Ed., pp. 193 seq.

personally like but with whom I have constantly been in political conflict. During the conference, Mr. Lloyd George approached Mr. Balfour with a proposal for the formation of a Coalition Ministry. So impressed was Mr. Lloyd George with the critical nature of the situation both at home and abroad that he offered, in order to facilitate a Coalition, himself to stand aside and support such a ministry as an independent member.¹

These stirring events increased my eagerness to play a more direct part in public affairs. Several friends interested themselves to that end on my behalf, but though various possibilities seemed to be opening out, none of them materialized, and, as far as active politics were concerned, I had still to rely mainly on my pen as a means of expression.

Like many others, I was impressed by the dangers to our Constitution revealed by the circumstances attending the passing of the Parliament Act. Consequently, I wrote for *The Nineteenth Century* (February, 1911) an article on "The Machinery of Constitutional Amendment". My object was, by an analysis of the devices adopted in other countries to guard against violent and hasty constitutional innovations, to expose our own defencelessness in this respect. In "The Constitution in Suspense" (*Nineteenth Century* for January, 1914) I emphasized once more the anomalous position in which we had been left by the passing of the Parliament Act and by the failure of the Liberals to implement the promise of a reformed Second Chamber, contained in the Preamble to that Act. Meanwhile, the results of the bargain struck between the English Radicals and the Irish Nationalists were seen in the introduction of another Home Rule Bill, which in *The Nineteenth Century* for May, 1912, I subjected to a searching analysis.

It was about the position of Ulster that I was, by this time, specially interested. With Lord Milner I addressed

¹ The fact was confirmed to me by Mr. Lloyd George himself, and stated, with his permission, in my *Modern England*, p. 308; and cf. *Life of Asquith*, p. 287.

a great meeting on the subject in the Oxford Town Hall; I subscribed the "Covenant" for the defence of Ulster, and on 12th July, 1911, I went to Belfast to speak, in place of Sir Edward Carson, at the great demonstration with which, on that day, the Ulstermen annually celebrate the victory of the Boyne. It was an unforgettable experience. The vast crowds, maintaining unbroken order, marching to the (horrible) sound of their drums with military precision, and all inspired by a passionate resolution to remain an integral part of the United Kingdom—all this was deeply impressive to an English observer. An article on "The Key of the Empire" (*Nineteenth Century* for November, 1911) recorded my conviction that the key was held by Ulster. Twenty-seven years later, at another great crisis in Ulster's affairs, that article was, at Lord Craigavon's request, reprinted in *The Northern Whig* in January, 1938. But that belongs to a later part of my story. The above summary suffices to show that as the world advanced towards the catastrophe of 1914 I was, willy nilly, being drawn into the maelstrom of party politics.

CHAPTER XII

Economics and Politics

LABOUR AND EDUCATION

POLITICS have tended of late years to merge in economics: Parliament has devoted more and more of its time to legislation on social matters. Nor are the reasons obscure. By the legislation of 1867, 1884 and 1918 the manual worker has become the dominant power in politics. Entrusted with the franchise, working men have naturally considered how far the instrument put into their hands can be used to better their own material conditions: higher wages, shorter hours, more leisure, better food, better houses, and so forth. With increasing concentration they have looked to the State to procure these things for them.

The State itself has begun to mean something new to them: legislation and administration are more and more inspired by regard for their interests as a class. To make sure of this they decided that they must be directly represented in Parliament by men who could speak of labour conditions with first-hand knowledge, and would act independently of the older political parties.

The trade unions lent themselves and their great resources to the new movement. Down to the end of the nineteenth century Parliament had regarded trade unions solely as factors in the organization of industry, and had placed them in a privileged legal position. Several trade-union leaders had found seats in Parliament between 1874 and 1892, but had mostly acted with the Liberal Party. The Election of 1892 brought into the House two men of a different type—James Keir Hardie and John Burns. They were not merely keen trade unionists but convinced

Socialists, and were forerunners of many men like-minded with themselves. The chance of the new Labour Party came with the close, in 1905, of the long Conservative domination.

The real portent of the Election of 1906 was not the triumph of the Liberal Party, but the return of twenty-nine independent Labour representatives who, with some twenty trade unionists returned as Liberals, formed a solid phalanx in the new Parliament. Their influence at once made itself felt on legislation. The Trade Disputes Act of 1906, a great mass of "social" legislation, and not least the decision of the House of Commons to pay a salary to its members—all these things showed a new leaven at work. So rapid was the progress of the Labour Party—particularly after the Franchise Act of 1918—that whereas in 1900 it had secured 62,698 votes and returned only two members, in 1923 it polled 4,348,379 votes and returned no fewer than 191 members. Since 1918 the Socialists had claimed to be "His Majesty's Opposition", in 1924 it formed, though only on Asquith's sufferance, "His Majesty's Government".

Keenly interested as I was in the political progress of "Labour", I was even more directly interested in the efforts made by the manual workers to secure for themselves better educational opportunities. They had begun to realize, if imperfectly, the complexity of economic questions, and they realized also the immense advantages given by education to their employers and to their political opponents. No one can read the autobiographies of such men as Mr. J. R. Clynes and Lord Snell without being deeply impressed, indeed truly touched, by the sacrifices made, by the strength of will displayed by such men in their determined efforts to storm the gates of the fortress of Knowledge. Incidentally, the intellectual discipline they imposed on themselves resulted, in the case both of Lord Snell and Mr. Clynes, in their speaking purer English than any other men I ever heard in the House. I count both men among my friends. I once congratulated Mr. Clynes on his felicitous

choice of words, and hazarded a guess as to the source of that felicity. "I expect," I said, "you have gone to the best models—the English Bible and Shakspeare." "You are quite right," he replied, "but I studied two other writers as well, Bunyan and William Cobbett." Bunyan, perhaps, many of us might have guessed; but how many people, I wonder, would have guessed the fourth name. Yet, anyone who has read Cobbett's Tracts or his *Rural Rides* will not be greatly surprised at Mr. Clynes's choice of models.

With the efforts of working men to increase their educational opportunities I was naturally in cordial sympathy. Many of them attended my lectures in the local "centres", and not a few came up periodically to the Summer Schools at Oxford. Frequently it was my privilege to entertain them at my house, generally at "high tea", which was, I discovered, the meal they preferred, for they were invariably teetotallers. My sympathy with their aspirations found expression not only in my University Extension work, but in many articles, among which I recall "The Nationalization of the Universities", "The Education of Working Men", and "Oxford and the Nation" (*The Nineteenth Century* for Oct., 1907).

It needed not those articles to prove that, Tory as I am, I cordially approved the movement by which, in the nineteenth century, the ancient universities had come into line with political reform and with the profound changes in our social structure consequent thereon. Oxford and Cambridge, by opening the doors to all classes and creeds, by modifications in their curriculum, and not least by carrying their teaching and their examination standards into every corner of the country, had vindicated their title to be regarded as national (though happily not State) institutions. With all this, and especially with the educational ambitions of the wage-earners, I was in complete sympathy. But I made no secret of my dissent from the economic views which many, but by no means all of them, held. I was

presently to discover that this divergence in economic views created a barrier which some of the more ardent spirits among them regarded as insurmountable, and undermined my influence upon them. This truth, only gradually realized, greatly shocked and distressed me. It also reacted, in some measure, upon my literary activities.

In 1909 my little book on *The Remaking of Modern Europe* (1789-1878) was published. It has proved, in one sense, the most successful of all my books, for I revised it for a 21st edition in 1933!

Europe and Beyond was published as a sequel to it in 1921, and was revised and brought up to date for a fourth edition in 1933. These smaller books were in 1930 practically absorbed into and elaborated in my *History of Modern Europe, 1815-1920*, which was brought down to 1937 in a third and revised edition in 1938. Meanwhile I had written two big books as a contribution to Oman's *History of England*. The first of these, *England Since Waterloo*, reached a tenth edition by 1935. The second, *Modern England: A History of My Own Times, 1885-1919*,¹ was only published in 1934, but it has gone into a second edition and may, I hope, prove, as time goes on, as successful as its predecessor.

These books, and many others to be mentioned presently, prove that I have remained constant to my first literary love, History; but from the first I was hardly less interested in economic and political science—particularly in its relation to practical affairs. Both from the point of view of economic theory and of political practice, I greatly mistrusted the evident tendency to supersede individual initiative and private enterprise by various forms of State socialism. On the dangers of municipal trading I wrote in *The Fortnightly Review* for December, 1902, and to the same *Review* (December, 1904) I contributed a paper on "Adam Smith and Some Problems of To-day". That paper was suggested by the emergence of the Fiscal controversy, and

¹ These two books form the 7th and 8th volumes of Oman's *History of England* (Methuen & Co.),

my object was to show that Adam Smith, generally and rightly regarded as the apostle of Free Trade, was prepared to admit exceptions to the general rule amply sufficient, if judiciously applied, to cover and justify all Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

By 1908 the problem of unemployment was attracting attention. Experts attributed this disturbing phenomenon partly to seasonal fluctuations incidental to particular trades; partly to the cyclical depression to which trade in general is, under world conditions, increasingly susceptible; partly to the excessive subdivision of labour and the increasing specialization of industrial processes; and, most of all, perhaps, to the demand for "reserves of labour" which had in recent years become a marked feature of modern industry. The Labour Party, from the first, claimed to be the only party that had a "positive remedy" for the disease. In their Report on Post-War Reconstruction they laid down a "national minimum"—"the securing to every member of the community, in good times and bad alike (and not only to the strong and able, the well-born and the fortunate), of all the requisites of healthy life and active citizenship".

As the first principle of the Labour Party, speaking many years later as their first Minister of Labour, Mr. Tom Shaw said: "We on these benches look upon unemployment as just as much a national responsibility as the payment of interest on War Loans, to put it at its lowest." From the first that position had been consistently taken by the Socialists, and it is fair to say that when they came into office they did their best, largely through administrative action controlled by Mr. Wheatley, their very able Minister of Health, to put their theories into practice. Meanwhile, they had been strong advocates of public works as an alleviation of the disease. This it was which impelled me to write in *The Nineteenth Century* for June, 1908, an article on "The Right to Work", and to follow it up (in the same *Review* for April, 1909) by a criticism of the Reports of the

Poor Law Commission—particularly the Minority Report issued by Mrs. Sidney Webb and two other Socialists—in an article entitled “The Great Inquest”.

The article on “The Right to Work” contained the germ of an essay which I wrote in 1913 as an introduction to Louis Blanc’s *Organisation du Travail* and Émile Thomas’s *Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux*.¹ The introduction was subsequently published as a separate booklet under the title of *The Right to Work*.² In effect it was a short history of the French Revolution of 1848, in its economic aspect—the only aspect that was at all important and the one which sharply differentiated the movement of 1848 from those of 1789 and 1830. The work was done primarily to meet the needs of undergraduates taking the French Revolution of 1848 as a special subject to be studied in original authorities for the Honour School of Modern History. But I was also attracted to the subject by the insistence of the unemployment problem in the England of my own time, and by the dangerous remedy prescribed by the Labour Party for the cure of a disease the persistence of which was causing anxiety to all parties. My essays and the works which it reintroduced were cordially welcomed, not in one quarter only, and, frankly, my Introduction is a bit of critical work of which I am not ashamed. I returned to the subject, under somewhat different circumstances, when, in May, 1919, *The Nineteenth Century* published my “Right to Idle”. I was then moved to protest against the clamorous demand of the Socialists for “work or maintenance”, which seemed to me to amount to the assertion of a “right” summarized in the title of my article.

During the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the World War in 1914, there was continuous unrest among the wage earners, and many strikes not infrequently accompanied by violence. The discontent was particularly acute among the railway workers and the coal miners. Few

¹ Two vols., Oxford (Clarendon Press), 1913.

² Same publishers, 1919.

wage earners enjoy a more assured position than railway employees. Though their work is in some cases arduous and occasionally dangerous, their wages are reasonably good, and frequently supplemented from other sources; their pension and benefit funds are large; unemployment is rare, and the industry as a whole is "sheltered". Yet from 1906 to 1928 there was much agitation among the employees and more than one actual conflict. A strike threatened in 1907 was averted only by the adroit intervention of Mr. Lloyd George, who had in 1905 become President of the Board of Trade. A grave conflict broke out, however, in August, 1911, and was stopped only by the firm action of the Asquith Government. But, though the strike of 1911 was quickly stopped, it was specially significant for two reasons: for the first time the three great railway unions presented a united front to their employers; and, for the first time, a general strike in a key industry was planned to coincide with a grave international crisis (arising out of the Agadir incident), which brought this country and France to the brink of war against Germany.

Bad as things were on the railways, they were worse in the coal mines. Conditions are obviously far less favourable to workers in coal mines than on the railways, and unrest is more intelligible. For reasons easily understood, public sympathy has been much more readily extended to miners than to railwaymen, but it was completely exhausted by the prolonged strike which broke out in the coal-fields in the spring of 1912, and lasted from 26th February to 11th April. The strike inflicted great suffering and loss upon all sections of the community and upon industry in general. So grave, indeed, did the situation become that the Government was compelled to threaten drastic action, while at the time passing into law, with unusual dispatch, a Minimum Wage Bill. The bold stroke succeeded, and work was resumed.

Such persistent and widespread trouble among wage earners (for it was not confined to the two industries already

mentioned) seemed to indicate the presence of a microbe which was poisoning the whole body politic. The character of the microbe was revealed by a little pamphlet, a rare copy of which is still in my possession. "The Miners' Next Step" was circulated privately by an unofficial committee of miners in South Wales, and though officially disavowed is exceedingly illuminating. It sets forth clearly the successive steps by which in each industrial group the employers were to be gradually eliminated, and the industry to be carried on in the interest of the workers. Actual bloodshed was, if possible, to be avoided, but relentless economic pressure was to be applied until by sabotage, by "ca' canny", by regular increases in the minimum rate of wages, by shortening hours of work, by stay-in strikes, &c., the whole of the employer's profits should be swallowed up, and the workers themselves take over the control of a derelict industry.

Such was the method of approach to the reorganization of industry on a Syndicalist basis. Syndicalism is in essence the antithesis both of Democracy and Socialism: the negation of the centralized action of the State. Socialism demands the nationalization of all the instruments of production; of the whole machinery of distribution, exchange, locomotion and transport. The State, being the sole owner of the soil, of all mines and minerals, of all fixed and circulating capital, becomes the sole employer of labour. All the industrial and economic functions are performed by a vast civil service directed by a multitude of trade officials.

To all this the Syndicalist was diametrically opposed. The State might well prove to be a harder task-master than the individual employer. The miners wanted the mines for themselves, to work them not in the interests of the State or the consumer but in that of the worker. So also with the railwaymen. Syndicalism is Gallic in origin. It is not to be supposed that miners and railwaymen had read the French works in which the philosophy of syndicalism is set forth, but it is significant that about this time there re-

turned to England from Australia the agitator who had successfully organized the dockers' strike in 1889. Since then Tom Mann had become deeply imbued with the gospel of Syndicalism, and proclaimed it with effects only too clearly discernible in labour circles in England.

To warn the unsuspecting of the microbe which was infecting many of the manual workers was the purpose of my article on "Syndicalism and Socialism" in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1912. Together with an article on "The Problem of Poverty" (June, 1913), this was subsequently reprinted in a booklet.

The "People's Budget" had combined with the parlous condition of agriculture to focus attention on the Land question. In this I had always been keenly interested alike as historian, economist, and politician. Consequently in the autumn of 1913 and the spring of 1914 I wrote a series of articles for *The Fortnightly* which, just before the outbreak of the war, were elaborated in a little volume, *The English Land System*.¹

All these writings, though not in the narrower sense political, revealed clearly enough that my temper and outlook were essentially conservative. Consequently it was perhaps not unnatural that some working-class students, themselves tending towards Socialism, should come to regard me with suspicion as an obscurantist and a reactionary. Our University Extension methods were not "democratic" enough for them; they would fain, if not tune the pulpits, at least choose the preachers; for lectures they wished to substitute classes which would give them more opportunity for debate and discussion than the post-lecture class afforded; above all, they revolted against what it became fashionable to describe as "middle-class economics". Science, indeed, takes no account of social distinctions: one may as well speak of "aristocratic astronomy" or "proletarian physiology" as of "middle-class economics". But, of course, the deductions from economic laws may well be coloured

¹ John Murray (1914).

by political opinion or class prejudice. Anyway, the result of all this was the formation of the "Workers Educational Association" and the establishment in connexion therewith of "Tutorial Classes". This movement was initiated at a conference held at the Oxford Summer Meeting of 1907, and was the direct outcome of University Extension work. Between parent and child there was, however, an essential difference. University Extension catered for all classes, and both in its local centres and in its summer schools brought all classes together. The tutorial classes consisted entirely of "workers". That in this and other respects the child has caused some heart-searchings to an apprehensive parent is undeniable; but, after all, that is only in the course of nature.

CHAPTER XIII

Some Holidays Abroad

“ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” Indeed it does, I fancy I hear some readers by now exclaiming. But wait a bit. I’ve got lots of pleasure out of life, as you shall hear. My holidays, it is true, have been shorter and fewer than those which fall to the lot of the average don. For twenty-five years my “long vacations” were cut to pieces by running the Summer Meetings, and my Easter vacations given up largely to my district conferences, or “archidiaconal visitations”. But I liked my work, and I’ve no right or cause to complain.

Though not a great traveller, as things go nowadays, I have been as far west as Vancouver Island and as far east as Constantinople; I know something of most European countries. In Germany, France and Switzerland I have lectured, as well as in Canada, not to mention many lectures not on land at all, but on the waters of the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, and one even in the Bay of Biscay, and another in mid-Atlantic.

So many of my holidays have thus had just enough work in them to save them from insipidity; and as I am neither a born sightseer nor a trained archæologist I need the definite objective that gives a zest to holidays no less than to work. Later on, I found that objective on golf courses in all parts of Great Britain. The only links abroad on which I ever played with satisfaction were those at Pau and Wimereux; Le Touquet I have seen but not sampled.

On two of several visits to Germany I acted as a “bear-leader” to an Oxford pupil. The first was in 1883, when I spent a good part of the long vacation at Dresden with my friend and pupil, but little junior to myself, Lord Pakenham

(afterwards the Earl of Longford), who ultimately—like many another gallant soldier—gave his life for his country in the Gallipoli expedition. Dresden proved an unfortunate choice for two young Englishmen who wanted to improve their German: there were too many of their fellow-countrymen in pursuit of the same object.

From every other point of view Dresden was in those days a most delightful place in which to sojourn. Though there were the famous china works hard by at Meissen, Dresden itself was not, in 1883, an industrial city. Its main attractions were, of course, the Elbe, the galleries and the opera. Finding the city rather hot we spent part of our time at Blasewitz, then a pleasant riverside resort, whence we made many expeditions into the lovely country known to Dresdeners as the Saxon-Switzerland. In the Dresden galleries I spent many hours, and there learnt all I have ever known about pictures. Three nights a week at the opera—at a weekly expenditure of about 5s.—made me a devotee of German opera and in particular of Wagner. But it is a taste that needs constant cultivation, and I'm sorry to say I long ago lost it. One of the last Wagner operas I heard was an isolated performance of *Siegfried* at Frankfort in 1909, and frankly I was bored by it.

On another, my third, visit to Germany (in 1888) I took as a pupil young Robert Peel, a grandson of the great Sir Robert. Jowett thought that the young man had "possibilities", and was apparently persuaded that I could improve them. I'm afraid I did not succeed; for though possessed of considerable abilities, the fourth Sir Robert used them to little advantage for himself or others.

After some sight-seeing at Antwerp and a week at Ems, we went off to the beautiful Thüringerwald and did a great deal of walking, with Eisenach and Rühla as headquarters. Thence we went on to Weimar, and after a week in that delightful old capital—a potential capital, too, for a re-organized Germany—we went off, to busy Leipsic and

thence to Berlin. We just missed a sight of the young Kaiser at Potsdam, and after a few days in Berlin, a grandiose but unattractive city, took Dresden on the way to Prague.

At Dresden, as elsewhere, I found the Germans seething with indignation against the "two English-women"—the Empress Frederick and Queen Victoria. The Empress had never been popular in Germany; she had incurred the bitter animosity of Bismarck, and nothing was too bad to be believed of her. Two accusations were brought against her and her mother. On the one hand, it was asserted that they had conspired with an English "quack" doctor (*Heil Kunster*) to bring to the German throne a dying man, and thus secure a better position for his widow; on the other, that, by refusing to allow the operation recommended by the German physicians, they were largely responsible for the Emperor Frederick's "tragic and untimely end". The accusations were plainly contradictory. Bismarck himself admitted that there was not a "shadow of truth in the story that the Crown Prince Frederick had voluntarily pledged himself to renounce the throne if he was proved to be suffering from an incurable complaint",¹ and the letters of the Empress Frederick published in 1928 by Sir Frederick Ponsonby ought finally to dispose of a baseless and cruel story.²

But baseless as it was, I can personally testify that it was widely believed in Germany. Unquestionably it poisoned the mind of the young Kaiser against his mother, and was a contributory cause of his ill will against this country.

Peel and I took Dresden only on our way to Prague, which I had never seen before. I was immensely impressed by its superb situation on the Moldau, and not less by its historical associations. For a budding historian it was a

¹ Cf. *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* for 26th June, 1888.

² The whole matter was exhaustively discussed by Lord Ernle in *Nineteenth Century and After* (Sept. and Oct., 1929), and his articles, with the letters of Lord Rennell of Rodd to *The Times* (15th Nov., 1927, and 18th June, 1928) ought to close the controversy.

thrilling experience to look out of the window in the Burg from which, on 23rd May, 1618, the two regents of Bohemia, Slawata and Martinitz, were flung. The regents had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the Protestant-Nationalist party in Bohemia, whose leaders determined to be rid of them. "Jesus, Mary," was the cry of Martinitz as he was flung from a window seventy feet from the ground. "Let us see," said a scoffer, "whether his Mary will help him." "By God," he added a moment later, "his Mary has helped him." And not Martinitz only, but his two companions, crawled away without serious hurt. No wonder that the Catholics saw in this miraculous escape the finger of God Himself. That was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, from the effects of which Germany did not recover, either physically or politically, for two hundred years.

From Prague we went to Vienna, perhaps, in those days, the most brilliant, as it must always be one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe.

All too quickly we went on by way of Salzburg to Munich. Munich, fine city as it is, never laid on me a spell like Dresden did. But we had a special bit of luck. At the opera they played—and played superbly—Wagner's earliest opera, *Die Feen*. We thus had the opportunity of comparing, within a few days of each other, Wagner's earliest with his latest work, which I was to hear at Bayreuth. For the rest, my chief recollection of Munich is of the superb Murillos in the old Pinakothek, which contained also the finest Andrea del Sarto I've ever seen, and three very fine Raphaels. With the far-famed gallery of modern painters at Munich I was disappointed.

On the way to Bayreuth we stayed at Nürnberg, where I was lucky enough to run across C. Villiers Stanford, just arrived from Bayreuth. Stanford was good-natured enough to go through the whole of *Parsifal* with me on the piano. How much of my subsequent enjoyment of this opera at Bayreuth was due to this preliminary coaching can easily

be imagined. *Parsifal* and Bayreuth have been often described by pens more expert than mine, but the deep impression made on me by Wagner's masterpiece, performed as it can only be performed in the unique environment of Bayreuth, remains, after more than half a century, perfectly fresh and vivid. At the moment I found a partial vent for my feelings in a special article contributed to the *Saturday Review*.

It was nine years before I returned to Germany. With my wife I was on my way to Sweden, but we tarried in North Germany to have a look at some of the towns which had belonged to the Hanseatic Confederacy. Bremen, where friends made at the recent summer school welcomed us warmly, we found delightful, though less interesting than the old town of Hamburg, and much less beautiful than Lübeck, surely of all red-brick cities the loveliest. Leaving Lübeck regretfully, we crossed from Warnemünde to Gjedser. The Baltic was in its angriest mood; the boat was small and crowded, and the consequences were disastrous, but neither then, nor ever afterwards, was I personally a victim. Wet, storm-tossed and travel-stained, we reached Copenhagen to find another kind Oxford friend awaiting us.

At Copenhagen the harbour was full of royal yachts, including the Russian yacht and the *Hohenzollern*, beside which our own *Victoria and Albert* looked small and shabby. We were greatly struck by the way in which the "royalties", native and foreign, sauntered about the streets like any ordinary citizens. Copenhagen, though a beautiful city, is (or was in 1897) a very noisy one, with its cobbled streets, trams and heavy country-carts, so we moved out to Skodesborg, a charming spot between Copenhagen and Elsinore, girt with beech woods and looking out on the blue waters of The Sound.

Our objective was, however, Stockholm, where I was to represent the University of Oxford at the celebrations in honour of King Oscar's Jubilee. The university had lately

conferred the honorary degree of D.C.L. upon the scholar-king, and he was anxious that the diploma should be ceremoniously and personally presented to him by someone directly delegated by the university. Professor Max Müller, *persona grata* to King Oscar as to other sovereigns, was to have performed this office, but fell ill, and I was deputed to take his place.

My wife and I had a delightful time in Stockholm, a beautiful city which, as it always seems to me, combines the loveliness of Venice with the grandeur of Edinburgh. Furnished by Max Müller with letters of introduction to various distinguished people in Stockholm, and occupying, for the moment, an official position, I received a cordial welcome, extended to my wife, both from the Government and private individuals. The Swedes lavished charming hospitality upon us. Much of my time, however, was devoted to official engagements: a Jubilee service in the Riddarholmskirche—a combination of Westminster Abbey and St. George's, Windsor—was picturesque and impressive; a gala performance at the Opera, and a gala concert of national music; a great banquet and ball at the Palace—these followed in quick succession. For me the central ceremony was one at which King Oscar received degrees from half the universities in Europe. In presenting the King with the diploma of the Oxford Degree I read a Latin address, composed with all the felicity which enlivened the proceedings at many an Oxford Encænïa by Dr. W. W. Merry, the brilliant scholar who was then our Public Orator. The delegates from continental universities, while gracious in appreciation of my elocution, described my old pronunciation of Latin as "barbarous", and professed they could not understand a word; the King, however, was delighted with Dr. Merry's Latin, especially by the description of himself—King Oscar was a great traveller—as "*tanquam alter Ulixes*".

The Jubilee banquet was held in the great hall of the Palace, decorated with the superb Gobelin tapestry pre-

sented to Queen Christina by Louis XIV in the days when France was the close ally of Sweden. At dinner I sat next a learned Dutch professor with whom I had already become friendly. Half-way through a very long dinner he suddenly turned to me and said: "If you do not mind, we will not further converse; I have never eaten so much in so short a time in all my life." Nor, I must add, did he fail to empty any of the eight wine glasses which were simultaneously refilled by a too attentive footman. For him, as for others, it was fortunate, when we adjourned to the ballroom, that the guests were so tight packed that all were necessarily kept upright! The taciturnity of my Dutch friend disturbed me the less as on my other side were two charming Swedes, a bishop and a diplomat, who talked English well—though French was the ordinary language in Court circles. To them, as to all the Swedes, male and female, I met I completely lost my heart. Most of all to the King, who, descended from a French bourgeois, was in presence the most kingly of kings, and as kindly as he was kingly.

A year or two after my visit to Stockholm, King Oscar, wishing to thank the university for his degree, visited Oxford. He was the guest for the day of Professor and Mrs. Max Müller; I met him at luncheon and at tea, and acted as his cicerone during part of his sight-seeing. At luncheon, when Max Müller entertained him in the hall of All Souls—several leading members of the university had been invited to meet King Oscar—there occurred an incident for ever stamped on my memory. In a pause of the conversation I was aghast to hear the raucous voice of the then Vice-Chancellor addressing, from some little distance, the King in these words: "I suppose, Your Majesty, that if Norway were to separate from Sweden it would infallibly fall into the hands of one of the Great Powers." Academics are not famed for *savoir-faire*, but never surely was there a more conspicuous illustration of the lack of it. Max Müller's exclamation and gesture of horror at this terrible *gaffe* I shall never forget. King Oscar, who was as usual accompanied

by a Norwegian as well as a Swedish aide-de-camp, with perfect tact and good humour put the observation aside with a laugh. But for the host and several of his guests it was a terrible moment.

As I was taking the King round New College we caught sight of my little girl, and I presented her to the King. She will never, I am sure, forget his kindly smile as he patted her head and inquired her age, which was about seven. Nor shall I forget his words when he bade me farewell: "Good-bye, Marriott, twice have we met, but thrice is the happy number." I was never able, however, to avail myself of the invitation so charmingly conveyed.

My later visits abroad have generally had as their object either to give lectures or to imbibe saline waters. Among foreign spas I liked Homburg, with its romantic environment, best. From Vittel, however, I was able to visit Verdun with its wonderful fortifications which, manned by heroic defenders, barred the German advance, and its gruesome mounds from which protruded the bayonets of the French soldiers entombed beneath it. I was fortunate to have as my companion at Verdun an expert, Major Maclean, R.E., who made the whole operation clear even to an ignoramus. With my wife I also visited from Vittel the Jeanne D'Arc country, and saw, not without emotion, the memorial church erected in honour of "the maid" close by Domrémy. At Vittel there was a golf course, but it was so bad that I did not play on it a second time. On our way home we spent some time at Wimereux, near Boulogne, where the golf was quite good, but nowhere in France did I enjoy it so much as at Pau, where I went to give a course of lectures in 1911. Greater hospitality I've never enjoyed than at Pau, but the result, alas, was a (well earned) attack of gout! Switzerland and Italy have been even less kind to me than France. During nearly the whole of a visit to Switzerland, where I lectured in January, 1914, I looked out on the slush which surrounded the (excellent) mountain hotel where I stayed, or upon the inky waters of Lac Léman.

At my one visit to the Italian Lakes (in May) I saw nothing but the base of the mountains: at Naples I lay ill for three weeks. On the whole, then, it is not on my holidays abroad that my fondest memories dwell.

CHAPTER XIV

M.P. for Oxford: University or City?

PARLIAMENT IN THE WORLD WAR: CONSTITUTIONAL EXPERIMENTS

SOMETIMES there occurs a coincidence between our private fortunes and public affairs. So it was with me in the days of the World War. Between 1914 and 1918 my life entered on an entirely new phase. During those years I was brought forward as a candidate first for the university seat in Parliament, and three years later for the city. Never, I suppose, in the history of Oxford has such a thing happened to an individual before.

It happened on this wise. In April, 1914, Sir William Anson, Senior Burgess for the university, died. To my genuine surprise, but equally to my delight, my name was at once suggested for the vacancy. Some years afterwards an intimate friend of Anson's told me that Anson had himself expected that I should succeed him, but to me the idea had never even remotely occurred. Other names were presently canvassed, but it was soon made clear that the choice would ultimately lie between Rowland Prothero (afterwards Lord Ernle), sometime Fellow of All Souls, editor of *The Quarterly* and agent to the Duke of Bedford, and my insignificant self. There was a spirited contest between our respective supporters in the Conservative caucus, but though (thanks to my University Extension work) I was perhaps more widely known in the provinces, Prothero had a compact following in London and the unanimous support not only of All Souls but of his old college, Balliol. Anyway, on a vote in the caucus he beat me by a substantial majority,

and I, surprised and gratified by my unexpected measure of success rather than cast down by my failure, gracefully withdrew. Prothero subsequently told me that the suggestion that he should stand came from Dr. Lock, some time warden of Keble College, who was strongly backed by Lord Hugh Cecil, the Junior Burgess.

Dr. Lock was one of those men, peculiar perhaps to academics, whose ultra-conscientiousness impels them to rise superior to the narrowing partialities of party politics and personal friendship. Though my personal friend, Dr. Lock, ran my Conservative opponent against me for the university seat in 1914, and in 1922 joined in nominating my Liberal opponent in the city election, he was quite obviously surprised that this should affect our friendly relations!

Nevertheless, that university election remains with me a happy memory. Not only did it evoke a charming and most generous letter from Prothero himself, but it revealed a wealth of friendliness to me in university circles the existence of which in some cases surprised and, in all, delighted me. An odd thing is a university society! It makes for a few close friendships, but the atmosphere is so critical that people in general are too shy of each other to show their feelings. In this election contest I had splendidly loyal support from friends like R. W. Macan and "Tommy" Case (President of Corpus), and not a little from much more unexpected quarters. Prothero's return had, however, a very tantalizing sequel to which I must refer later.¹

Less than four months after the university election the World War broke out (4th August, 1914). My first anxiety was, as already recounted, to ship off the crowd of Germans temporarily on my hands. Then, being past military age, I addressed a number of meetings in Oxford itself, and in the surrounding villages and towns, to raise recruits for the new army.

Recruitment was at first voluntary, and very unequal in

¹ *infra*, p. 174.

its incidence. Soon, however, things began to move towards compulsion, though by slow and gradual stages, so that not until May, 1916, did Parliament pass the Universal Military Service Act!¹

In the university, all the usual work and routine had long since been brought to an almost complete standstill. The moment war was declared the university sprang to arms; Oxford was converted into a camp and a hospital. By the end of 1917 there were only 315 students in residence, of whom 30 were medical students and about 120 were members of the O.T.C. waiting for admission to cadet battalions. The Examination Schools became the Third Southern General Hospital; Somerville College, a branch hospital; the women students evicted from Somerville were taken in at Oriel; but all the rest of the colleges were given up almost entirely to military purposes, mostly for the training of officers in cadet battalions. No city in England, except Cambridge, was so completely transformed, and truly melancholy it was to dwell therein; still more to continue to lecture only to women, Indian students, and a few weaklings unfit for military service.

I myself was working very hard with pen, and, outside Oxford, with voice as well. But my primary business was to save University Extension from complete collapse, and to adapt what remained in being to war purposes. The Government so far recognized this as of national importance as to exempt from military service (despite his own anxiety to serve) my chief clerk and cashier, George Edens. Edens's services to the whole Extension Movement and his loyal help to me personally during my twenty-five years of office I can never too gratefully acknowledge. In his retirement he remains one of my most valued friends. The contraction of the work made it possible, however, to release my assistant secretary, Miss E. M. Gunter, to enable her to take up equally, if not more, congenial work. For nearly

¹ I have told the story of the approach to compulsion in my *Modern England*, pp. 382 f.

twenty years she had given ungrudging service to the Delegacy, and in the course of it had made countless friends among the local organizers and students.

In a short time I had, though not without a sustained and anxious effort, adapted the whole machinery to new conditions. Travelling was difficult; many centres at once closed down; those which remained at work made, I am convinced, a not unimportant contribution to the national war effort. Propaganda in the narrower sense was not within our proper province. But we substituted for our usual lecture-subjects courses which had a direct bearing upon the war, its antecedents and issues: the history of Germany, of the Hapsburg Empire, and of other belligerents; the Near Eastern and Far Eastern Questions; the Problem of Poland, the Problem of the Adriatic, the Problem of the British Commonwealth and Empire; and, later, Social and Economic Problems of Reconstruction. On all these topics I lectured myself, and never have I lectured to larger, keener, and more appreciative audiences. The atmosphere, of course, was tense: everybody, lecturer and audience alike, was, so to say, "keyed up" to the highest pitch, and the result was correspondingly gratifying. Besides my lectures in "the university" and "beyond its limits", I also gave some addresses in Flintshire in connexion with the War Savings Campaign, under the auspices of the Flintshire County Council. The substance of these was reproduced in *The Nineteenth Century* for February, 1916.

I was, indeed, as busy with my pen as with my tongue. On most of the subjects mentioned in the last paragraph I wrote articles for *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Fortnightly*, and *The Nineteenth Century*, and many of these were subsequently collected and revised for my *European Commonwealth*, a substantial volume published in 1918.¹ In that book I dealt also with the problems of Nationalism, Internationalism and Supernationalism, a subject to which I returned, after the lamentable failure of the League of Nations, in two later

¹ Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1918.

works: *Commonwealth or Anarchy?*¹ and *The Tragedy of Europe*.² The former makes a short survey of the Successive Projects of Peace from those of Henri IV (or Sully) and the Abbé de Saint Pierre down to the Holy Alliance and the League of Nations.

Another course of lectures which I thought specially appropriate to war-time was one on Shakspeare's Chronicle Plays. Several of these lectures were published during the war in *The Fortnightly Review*, and with others were presently revised and published as *English History in Shakespeare*.³ This book ran quickly through two editions, but since then has been out of print. I hope that it may some day reappear in an edition of Collected Works; my kindest and severest critic thinks that, like my *Falkland*, it is worthy of republication; and it is not for me to disagree with him. In collaboration with my friend Sir C. Grant Robertson, some time Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University, I had previously (1915) published *The Evolution of Prussia*, in which I embodied much of the substance of my lectures on German history. Two years later there appeared *The Eastern Question, A Study of European Diplomacy*. Few of my books have evoked more cordial encomiums from those qualified to bestow them than *The Eastern Question*; quite recently it was described by an expert as a "classical work", and I think I may, without immodesty, claim that it is now accepted as the standard work on the subject with which it deals.

Meanwhile, I was becoming gravely concerned about the financial position of the country, and about the way in which the Government was handling it, and to that concern I gave expression in a number of articles contributed to *The Fortnightly*, *The Edinburgh* and *The Nineteenth Century and After*. The earlier of these expressed the views only of a private citizen and a student of Applied Economics; the

¹ University Press, Oxford, and Columbia University Press, New York, 1939.

² Blackie & Son, 1941. ³ Chapman & Hall, 1918. 2nd Edit., 1919 (o.p.).

later emphasized arguments already advanced in the House of Commons.

In March, 1917, Viscount Valentia, a Non-Representative Irish Peer, who for many years had sat for the City of Oxford, received a Peerage of the United Kingdom. My name was at once suggested for the vacant seat. As for the university seat I had a strong competitor in Rowland Prothero, so in the city I had to meet an opponent whom I regarded as still more formidable in Sir Walter Gray.

Sir Walter had long been the local leader of the Conservative Party; he was an Alderman and had served as Mayor of the City; he had made a large fortune as a speculative builder; he had strong claims on the Party, and was most anxious to have the seat. I, on the other hand, belonged essentially to the university; for many years I had, indeed, given active support to Lord Valentia in many hard-fought contests in the city, and was well known to the electors as a platform speaker. But as compared with Gray's, my claims on the city were negligible. The jealousy between Town and Gown had never entirely died down, and my friends frankly told me that, handicapped by my association with the university, I had little chance against so doughty a champion as Sir Walter Gray.

Other names were mentioned, but ultimately the only names submitted to the Conservative "Three Hundred" were Gray's and my own. The proceedings in the Conservative caucus had a strong element of comedy. I was detained in a separate room while Gray addressed the meeting. Then he was similarly excluded while I spoke. Finally, we were closeted together and alone while our merits were discussed and a ballot taken. Gray's undisguised anxiety was so great that our enforced *tête-à-tête* was rather embarrassing, not to say painful. Though I could, quite genuinely, assure him that his fears were groundless, he hinted that, if the decision went against him, there would be (his own word) "complications". In the future his prediction was justified. Not, however, immediately. To

Gray's deep chagrin, and my sincere astonishment, the ballot was overwhelmingly in my favour. Poor Sir Walter was crushed, and not long afterwards died of a stroke, leaving a large fortune to his only son, a local solicitor of considerable ability, of whom more anon.

As it was thought possible that Sir Walter might, despite the decision of the caucus, still decide to fight, or that a Liberal might, notwithstanding the Party Truce, be brought forward, we had to keep our powder dry. In the end, however, I was returned unopposed, and on 3rd April, 1917, took my seat in the House of Commons, being introduced by Lord Robert Cecil, my oldest friend in Parliament, and Colonel Hammersley, the member for mid-Oxon.

That was, I verily believe, the happiest day of my life. A long-cherished hope was at last fulfilled. When I took the oath, not *sotto voce* but, owing to a misunderstanding with the Clerk, in the voice (as one reporter put it) "of a well-trained herald", a titter of amusement ran round the House. "You are the first man," said a friend, "who has ever addressed the House before becoming a member of it!" Anyway, there I was, a happy man, M.P. for Oxford City.

I dropped into the new life at once. The outstanding characteristics of the House of Commons are its *camaraderie* and its generosity. I had, of course, a good many old friends in the House, and quickly made new ones. I was most kindly received and entertained, not the least appreciated of my new friends being Walter Long, Austen Chamberlain, and the latter's charming stepmother, who, *en secondes nocces*, had married the Chaplain of the House, Canon Carnegie. "You seem," said some chaffing friends, "as though you had been here for years." So, in imagination, I had. My special studies had made me familiar with the whole apparatus of Parliamentary Government, and from the first I felt (except when I was on my feet) quite at home. And yet, in curious contrast, I had all the feelings of a new

boy in his first term at school.¹ There was much to suggest the analogy: the peg assigned to you in the member's cloak-room; the "locker" in which you can keep your papers; the "Sixth Form" regarded with (very transient) awe on the Treasury Bench; other boys evidently playing up to "get their colours", and so on. About the locker there hangs a tale. A rich and elderly baronet was one day accosted by a friend in the Lobby thus: "I cannot understand, my dear —, why, with everything in the world to make you happy, you go on living a dog's life in this place." In reply the baronet produced the key of his locker. "That," he said, "is the key of the only place on God's earth my wife can't get at!" I have heard worse reasons given for sticking to what is at once "a dog's life" and the most fascinating of all lives!

One thing bothered me at first. Though I "sat" for Oxford, I could not find a "seat" in the House from which I was not courteously but with determination evicted by someone who claimed it as his. Strictly speaking, no one has a claim on any particular seat for more than twenty-four hours, and for that period only if he has attended "Prayers" (with which each sitting opens), and immediately *after* Prayers has inserted in the slot at the back of each seat a card bearing his name. At any time, however, after the House opens the card may be placed *on* the desired seat, if vacant, and it is an outrage (seldom committed) to remove it. Consequently, from early dawn on the first day of each session a crowd of members awaits the opening of the doors at 8 a.m., when there is a rush into the chambers to deposit a card on the coveted seat. This proceeding confers no strict "right", but if an old member claims his accustomed seat by this toilsome procedure, he is generally left in possession. Into some half-dozen "corner" seats, only the boldest would intrude. One of these, on the fourth row above the gangway, I eventually secured: it is a com-

¹ Those feelings I described in "My First Term at Westminster" (*Cornhill Magazine*, Oct., 1917).

manding position from which you have the whole House in front of you, if you wish to address it—and the House consents to listen! What strikes most strangers is the *smallness* of the chamber, and, in fact, there are seats only for some two-thirds of the members. When the House is full, the rest of the members must either stand just outside the “bar” (no one may stand inside it) or find seats in the members’ galleries, which are technically inside the House, and whence members *may* (but don’t) address it.

For speaking, few legislation chambers are so ill adapted as the House of Commons. Foreign chambers are mostly ¹ circular in shape, and all members speak from a “tribune”. No doubt a “tribune” encourages oratory at the expense of debate, and a circular chamber, instead of dividing parties by a broad gangway and a stout table, facilitates the formation of “groups”. From one to another of these groups transition is easy, thus contributing to the lamentable instability of ministries.

Ministers in the House of Commons share with the Front Opposition bench a most unfair advantage over “back-benchers”. The latter are often placed in a pitiable plight if they want to quote from documents or even to consult their own notes. Front-benchers have a box and a capacious table convenient for these purposes. Thus “equality of opportunity” is conspicuously denied to all but a privileged few in an assembly which, in most respects, is essentially democratic.

It was, therefore, in very unaccustomed circumstances that I delivered my maiden speech not long after I entered the House. It was on finance, and though in no wise remarkable, was seemingly so far successful that I was presently invited to second a resolution, proposed by Sir Godfrey Collins, a prominent Liberal, in favour of setting up a Select Committee on National Expenditure. The committee was set up; I was nominated to serve on it, and to public finance a great part of my time was henceforward

¹ Universally, as far as I know.

devoted. I was also nominated to serve on the "conference" (virtually a joint committee of both Houses) to consider plans for reconstituting the "Second Chamber".

Meanwhile, I was particularly interested in two constitutional experiments initiated by Mr. Lloyd George. On succeeding Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister in December, 1916, Mr. Lloyd George at once set up a War Cabinet or directory of five members, none of whom except the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Bonar Law) was to have departmental duties. "You cannot," as Mr. Lloyd George characteristically said, "run a war with a Sanhedrin." Thanks in large measure to the tact and organizing ability of its secretary, Sir Maurice Hankey, the War Cabinet proved a great improvement upon the unwieldy and unbusinesslike Cabinet of twenty-three members with which Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener had been hampered. The old Cabinet system was, however, restored soon after the war, though the new methods of conducting its business, introduced by the War Cabinet, were happily retained.¹

Even more interesting to me was another constitutional experiment. For many years past I had regarded as of supreme importance the relations between Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions. From 1900 onwards I had done my utmost by frequent articles in the leading reviews, as well as by lectures, to keep various aspects of the Imperial problem before the minds of the thinking public. The outbreak of the World War naturally gave a further impetus to my activities. The war presented us with a superb opportunity. Germany had made a colossal miscalculation. Instead of the immediate dissolution of Britain's "loosely compacted Empire" so confidently anticipated by Germany, she had the mortification of seeing the whole British Empire spring to arms in defence of a cause which was that of the Empire no less than of the insular Kingdom.

¹ For details of the work of the War Cabinet readers may care to refer to my *Mechanism of the Modern State*, Vol. II, pp. 80-84.

But in the *machinery* of the Empire there was a serious flaw, and the Dominions (Canada particularly) were quick to perceive it. In the conduct of foreign affairs the Dominions had no official voice. The periodical Imperial conferences gave an opportunity for consultation. But something more than consultation at long intervals was needed, especially when war threatened the Empire. This need the Lloyd George Government met promptly. In December, 1916, the Prime Ministers of the Dominions were invited to attend the War Cabinet and, for all matters connected with the prosecution of the war and the consideration of peace terms, sat in that body on terms of complete equality with the other members.

So successful was the experiment that on 17th May, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George came down to the House of Commons and announced that it had been decided to hold "an annual Imperial Cabinet" in the hope that the new body would "become an accepted convention of the British Constitution". As I listened to that announcement my heart leapt with joy. It had come—a real Imperial executive. I could at last sing my *Nunc dimittis*. My exultation was, however, short-lived. The Imperial Cabinet did, indeed, meet again in 1918: but it did not survive the conclusion of the Peace Treaty. Moreover, the Imperial Conference of 1917, which sat side by side with the Imperial Cabinet, definitely closed the door on a real Imperial Constitution with an Imperial Legislature and an executive responsible thereto. To my bitter disappointment at a "vanished dream" I gave expression in *The Nineteenth Century* for September, 1917.

By the autumn of 1918 the war was evidently coming to an end, and on 11th November the Prime Minister announced the terms of the Armistice to the House of Commons. Never shall I forget that afternoon. Outside: wildly cheering crowds under grey skies and persistent drizzle; in the Chamber: a packed House, meeting in a mood not of exultation but of chastened pride and pro-

found relief. Time and again during the war had I heard from the Prime Minister speeches of superb eloquence: the speech he added to the recital of the Armistice terms was the shortest and perhaps the greatest he ever made. This was "no time for words", and he simply proposed that "the House should forthwith adjourn and proceed to the Church of St. Margaret's, there to give thanks to Almighty God for the deliverance of the world from a great peril".

Headed by the Speaker, and joined by the Lord Chancellor and the officials and many members of the House of Lords, we went in informal procession to the Church of the Parliament House, and in the simplest of services gave thanks to the Almighty.

Almost immediately afterwards the Parliament elected in 1910, and continued in being by a series of enactments, was at length dissolved.¹

My "first term at Westminster" had come to an end.

¹ With the whole subject of the relations between the Home Country and the Dominions I have dealt in *The Evolution of the British Empire and Commonwealth* (Nicholson & Watson, 1939), esp. Chaps. XVII-XX inclusive, and in *The Mechanism of the Modern State*, I, Chaps. XI and XII.

CHAPTER XV

Parliament, 1919—22

COUPON AND COALITION

AT the General Election of December, 1918, I stood as a "Coalition" candidate for the City of Oxford. I had attempted to define the issues in two articles on "Politics and Politicians" contributed to *The Fortnightly Review* for September and December, 1918, and also explained them, of course, in my address and in a series of election speeches. The situation was somewhat complicated. The Liberal followers of Mr. Asquith could not forgive Mr. Lloyd George for turning their leader out in December, 1916. They denounced the holding of an election as a further instance of "L.G. trickery", and have ever since stigmatized the conduct of it as an "orgy of Chauvinism". The same sort of accusations had been hurled at Mr. Joseph Chamberlain for the "khaki" election of 1901, but although there was much in the contest of 1918 which redounded little to the credit of "Democracy", I have never doubted that Mr. Lloyd George was justified in asking for a vote of confidence from the electorate before going to Paris to frame the Peace Treaty.

The electorate was to a large extent a new one. The Reform Act of 1918 had given the vote to more than eight million women; of the male electors—nearly thirteen million in number—a large proportion were voting for the first time, and some were "absent" voters actually on service on ship-board, in the army of occupation, or in other foreign fields.

It had been agreed between the leaders that all candidates who were prepared to support a Coalition Govern-

ment should receive from Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law a "coupon" commending them to the electors. I accepted the coupon, and no doubt received in consequence many Liberal votes. But in all my speeches I was very careful to warn the electors against extravagant hopes from German indemnities and reparations. I never had much hope of "hanging the Kaiser", though I was prepared, if we could get hold of him, to put him on his trial,¹ and to the question, asked of me and of every candidate at every meeting, "Will you make Germany pay?" I cautiously replied, "To the last penny she can, provided the payment is not in a form to hurt us more than it injures her." I foresaw much that did, in fact, ensue.

At the election for Oxford City I secured an easy victory over my opponent, an Asquithian Liberal. The general result was an overwhelming victory for the Coalition: the Conservatives won some 400 seats, and 136 Liberal members supported Mr. Lloyd George as against a remnant of some 30 Asquithians. Mr. Asquith and all his Cabinet colleagues were defeated, as were Ramsay Macdonald, Snowden, and other pacifist Socialists. Our victory proved to be too complete; the new House rather smelt of money, and, like a good many other Conservatives, I was often made uncomfortable by the difficulty of reconciling my votes in the Lobby in support of the Government with my Conservative principles.

But I was kept very busy "upstairs" on the two exceedingly important committees to which I had been appointed. The National Expenditure Committee had been set up too late to effect any substantial economies in war expenditure, but it made a series of very valuable reports, particularly two on the Form of Public Accounts and on Financial Procedure in the House of Commons, which

¹ Cf. Lloyd George's *The Truth about the Peace Treaties*, I, 112, for account of a wonderful speech made by F. E. Smith to the Cabinet, advising that the ex-Kaiser could be held "personally responsible for his crimes against International Law"—if the English Government could get hold of him! Fortunately, perhaps, the Dutch Government refused to surrender him.

bore immediate fruit.¹ My experience of that committee impelled me, directly the Hitler war broke out in September, 1939, to urge that a similar committee should be appointed forthwith. It was set up and is, I believe, doing useful work, though, as I said in my letters to *The Times* in October, 1939, I believe a committee on the lines of the "Geddes Axe" would have been more effective. A sequel to the National Expenditure Committee of 1918 was the setting up of the Select Committee on Estimates. To that also I was appointed, and, later on, was elected its chairman. To finance in general, and in particular to an effort to curb public extravagance, a great part of my time in this and subsequent Parliaments was devoted. It is an entirely thankless task.

In any popular constituency the economizer will lose far more votes than he gains. The vast majority stand to gain—for the moment—by lavish expenditure of public money; only a powerless minority suffer and pay. Moreover, all the most experienced evidence given to the Select Committee tended to show that the House of Commons, though partially restrained by the salutary rule that only the Crown, by its ministers, can *propose* expenditure, is, in disposition, more extravagant even than the spending departments.

The Conference on House of Lords Reform also took much time. We sat twice a week for six months under the chairmanship of Lord Bryce. Of the eighteen members most were men of weight and experience. Among them were the Archbishop of Canterbury (Davidson), representing the spiritual peers; Lord Lansdowne, Lord Crewe, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Denman, Lord Burnham, Lord Stuart of Wortley, an ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn (better known as "Bob" Reid), Austen Chamberlain, Lord Hugh Cecil, Evelyn Cecil (afterwards Lord Rockley), "Peter" Sanders (afterwards Lord Bayford),

¹ The whole subject is discussed in my *Mechanism of the State*, Vol. I, Chap. XXI.

and other Conservatives and Liberals. There was also a representative of Labour.

The work was heavy, but immensely interesting; Bryce was a model chairman, patient and courteous, with an exceptional capacity for "collecting" opinions and summarizing discussions and conclusions. There was, however, such wide divergence between those who wanted a predominantly hereditary Second Chamber, those who wanted a reconstituted "Senate", and those who wanted no Second Chamber at all, that, despite all our chairman's efforts, our Report was quite inconclusive, and the result of our labours *nil*.

For many years I did my utmost, by speeches inside and outside the House, to keep the subject alive. Year after year the Conservative Party Conference put the Reform of the House of Lords in the forefront of its programme. In the Baldwin Parliament (1924-9) legislation was repeatedly promised. But nothing was done. Lord Cave, when Lord Chancellor, did, indeed, introduce a Bill in 1927 to amend the Parliament Act and reform the constitution of the House of Lords, but Mr. Baldwin was not himself interested in constitutional questions, the Party was divided on the subject, and the Cave Bill was dropped. The truth is that the existing House of Lords, indefensible in theory, does, in fact, do a great deal of valuable work in revising the legislative projects, often badly drafted, of the Commons, and in debating high policy in imperial and foreign affairs. As a rule it leaves real business in the hands of a small number of peers, most of whom have served their apprenticeship in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, it would seem to be short-sighted and dangerous to defer the reform of our Second Chamber until the breaking of a violent storm which might result in its destruction. Criticism of the existing structure rests much more upon theory than upon practice. Critics point to the fact that some 700 "hereditary" legislators can retard, if not frustrate, the work of some 600 elected representatives of the people. In fact, the

"backwoodsmen" rarely, if ever, appear at St. Stephen's. All that is necessary, therefore, is to make the theory square with the facts. There is no need to curtail the prerogative of the Crown in respect of the creation of hereditary peerages, but an hereditary peerage should not confer, in itself, the right to sit as a peer of Parliament.

No Second Chamber ought to contain more than about 300 members, and the House of Lords should, in my judgment, be reduced to that number. Of the 300, perhaps 150 might be hereditary peers elected, after the manner of Scottish representative peers, for the duration of a Parliament by the whole body of hereditary peers. The ecclesiastical order might contribute 10 bishops similarly elected by their fellow diocesans; the remaining 140 would include the Law Lords and other *Life* peers, nominated by the Crown—perhaps from certain specified categories. Thus with the least possible break with tradition we should get a Second Legislative Chamber which by its efficiency would command respect and would silence theoretical critics. True, a "safety-valve" of the Constitution would be closed, by depriving the Crown of the right to "swamp" the House. But the right is superfluous so long as the Parliament Act operates, and provided the Second Chamber were reformed on the lines suggested, I should not be in a hurry to repeal that Act.¹

My keen interest in public finance brought me, in those post-war days, into not infrequent conflict with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whom I liked and respected as much as anybody in the House. But to me he appeared insufficiently alive to the necessity of retrenchment, and for a moment he seemed to be inclining towards the Socialistic nostrum of a Capital Levy. Had it been practicable to make a levy on war wealth only, there was something to be said for it: but plainly it was not; and a general capital levy I consistently opposed both in Parliament and in the *Reviews*. I took an active part also in the

¹ On the whole question readers who are sufficiently interested may consult my *Second Chambers* (revised Ed., 1927).

proceedings on the Bill for the Reconstruction of the Electrical Industry, and was frequently entrusted with the amendments proposed to safeguard the rights of private enterprise—rights which seemed to be, on the whole, in the general interests of the consumer.

Two other questions to which much of the time of this Parliament was devoted interested me greatly. In the working of our railways I had always been greatly interested, and my interest was quickened when, in 1919, I was elected to a seat on the Board of the Great Northern Company. This election I owed to my friendship with Sir Frederick Banbury, the chairman of the Company, and with Lord Balfour of Burleigh, another director. My special interest was less in the mechanical than in the financial side of the work, but all the work interested me immensely: my colleagues were as pleasant a body of men as I ever came across, and I count the hours I spent at King's Cross as among the pleasantest of my public life.

Not that the work was free from anxiety. On the contrary: the railways, apart from the Government subsidies which accompanied State control, were nearly bankrupt, and next to the miners the men were (with little excuse) the most restless and discontented in the whole field of industry.¹ In March the Government made wage concessions, which cost the State £10,000,000 a year, but a strike, nevertheless, broke out in September, 1919. I stayed at King's Cross during the worst of the crisis, and, in conjunction with the Government, we broke the strike by organizing a service of motors, lorries and aeroplanes. But matters assumed a more serious aspect in 1920. Some Irish railwaymen refused to handle cases of munitions intended for the use of the police and soldiers in Ireland. Some of our own G.N.R. men refused to handle munitions for Poland, which was then at war with Soviet Russia. But we had a strong chairman in Sir Frederick Banbury, and the men were quickly brought to heel.

¹ See my *Tragedy of Europe*, Chaps. IV and V.

The serious feature of the strike was that in effect it was a fight between the State and a section of the community who were in revolt not, as Mr. Lloyd George finely said to J. H. Thomas, "against a Government" but against "*Government*".

I was gravely perturbed by the situation, and dealt with it in a number of review articles under such titles as "*Quo Vadis?*", "*Under which King?*", and "*Soviet v. Parliament*".

But what was to be done about the railways? The State control of private property, assumed as a war measure, could not indefinitely continue. Were the railways, as some demanded, to be "nationalized", or handed back to the companies? In the end, by the Railways Act of 1921, ninety-three separate companies were compulsorily amalgamated into four large groups, and various tribunals were set up to fix rates, wages, &c. Naturally I took an active part in the prolonged discussions on the Bill, and in June and July, 1921, wrote two articles on the subject for *The Fortnightly*. In 1922, amalgamation took effect, and I, like many other directors, was eliminated. Amalgamation and the consequent contraction of the directorates was inevitable, but I said good-bye to King's Cross with real regret.

Less directly but hardly less keenly was I interested in the coal question. The position of the miners was parallel with that of the railwaymen, but the miners' attitude was more truculent. One commission after another was appointed by the Government, one concession followed another. All were in vain, and in the spring of 1921 matters came to a head. On 31st March control ceased: on 1st April there was a complete stoppage on the coalfields. On the 8th the Government declared a "State of Emergency", as provided for in an Act passed in 1920, and the Reserves were called up. The "Triple Alliance" of miners, railwaymen and General Transport Workers threatened to call a General Strike on 15th April. The whole community was confronted with a threat to hold it to ransom.

Twenty-four hours only before the threat was to take effect something happened. Early on the afternoon of the 14th I was suddenly asked by the Coal Owners Association to arrange at the House of Commons for a meeting at which the owners could put their case before members of Parliament. I hastily engaged a committee room: the news spread: some representative coal owners came and put their case, none too well, before a large gathering of members, over which I was called to preside. As the meeting was about to break up, rather dissatisfied with the statements of the owners, someone proposed that we should hear also the miners' representatives, who happened to be meeting in another committee room. The meeting agreed, but on condition that I should again preside over it. I demurred: it was near dinner-time and I happened to be dining at a party given by the Chaplain and Mrs. Carnegie in Dean's Yard. It was too late to cry off: but it was impressed on me that it was a matter of national importance, so I agreed to return to the House at 9.15. When I did, I found the leading trade unionists in possession, J. H. Thomas and A. Henderson among them; I was forced into the chair, and for more than two hours conducted one of the biggest meetings ever held in a committee room. Nearly the whole House was there: the chamber was deserted. The principal speaker for the miners was Mr. Frank Hodges. I did my best to protect him, but he was very severely heckled from all quarters, and in the course of a very able speech made certain admissions of great moment. Before the meeting broke up, towards midnight, there was a loud demand that the Prime Minister should be immediately informed of Hodge's speech. "Very well," I assented, "name your deputation." "The chairman," was the shouted response: nor would the meeting give me any colleagues. I telephoned to 10 Downing Street: Mr. Lloyd George, after a gruelling day, was going to bed, but agreed to see me. I took with me three or four members, among them Sir Leslie (now Lord Justice) Scott, Sir Samuel Hoare, and

another who luckily had a shorthand note of the noteworthy admissions made by Mr. Hodges. The Prime Minister refused to see a "deputation", but agreed to see me alone. My account of the proceedings was (perhaps forgivably!) not too clear: "L.G." was dog-tired and rather "short", but allowed me to go into an ante-room and get from my colleague the exact words used by Mr. Hodges. Having read them carefully, "L.G." agreed that they were sufficiently important to justify him in again summoning the owners and the men to meet him. I went off to bed, also dog-tired, but not dissatisfied with my day's work.

In the morning the owners obeyed the summons to Downing Street; the men refused it. In the afternoon the House—packed to the doors—met in deeply despondent mood, and I was actually on my feet explaining what had happened on the previous night, when a slip of paper was passed along to the Treasury Bench: "The strike off." My speech ended abruptly: the whole House rushed into the Lobby to ascertain details.

Details there were none; but the "sympathetic strike" was called off; Mr. Hodges resigned; the Triple Alliance was broken. How far the proceedings "upstairs" led to that result we shall never know; but I was the recipient of most gratifying, if unmerited, congratulations in the Lobbies, and on returning to Oxford received something like a "Roman triumph" as the conqueror of the Triple Alliance!

In the following session (1922) I gave active support to Mr. L. S. Amery, who as Colonial Secretary was responsible for the Empire Settlement Act. That measure was designed to stimulate migration, which since the war had ominously declined. I did everything in my power to excite interest in this matter by voice and pen both at the time and throughout all the years to come. Particularly have I deplored the overlapping activities of many societies devoted to the same object; at York I succeeded in getting the local



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TAKEN IN 1922

Photo: Hay Wrighton

branches of these societies to federate; but it must be confessed that the efforts of the legislature, of societies and of enthusiastic individuals have met with only partial success. The Farm Schools movement initiated by Kingsley Fairbridge and known by his name supplies, indeed, one brilliant exception to the record of failures. And on a small scale there are others.¹

These matters, highly important as they were, did not prevent my giving anxious thought to another problem which had for many years made a special appeal to me. The extreme section of Irish Nationalists had, in 1916, seized the opportunity of the World War to raise a rebellion in Ireland. The rebellion was crushed, but after the Armistice the condition of affairs in Southern Ireland went from bad to worse. Moreover, the Home Rule Act had been placed on the Statute-book by the Asquith Government in 1914, albeit with an amending Act deferring its operation until "the end of the war". The date now fixed was at hand: but it was unthinkable, especially after her sacrifices in the war, to betray Ulster to her enemies. Accordingly, in 1920, the Coalition Government produced yet another Home Rule Bill. Some of my Conservative friends, Edward Wood (Lord Halifax) among them, were in favour of some form of "Devolution", and in a speech, deemed by my friends the best I had thus far made in Parliament, I gave cautious support to their proposals. But no general agreement was obtainable in favour of a "federal" compromise. Accordingly, the Government Bill of 1920 proposed to set up two subordinate Parliaments in Ireland at Dublin and Belfast respectively, but preserve for both a quasi-federal connexion with England. In that connexion I moved an important amendment, seconded by Sir Edward Carson, proposing that to the Imperial Parliament should be reserved all such powers as were not specifically assigned to the Irish Parlia-

¹ For the Fairbridge Farm Schools experiment, cf. my article in the *Fortnightly* for September, 1940, and on the subject generally, my *Empire Settlement* (Clarendon Press), 1927.

ments. That is the Canadian plan. The Government preferred to follow the United States' precedent and give the subordinate Parliaments in Ireland all the powers not reserved to the Imperial Parliament. Of course I was beaten, and in the House of Lords, where Lord Selborne moved my amendment, it was not pressed. In the event Southern Ireland refused to work the Act. Ulster accepted and worked it, but only as a preferable alternative to the Act of 1914, which by the Act of 1920 was repealed.

Incidentally, my attitude on Irish questions in general cemented a friendship which I was coming increasingly to value with Sir Edward Carson. I found him one of the most lovable of men, wholly different from the Carson of legend and newspaper reports: not in the least truculent (except in the Senate and the Forum), but kindly and gentle. From this time until his death we often dined together, and he once brought his charming wife to stay with us in Oxford.

By 1921 the situation in Ireland had become wellnigh desperate. The R.I.C. and the "Black and Tans" were at a terrible disadvantage, face to face with a population which shielded their murderers; so England, tired of fighting, at last surrendered, and in December, 1921, concluded a "Treaty" with the rebels. A Bill embodying its terms was passed in March, 1922: Southern Ireland was to have the status of a Dominion like Canada. Ulster was given the option of contracting out of the new Dominion and without hesitation exercised it.

I was (and am) miserable about the whole transaction, but frankly I was not prepared with an alternative. I was not alone: "Most of the majority (who voted for the Bill) were miserable, and all the minority were furious." Such was the grim comment of Mr. Churchill, one of the signatories of the Treaty.

The Irish Treaty was, I believe, the fundamental cause of the break up of the Coalition, though other causes were contributory. Most historians attribute it to Mr. Lloyd George's unfortunate foreign policy, and in particular to

the Chanak crisis. As I was in the thick of the "Diehard revolt" against the Government, I was in a position to know the facts. Chanak perhaps brought matters to a head; but many Conservatives had long been uneasy about the domestic policy of the Government, and were resolved to stand, when the election came, definitely as Conservatives. By a large meeting of members of the House of Commons at the Carlton Club (19th October, 1922) that resolution, despite the appeals of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, was supported by an immense majority. Mr. Bonar Law formed a Government, largely from the ranks of the "second eleven", as F. E. Smith scornfully said, and at once appealed to the country, which gave him a majority of 79 over all parties combined. I stood again for Oxford City, but was decisively beaten by the late Mr. Frank Gray, a Liberal, the only son of Sir Walter Gray, my disappointed rival in 1917. But though the son avenged the father his own triumph was short-lived. After the election of 1923 he was unseated on petition. By that time I was member for York.

CHAPTER XVI

Entr'acte

POLITICAL EDUCATION. HOLIDAYS AND RECREATIONS

MY defeat at Oxford was a crushing blow. It added to my exasperation that had I, in 1917, declined the invitation to stand for the City, probably, in 1919, I should have had a safe and inexpensive seat for the University. Early in 1919 Mr. Prothero accepted a peerage; the University Conservatives were at a loss for a candidate, and though they ultimately got a distinguished member in Sir Charles Oman, I have reason to believe that had I been free I should have been selected. But after the compliment paid to a university man by the City in electing me in 1917, still more after my decisive victory in 1918, I felt it impossible to desert the City. Nor had I at that time much doubt that I could hold the seat indefinitely. I was aware that Mr. Frank Gray, who had been adopted as Liberal candidate, was assiduously nursing the constituency while I was working hard at Westminster. Still I could not but believe that my work in Parliament, where my position was now well established, was sufficiently recognized in Oxford to secure me against any candidate whatever his local popularity. I made a grave miscalculation. Although I spoke constantly in the constituency at week-ends, and attended many meetings and dinners and entertainments of all sorts, work in committee rooms at Westminster did not compensate for absence from smoking concerts and football grounds in Oxford.

The disappointment of defeat was much alleviated by the kindness of friends in Oxford, who assured me that all

the "better sort" went into mourning after my defeat, and not less by the letters from many colleagues in Parliament, who were seemingly as grieved as astonished at my rejection by Oxford. By these letters I was deeply touched, and the cordiality of my reception at the eve-of-the-session reception at Londonderry House really convinced me that the regret of my colleagues was as genuine as it was general.

Exclusion from Parliament was soon followed by extrusion from King's Cross when the Great Northern lost its separate existence under the Railways Amalgamation Scheme. Moreover, having decided to devote myself to Parliamentary work, I had in 1920 resigned the secretaryship to the University Extension Delegacy. That event was marked by a dinner organized in my honour in the hall of Wadham College, and attended by several of my closest Oxford friends as well as by a large number of my colleagues on the lecturing staff of the Delegacy, and by local secretaries from all parts of the country. At the dinner I received some splendid gifts of Georgian silver from my colleagues and the local secretaries, as well as a considerable sum, subscribed by the "centres", to be used at my discretion for the furtherance of our work. These gifts, and not less the kindly speeches at the dinner, touched me deeply.

By 1923, then, I seemed at rather a loose end. Unexpected leisure gave me the opportunity to embody in a substantial volume the substance of what I had for years been teaching on economic theory and practice. *Economics and Ethics*,¹ containing a profession of my own economic faith, was addressed to all those who wished to order their daily lives, in the home, the shop, in the factory or on the farm, in conformity with the highest ethical standards, or in more familiar words in accordance with the will of God. Many people were, I knew, sorely perplexed in mind, and gravely perturbed in conscience, by the apparent contradiction between ethical precepts and economic laws. My book was an expansion of many recent review articles,

¹ Methuen & Co., 1923.

notably one on "God and Mammon"¹ and another on "Ruskin's Economics"², as well as of an address delivered, at the invitation of my dear friend Leonard Burrows (Bishop of Sheffield) to the Church Congress of 1922. It was honestly intended as a help to tender consciences, and has, I trust, fulfilled its purpose.

In the summer of 1923 my dear daughter and only child, Cicely, married the Rev. Philip Selwyn Abraham, son of the Bishop of Derby. Her wedding in the cathedral at Oxford was memorable as a wonderful manifestation of the affection borne to her and her mother by the people of Oxford. Innumerable were the wedding presents, and still more remarkable was the packed cathedral and the affectionate crowd which filled Tom Quad as well. The wedding was remarkable also for a profusion of Bishops. The bridegroom's father and two uncles were Bishops, and among the guests were Michael Furse (Bishop of St. Albans), Bishop Shaw (Buckingham), and my dear friend Hubert Burge (Bishop of Oxford), who, with the Dean of Christ Church and my brother Frank, performed the ceremony. "How nice it is to see so many legs," was the somewhat cryptic remark made to me by the relict of yet another Bishop at the reception!

No sooner was one phase of activity closed to me than another opened. I continued, indeed, to give a few courses of Extension lectures down to the eve of my eightieth birthday (1939) and the coincident outbreak of the Hitler War. But from 1920 until 1929 I was even more deeply involved in a scheme for the political education of Conservative candidates, agents and workers.

Just before the session of 1920 ended our Scottish whip, Sir John Gilmour, had asked me to give a course of lectures at a summer school for Scottish Unionists. Lord Edmund Talbot, our chief whip, allowed and even urged me to go. To Moffat, accordingly, I went, and gave a course of ten lectures on "Some Problems of the Modern State, histori-

¹ *Hibbert Journal* (October, 1922). ² *Cornhill* (April, 1923).



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MY DAUGHTER

Photo: Lafayette

cally treated", as well as a public lecture in the town on the "Imperial Problem". At Moffat I was joined by my friend Harold Cox, Editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, who, at my suggestion, had been invited to give a course of ten lectures on present-day economic problems. Cox was a particularly lucid and vivacious writer and lecturer on economics; his lectures were a great success, and to me he was a delightful companion. He did not long survive the decease of *The Edinburgh* in 1929, and was evidently in failing health when we went (by chance) together on a cruise in the Mediterranean in 1934. By his death I lost a real and most congenial friend.

The Moffat school was attended by sixty to seventy people drawn from all classes, including some miners and cotton spinners. One or two members of Parliament paid us occasional visits, as did Sir Philip Stott, a Lancashire man, who was so much impressed by the work that, shortly afterwards, he purchased Overstone Park, once the seat of Lord Overstone, near Northampton, and put it at the disposal of the party for a residential college for Conservatives. Overstone was not in all ways suitable for the purpose. The house is a roomy, solid, ugly Victorian structure, but the gardens are lovely, and the place was endeared to me as having been the home of Lady Wantage.

A committee to deal with the venture, due entirely to the munificence of Sir Philip Stott, was set up at the Conservative Central Office; I became its chairman, and for six or seven years devoted much thought and labour to the educational organization of the college, as well as giving a great many courses of lectures myself. The audience was almost as varied as that of an Oxford summer meeting: parliamentary candidates, peeresses, party agents, working men and women. It was also exceptionally keen and stimulating to a lecturer, though to leave Euston early in the morning, give one or even two lectures, and get back to Westminster in the afternoon, as during the session I frequently did, was pretty hard work. But I thoroughly

enjoyed it, and the lectures, constantly repeated, I gave there formed the basis of my *magnum opus*, *The Mechanism of the Modern State*.¹ To that, much my biggest and most elaborate work, my studies on *Second Chambers* and *English Political Institutions* were preliminary, and in it I embodied much of what I had been teaching at Oxford for thirty-five years. The actual writing was, however, mostly done in the Library of the House of Commons. I adapted some parts of it for popular consumption in one of the Oxford World Manuals, a little book which, under the title of *How We Are Governed*, has had a very large sale.² The Philip Stott College at Overstone was given up in 1929, when the Central Conservative Office took over the whole work and has carried it on at Ashridge Park, a beautiful place presented to the party by Lord Broughton, as a memorial to his friend Bonar Law, by whose name the college is known.

Haunted by the fear that my readers should be misled into thinking that my life has been nothing but work, work, I am impelled at this point to interpose a few words about my holidays and recreations.

With relatively rare exceptions, my holidays have been spent in Great Britain and Ireland. As long as my dear mother lived, we generally went in summer to some delectable spot on the romantic coasts of Cornwall, North Devon, South Wales or Ireland. Once or twice my mother and I took a driving tour, in a ralli-cart drawn by a spirited cob of our own breeding. One particularly happy week I recall when we drove from Oxford to Cheshire, by way of the Cotswolds, Tewkesbury, Malvern, and then along Offa's dyke by Shrewsbury, Ludlow and Chirk to Chester. Many of the hotels were in those days (1890) far from comfortable, but lack of comfort was more than compensated by the absence of motors; we took our time: stopped when we

¹ Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2 Vols., 1927.

² Oxford University Press, 1928 (fourth edition, revised, 1938).

wanted: much of the way I walked, but a more enjoyable holiday, in lovelier country, I do not recall. Less successful was a holiday in 1891, when my dear mother took a house on Ulva's Isle off Mull. Of that holiday my chief recollection is rabbits, 'which since then I never eat without distaste.

After my marriage in 1891, summer holidays were mostly spent either with my mother at her new home in Surrey, or in visits to friends in Scotland, the English Lakes or Ireland. Many weeks in all we spent as the guests of Sir William and Lady Crossley at their beautiful place on the shores of Lake Windermere. By a curious coincidence Crossley was an old friend of my wife and her people in County Armagh, and both he and Lady Crossley were friends of mine in Altrincham. Crossley and his brother had migrated to England, and established in Manchester the well-known gas-engine business which yielded them a large fortune, largely spent in good works in Manchester, to which they gave not merely money, but devoted personal service. For a short time Crossley sat in Parliament, having in the Conservative debacle of 1906 turned Coningsby Disraeli out of the seat to which I had at one time aspired—the Altrincham Division of Cheshire. His heart, however, was not in politics, but in philanthropy and especially in temperance reform. Unlike most Ulstermen, he was a strong Radical, a Home Ruler and a free-trader. Quick tempered, he was the kindest of men, and as true a Christian as I ever knew. Only Christianity could account for the fact that he so patiently endured the presence in his domestic circle of a Tory whose combative instincts were not seldom aroused by his host's ardent radicalism.

In Scotland we were wont to stay with the Smythes of Methven, and later on with Sir Humphrey and Lady Leggett at more than one shooting lodge in Perthshire. In 1898 I varied my political missions to Ireland by a round of purely social visits. In the course of them we spent some time on the shores of Strangford Lough with the Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Ward, to whom my wife was greatly

attached, with their son-in-law Lord Dunleath at Ballywalter, and at Bellingham Castle in County Louth with the Bellinghams, other old friends of my wife. One incident of the latter visit I vividly recall, when I got stuck in one of the historic barrows for which that county is renowned, only to be rescued by the high-spirited daughter of the house! Her merriment at my predicament, due entirely to my bulk, was, I thought, a trifle unfeeling, but the greatest sufferer could not fail to condone the force applied by so charming a rescuer.

Once golf gripped me, as it did from 1899 onwards, my holiday destinations were determined by the opportunities offered for indulgence in that alluring but exasperating game. Gullane, with its own splendid links and those at North Berwick and Muirfield, was perhaps our favourite haunt, but sometimes I went farther north to Cruden Bay, Dornoch and even Thurso, where I once spent a delightful week as the guest of Mr. Pilkington of Sandside and played golf on links overlooking the angry seas which engulfed Lord Kitchener. In Wales my pleasantest recollection is of Harlech, where I often stayed with my dear friend Canon Field (once of Radley). One visit to Llys Tanwyg, his charming holiday home, I recall with special pleasure. We were a party of four men, only our host, Dr. Bate (now Dean of York), Bishop Robertson of Exeter, and myself. While the light lasted (it was midwinter) we played golf on the Harlech links. Then from tea-time to bed-time we had a symposium of the most brilliant talk I ever remember, most of it contributed by Bishop Robertson. No matter what subject was started (and we left few untouched), the Bishop was complete master of it, and his information was poured out with a precision equalled only by the lack of dogmatism with which he sustained his irrefutable argument. "Archie" Robertson was a truly great man, only deprived by a paralysing illness of the promotion to which he was clearly destined. He ended his days in retirement at Oxford, where I was happily able to see something of him.

One of my first golfing holidays was spent at Sheringham, where I played with Augustine Birrell, an almost worse golfer than I was. But I have always borne in mind his reassuring remark as I demonstrated my unskilfulness: "Never mind, Marriott, however well you learn to play, you will never play as well as a professional earning thirty bob a week." What would one of the plutocratic pros of to-day say to that, I wonder?

Sometimes in bed I try to count up the courses on which I've played, but I always lose count after sixty! Much of my golf was played on our own university links at Hincksey, Cowley and Radley: or a little farther afield at Frilford Heath and Huntercombe. At Huntercombe I generally played with my brother-in-law, the late Dr. H. Ross Todd, who married my only sister and had a charming old house near Huntercombe, Ipsden Manor, once the home of Charles Reade, the novelist. At Bournemouth I combined golf and lecturing, as I did in many other places, including Burnham-on-Sea, to which I also paid several holiday visits. I was generally joined there in *solitude à deux* with R. W. Macan. For nearly forty years Macan has been to me the most constant of friends, and to my literary work the most meticulous, the sternest and the kindest of critics. What I have owed to his exact scholarship, and still more to the unfailing encouragement he has given me in many spheres of work, words cannot express. Part of the debt is very inadequately acknowledged in many of my prefaces. I have a happy memory, too, of one or more Parliamentary golf handicaps and matches played at Sandwich and elsewhere, and of many a fight with my dear friend D. H. S. Cranage (now Dean of Norwich) on the precipitous heights of Church Stretton, and on the fine hills above Llandrindod Wells. So I owe more to golf than good exercise in fine air: most of all the deepening of my most valued friendships.

Such little skill at the game as I did attain was due to persistent practice on the rough links on the slopes of Broadway Hill. The links were close to an old farmhouse where

for ten of my busiest years at Oxford we spent most of our Easter and autumn holidays. The farm stood some 900 feet up on the windy ridge of the Cotswolds separating the two lovely towns of Broadway and Campden. It was an ideal holiday for my little girl, too quickly ceasing to be "little", as well as for my wife and me. We scoured that lovely but over-described country on foot, or on bicycles, or on horseback; we came to know and love it well, and my daughter went cubbing on those dark and cold autumnal mornings, under the charge of the Noel boys, sons of our nearest and kindest neighbours, Lord and Lady Gainsborough. Meanwhile, I played golf mostly with the Count de Navarro, who lived in one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful houses in Broadway, a fitting environment for his wife, Mary Anderson, one of the loveliest and sweetest women that ever graced for a while the English stage.

Of the professional theatre as well as of amateur theatricals I was in earlier days very fond. Many were the shows I organized for the benefit of local charities and our own amusement! Nor can I now count up the many parts I played in comedies, farces, and in the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. The last big show in which I took part was one organized in 1898 at Chester by Miss Cicely Parker, the accomplished daughter of the Duke of Westminster's Cheshire agent. The Parkers entertained the whole company for a week at their charming house at Eccleston; we played to big houses in Chester, and the result was a very substantial sum credited to the Chester Infirmary. Incidentally, we all had great fun, and I sacrificed my moustache to the exigencies of art! Not, however, permanently.

CHAPTER XVII

York

PARLIAMENT (1923-9)

The Maior of York with his Companie,
Were all in the fields I warrant ye,

.
For setting forth of archerie
As well as they do at London,
Yorke, Yorke, for my monie.

W. Elderton (1584).

FORTUNE is a fickle jade. She deserted me at Oxford in 1922, but I can the more easily forgive her since she sent me, in 1923, to York. Oxford was the bride of my youth; York has been the darling of my old age. From time immemorial York has been the capital of the North, and if England holds a nobler city I have yet to find it. Girt by its walls, punctuated by a series of "bars"; holding in its embrace the ruins, still splendid, of St. Mary's Abbey and St. Leonard's Hospital; with its ancient Guildhall and its imposing Castle; the Merchant Adventurers' and Merchant Taylors' Halls—all crowned by its superb Minster—York stands, in the eyes of all Yorkshiremen, pre-eminent. Though of Yorkshire ancestry I am a son of York only by adoption, yet my love for this noble city can hardly be exceeded by the native-born.

Down to 1918 York was represented by two members, and if importance were reckoned by anything but numbers, would have two members still. In 1923 her only remaining member, my friend Sir John Butcher (Lord Danesfort), retired, and thanks mainly to him I was invited to stand in his place at the General Election of 1923.

That election was precipitated by Mr. Baldwin's anxiety to obtain from the electorate a mandate in favour of the policy of Imperial Preference and Protection which he deemed indispensable to a restoration of commercial prosperity. Baldwin had played a courageous and effective part in the Conservative revolt of 1922, had become Chancellor of the Exchequer in Bonar Law's Ministry, and when, in May, 1923, the latter resigned, King George V appointed him Prime Minister. That was one of the rare occasions when the selection of a Prime Minister was actually made by the Sovereign. A more obvious choice would have been Lord Curzon. So long as the other Conservative leaders were self-excluded from office by their continued adherence to Lloyd George, Curzon was clearly, in experience and distinction, the first man in the Party. But he was in the House of Lords, his aloofness militated against his popularity in the Party, and the King (though with the utmost consideration for his wounded feelings) passed him over in favour of Baldwin. Poor Curzon was (as I know) bitterly disappointed; the more so as (by inadvertence) he was led to believe that the King intended to appoint him. Though far too proud and too courageous to betray his chagrin, Curzon never, I believe, recovered from the shock, accentuated as it was by his exclusion, in 1924, from the Foreign Office. It must, indeed, be confessed that he had been less successful as Foreign Secretary than his friends hoped, and, though his relative failure was due mainly to the curious relations between the Foreign Office and Lloyd George's "Kindergarten", Baldwin was probably right in appointing Austen Chamberlain to supersede him.

To get back to the election of 1923. I was opposed at York by a Liberal and also by a Socialist, both Oxford men, and, after a very pleasant though strenuous contest, was returned by a comfortable majority, to the great relief of the York Conservatives, who feared lest Butcher's retirement might lose us the seat in a constituency which had, down to 1918, consistently returned at least one Liberal.

That we did not lose it was largely due to the splendid help which all through the election Butcher gave me. On Baldwin's retirement in January, 1924, Butcher was fitly rewarded with a peerage, and a knighthood was conferred upon his successor. My election at York, and its sequel, caused great delight among my old friends at Oxford, and I was cordially welcomed by old colleagues on my return, after so brief an absence, to Westminster. The more so, perhaps, as the response to Baldwin's demand for a mandate was not too favourable. The Conservative representation in Parliament was reduced from 347 to 259, though the Conservatives remained the largest single Party in the House. The two Liberal groups, temporarily reconciled, aggregated 158; the Labour-Socialists numbered 191. The situation was confused, but the confusion was relieved by Mr. Asquith's decision to combine with the Socialists to turn the Tories out. His decision was hotly canvassed at the time, but was probably due partly to his dread of Protection, partly to his inclination to give the Socialists an experience of office under conditions where they could not do much harm.

As a result Ramsay Macdonald, combining, like Lord Salisbury, the Premiership and the Foreign Office, became head of the first Socialist Ministry in England. His Government existed, however, on sufferance, and the sufferance lasted only nine months.¹

I thoroughly enjoyed the session of 1924. It was a great joy to be back in the House; for the first (and only) time in my parliamentary experience I was definitely in "opposition"; without disloyalty I could attack ministers to whom I was opposed, and I had a unique slice of luck. For two weeks running I won the first place in the ballot for "Private members' motions", and so got the opportunity of bringing forward two matters in which I was particularly interested. The first motion was on national expenditure, and Mr.

¹ I analysed the significance of the 1923 Election and the advent of Labour to office in *The Fortnightly* for January.

Sidney Webb, President of the Board of Trade, replied to me. The second was on the parlous condition of migration to the Dominions. That night our whips had difficulty in "keeping a House" for me. There was a State Ball in honour of the King and Queen of Italy at Buckingham Palace. My wife had gone to it at 10 o'clock; I could only join her later. My chief recollections of the Ball are a diminutive King of Italy leading our stately Queen Mary into supper; Ramsay Macdonald, a dignified figure in the full dress of a Privy Councillor, leading in the Duchess of Atholl; and the Prince of Wales dancing (rather obviously) according to the dictates of duty rather than pleasure. But the scene in the Palace, with the uniforms and orders, British and foreign, was unforgettably splendid.

During that short Parliament I was working hard and speaking much on a scheme for Comprehensive National Insurance. Convinced that a sense of *insecurity* among wage earners was at the root of "labour" unrest, I wanted to insure all wage earners not only against sickness, accidents, and unemployment, and also to provide *contributory* pensions for their widows and children. I believed that all these benefits might be secured in a single comprehensive scheme which would abolish the need for the Poor Law, greatly reduce the costs of administration of the social services, and in other ways secure greater benefits to the recipients at less cost to the State. The scheme attracted much attention. I expounded it in *The Fortnightly*¹ and other reviews and papers, also, by their request, at the Conservative Women's Annual Conference, where the scheme was cordially received at a great meeting in London. Finally, the Party leaders invited me to serve on a committee of the "Shadow Cabinet", where the scheme was submitted to careful examination by Neville Chamberlain, Edward Wood (Lord Halifax), Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Laming Worthington Evans, the Party's expert on insurance. I actually introduced a Bill on the subject for the drafting

¹ For March, 1923.

of which the Party gave me the services of the official draftsman; a report on the scheme was obtained from the official actuary, but as that report convinced me that the actuarial basis of the scheme (which had been supplied to me by a Liberal colleague) was unsound, I regretfully withdrew my Bill. Part of my scheme—relating to contributory pensions for widows and children—was afterwards incorporated by Mr. Churchill in his Budget of 1925. But, divorced from its place in the “comprehensive” scheme which I had (too hopefully) adumbrated, contributory pensions, whatever their social value, have proved terribly costly to the State.

The Macdonald Government had a short life and not a merry one. In administration the Socialists had to some extent a free hand, but, as at Poplar, they soon found themselves up against the law, and laws they could neither amend nor repeal without the leave of the Liberals. Nor was the position of the Liberals—the “patient oxen”—any too comfortable. Russia brought the Government down. Defeated by a combination of Liberals and Tories in Parliament, Macdonald at once appealed to the country; but the “Zinoviev letter” destroyed any chance of success for the Socialists, who secured only 151 seats against 413 secured by the Tories. But, curiously enough, the portent of the election was the annihilation of the Liberal Party. They counted only 40 in the new House. Asquith was defeated at Paisley, and before long went to the Lords. Accepting the verdict of the electorate, Macdonald at once resigned, and Baldwin again took office as Prime Minister, including in his ministry those who, like Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead, had in 1922 “gone into the wilderness” with Lloyd George. He offered office also to my friend Sir Robert Horne, but Horne, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer (1920–2), very naturally refused a less important office. To the Treasury, however, Baldwin had decided to appoint Mr. Winston Churchill, who was, in my judgment, less successful in that than in any of the many great offices he has filled. Perhaps I am prejudiced

as I came into rather frequent conflict with him on finance, but my opinion was shared by others—perhaps (since I have stated it comparatively) by himself.

My own position in that Parliament was rather an uneasy one. It is certainly irksome to be a unit in a huge ministerial majority, and I too often found myself at issue with the Government and sometimes even in the Lobby against them. But my uneasiness was not due, as unkind critics suggested, to my exclusion from office. It is perfectly true that my friends were disappointed and surprised that office was not offered to me. But that surprise I can most honestly aver was not shared by me. I never expected office. That I should have liked it, provided it was a congenial one such as the Colonies or the Treasury, I do not deny. But I quite understood that one of the junior offices, which for young men may be stepping stones, could hardly with decency have been offered to a man of sixty-five with a long record of administrative (though not ministerial) work behind him, and who might have proved a difficult colleague to a chief much junior to himself. No; emphatically, I had not expected office: though, to be frank, neither my friends nor I would have been surprised had it been offered to me.

Nor was surprise confined to my friends. An eminent Liberal peer, writing to a very clever friend of his (and mine) who was contemplating transferring his allegiance from the Liberals to the Conservatives, dissuaded him on the ground that the Tories had no use for brains. "Look," he said, "at the way they've treated Marriott." Though I did not share his surprise, I cannot forbear to quote an opinion so detached in origin, and so indirect in destination. Moreover, it may well be that consciousness that such views were prevalent made me, not I hope captious, but rather self-conscious in this Parliament; and there is nothing more fatal to effectiveness than self-consciousness, whatsoever its origin.

This "Baldwin Parliament" (for Baldwin's supremacy

over it was quite undisputed) contained a large proportion of very able young men, many of whom have since attained political eminence. And it did some solid work. It gave substantial preferences to Empire products, imposed further safeguarding duties, amended many times the Unemployment Insurance Scheme, gave contributory pensions to widows and orphans, restored (to the dismay of the industrialists) the Gold (Exchange) Standard, relieved agriculture and industry by a Rating and Valuation Act, transformed the electrical industry, and drastically overhauled, not always to its advantage, the whole machinery of local government.

Any relief accruing to local taxation by derating was necessarily transferred to the Exchequer, which could ill bear additional burdens. The Income Tax had, indeed, been gradually reduced between 1922 and 1929 from 6s. to 4s. in the £, and just before the election of 1929 Mr. Churchill, in a vain attempt to catch votes, abolished the tea duty, but taxation still remained terribly oppressive, though it certainly did less to retard the hoped-for recovery in trade than the prevalence of industrial unrest. Of that unrest, despite Royal Commissions and heavy subsidies from the State, the coal trade continued to be the centre.

On 30th April, 1926, the State subsidy to the coal trade ceased. On 1st May the General Committee of the Trade Union Congress announced a General Strike in support of the miners to begin on Monday, 3rd May.

At midnight of that Monday it began: it ended in the unconditional surrender of the strikers on 12th May. Of the hectic events of those ten days I have written elsewhere.¹

During the General Strike the House sat daily and was always crowded. Day after day in his usual place "over the clock" in the Peers Gallery sat the Prince of Wales, a solemn, deeply interested spectator of our proceedings. I

¹ In *The European Tragedy*, Chap. V; more briefly in *Modern England*, pp. 519-21. For my contemporary impressions, see "—And After?" (*Fortnightly* for June, 1926).

was present, of course, continuously, though means of transit were lacking. Fortunately I had not far to go, as I lived, throughout almost the whole of my time in Parliament, in Belgrave Square with my very good friend Pandeli Ralli. Ralli was a bachelor with a large house and a great dislike of solitude. Lord Kitchener had made Ralli's house his home during his rare visits to England, and after Kitchener went to the War Office, and was accommodated by the King with a house in St. James's Palace, Ralli asked me to take Kitchener's place in Belgrave Square. For me it was a most happy arrangement.

The General Strike completely collapsed on 12th May. The plans well prepared by the Government for meeting the emergency worked without a hitch: the community at large backed the efforts of the executive with splendid zeal and untiring good humour, and their joint victory, though complete, left little bitterness behind it. In the House of Commons the most dramatic moment was reached during a deeply impressive speech by Sir John Simon. That great lawyer authoritatively declared that the General Strike was illegal and the funds of the unions, as well as the personal possessions of those taking part in it, were liable to attachment for damages. The effect of this pronouncement was devastating. The faces of the Socialists, and especially their wealthier leaders, clearly betrayed the terror it inspired, and palpably writhing under Simon's remorseless reasoning, they fled precipitately from the Chamber. It was Simon's greatest moment in Parliament, and the whole scene is unforgettable.

CHAPTER XVIII

Last Days in Parliament

WESTMINSTER AND YORK

BALDWIN was most anxious to avert any feeling of rancour and any tendency towards recrimination or exultation. But his Party were resolved to take legislative precautions against a recurrence of revolution and at the same time to remove a grave injustice under which Conservative trade unionists had too long been allowed to suffer. Those were the main objects of the Trade Disputes Act of 1927. The Act did nothing to hinder trade unionists from subscribing to a "political levy" for the support of candidates and the payment of members of their own way of thinking. But no one who declined to subscribe to it was thereby to be deprived of his right to "benefit". An Act of 1913 had, indeed, permitted "contracting out" of the political levy. The Act of 1927 substituted the principle of "contracting in". I strongly supported the Bill of 1927, which seemed to me to be based on elementary justice; but it was keenly resented, for obvious reasons, by the Socialists, and undoubtedly was a main cause of our defeat in industrial constituencies in 1929.

Another highly contentious measure was one introduced at the instance of the Church Assembly—the representative body of the Established Church—for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. "Protestantism", though it has of late lost ground in ecclesiastical circles, is one of the deepest instincts of the English people. The introduction of the Prayer Book measure aroused a great agitation. The revised Book was represented as a "step towards Rome".

The fears of the Protestants were, no doubt, grossly exaggerated; much of the revision was admirable in intention and effect, but in the first edition presented to Parliament there was enough to excite apprehension among anti-ritualists. In 1927 the measure was carried, mainly through the influence of Archbishop Davidson, in the Lords, but rejected in the Commons. Reintroduced, with some amendments, into the House of Commons, it was again, amid a scene of immense excitement, rejected.

On both occasions, and in both Chambers, the debates were maintained at a level which, in my experience, was absolutely unique. On both sides, speakers approached the subject with a deep sense of its serious import not for the "Church" only, but for the whole nation. Not without grave misgivings I voted in favour of revision, but I could not fail to recognize that the House of Commons showed itself worthy of its claim to represent the religious feelings of the great mass of Britons, irrespective of "Denominations". The idea that the House of Commons exceeded its competence in deciding an issue "primarily ecclesiastical" seemed to me inconsistent with the existence of the "Establishment". Opposed as I am strongly to Disestablishment not less than to Disendowment, my fear was that the rejection of the measure might lead to an irresistible demand for Disestablishment. Happily that result has not ensued: the dread of it determined my vote, though, unfortunately, I did not get the chance which I eagerly sought, of explaining that vote in the House. A crowd of members were equally anxious and more entitled to speak, and though my name was given in by the sponsors of the measure, I failed to "catch the Speaker's eye".

After the division I happened to walk away with the two Archbishops—Dr. Davidson and Dr. Lang. Both were friends of mine—Dr. Lang much the older one, but I had come to like Dr. Davidson very much as well. The two had sat without moving side by side throughout the long debate, closely observant of all its changing phases and deeply

concerned in the issue. Of the two Lang seemed to me much the more perturbed by the defeat of the measure, but he thanked me warmly for the vote I had given. He was not unaware that his own urgent request had largely influenced me. Dr. Davidson very soon afterwards resigned his see and received a peerage, an appropriate, if not unique, honour for a great man who, while devoted to the interests of the Church, was also a great statesman. Dr. Lang was his inevitable successor, and at his own wish I attended his enthronement in the great church at Canterbury. Having attended a political dinner at York on the previous evening, I was able to reach Canterbury on time only by a night journey and the virtual sacrifice of breakfast. But it was well worth the effort. The ceremony was most solemn and stately, and the Archbishop's fine address in perfect unison with it. By a curious coincidence I was present also, a few weeks later, at the hardly less stately ceremony when I sat next another friend, Dr. William Temple, when he was enthroned as Archbishop of York.

At Westminster I had been very busy. To a Socialist (private member's) motion I had been selected to move an amendment, and if Ronald McNeill, who was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, was to be believed, it was one of the most effective speeches I made in Parliament. Certainly I never felt more at home with the House, and seemingly my chaff of the Socialists was as much enjoyed by opponents as by friends. But in truth, though I attacked their nostrums at every opportunity, the Labour members were as a whole very friendly, and from none of my former colleagues do I receive a more cordial welcome on the rare occasions when I revisit the "Lobby", or get a seat in the "Distinguished Strangers' Gallery". On one such occasion during a Budget debate, I had the curious experience of hearing Mr. Lambert, an old member unaware of my presence, refer eulogistically to my efforts for economy. Never shall I forget his surprise when his speech was interrupted by cries from several members who had spied me,

"He's up there now." "Well," retorted Lambert, "I wish he was down here." So did I.

A speech which I recall without dissatisfaction was one on the rather abstract topic of our legislative methods and forms. I had long been deeply concerned about the increasing recourse to legislation by delegation, the practice of reducing statutes to mere *cadres*, and leaving it to the departments to do the real work of detailed legislation by *orders* of various kinds which go into operation with a minimum of attention or control by Parliament. I have discussed this mischievous—if convenient—method of legislation in an article "Whitehall and Westminster" in *The Edinburgh Review* for January, 1928, but my speech, though it elicited a cordial compliment from Sir Rennell Rodd (now Lord Rennell) and a reply from the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, was delivered to an empty House in a dying Parliament on the motion for the Easter Adjournment. Consequently it attracted less attention than I had hoped, and the substance of it undeniably deserved. It was my last speech in Parliament.

A much more noticed speech on a topic of much greater immediate importance was that made on the historic Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926. But for my persistence that document, one of the most important in the whole history of the British Empire, would never have been discussed in the Imperial Parliament. Owing to the rules governing procedure—to the grossly unfair disadvantage of Government back-benchers—I got my opportunity only in 1928, and then only by the courtesy of the chief Liberal whip, who put at my disposal half a sitting which the Liberal opposition did not want for a motion of their own. My friend and next-door neighbour (in the House), Sir Henry Cowan, whispered to me as I sat down, "There is not another man in the House who could have made that speech." With all modesty, I believe that was true. The subject—the constitutional relations between the Mother Country and the Dominions—was one of which I had made

a real study, and on which I could speak and did with some authority. The reply made by Amery, as Secretary of State, seemed to me very unconvincing. My speech, I may add, attracted much more attention in the Dominions than in England.

The Parliament elected in 1924 was by this time nearing its term. Directly the new register necessitated by the Equal Franchise (popularly known as "the Flappers'") Act was ready, Parliament was dissolved. By successive Acts the electorate had been increased from 1,000,000 in 1832 to 28,850,000 in 1929, and in May, 1929, over 80 per cent of the voters went to the polls. I had warned the Party leaders that the enfranchisement of the "Flappers" in the chocolate factories in York would cost us the seat. It did. Not York only, where I was heavily defeated in a straight fight by a Socialist, but in practically every factory town in the north of England, Conservative candidates failed to hold their seats. Southern England somewhat redressed the balance, but in the new Parliament the Socialists numbered 287 against 260 Conservatives. Baldwin at once resigned, and Macdonald came in for a second time, but again without a clear majority.

My defeat was a great disappointment to me and my friends in York, but it was less of a surprise and less bitter than my defeat in 1922 at Oxford. This time, however, there was no recovery for me: it was the end of my active political career. Had I not withdrawn I should, of course, have regained the seat only two years later, when disaster overtook the Socialists. But in 1931 I was over seventy, and though I did not lack energy, I was not prepared to repeat the experience of 1922-4 when I had fought three hard contests in three years. Moreover, a modern constituency with its enormous electorate makes great demands upon a member. You are expected to be in continuous attendance in Parliament and simultaneously to be present at every kind of local function. Yorkshiremen proverbially like good food and plenty of it, and I have quite failed to reckon up

the number of dinners I attended: splendid banquets given by the local associations of doctors and lawyers down to much less *recherché* but not less hearty dinners in humble hostelrys. And, of course, every dinner meant a speech. But it was all very much worth while. Never shall I cease to remember gratefully the kindly welcome I everywhere received.

Nor were there lacking more formal ceremonials. A great event which I and my wife, of course, attended in June, 1928, was the visit of the Duke of York and his charming Duchess to York for the purpose of unveiling the lovely Five Sisters' Window in the Minster restored in Memory of the 1400 Women of the Empire who gave their lives in the War, 1914-18, and also the City War Memorial. Both Asquith and Lloyd George received the Freedom of the City—on separate occasions!—and to the ceremonies and banquets in their honour I was, of course, bidden. Asquith, though by then a sick man, gave a most polished and touching address, and I have not forgotten his words of thanks to me for travelling from London to do honour to him. At the banquet to Lloyd George it fell to me to propose the health of our latest freeman—a rather delicate task in view of the active part I had played in his overthrow a few years earlier. However, I surmounted the difficulty sufficiently to earn, I believe, his gratitude, and certainly that of his wife, who, with tears in her eyes, thanked me for what I had said of her husband.

So that was well. Less formal but more important politically were the annual banquets of the Conservative Club and Conservative Association, for which I was generally able to secure some distinguished guest. Once I took down Lord Peel, once Sir Boyd Merriman, then Solicitor-General, once Lord Salisbury—all personal friends as well as Party leaders. Lord Salisbury's visit is specially memorable because we both spent a delightful week-end with the Archbishop (Lang) at Bishopsthorpe. We three had not been together since Oxford days, forty years before: and greatly

we all (I believe) enjoyed the reunion. The renewal of friendship with the Archbishop was a great pleasure to me, and it was fortunate, too, that both the Deans of my day in York, Foxley Norris and Lionel Ford, were friends of mine. After Dr. Foxley Norris came to Westminster I gave a little dinner party in his honour and that of General Sir Charles Harington, who when in Command at York had shown me great courtesy. Among my other guests were Lord Danesfort, my predecessor in York; Lord Byng of Vimy, an intimate friend of "Tim" Harington's, whom he had not met, I think, since Flanders days. Baldwin, too, was there. It was only a small party and quite without ceremony, but Baldwin (as I learnt) greatly enjoyed his talk with two distinguished soldiers, and his simple and obvious enjoyment was much appreciated alike by his host and his fellow guests.

Happy memories! And all intertwined with York! Nor do I ever, to this day, neglect an excuse for revisiting the city of my adoption.

CHAPTER XIX

The Music of Words

ORATORY: PULPIT, PLATFORM, PARLIAMENTARY;
AND PROSE

In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. . . .
The lips of the righteous feed many. Proverbs, x. 19-21.

Be not rash with thy mouth . . . let thy words be
few. Ecclesiastes, v. 2.

THE warning given in the Sacred Books has constantly resounded in my ears. Having scribbled much and spoken often, from the lecture desk, the platform, in Parliament, and (very rarely) from the pulpit, the responsibility attaching to the written and spoken word has not, I trust, been lost upon me. But it is mainly with other people's words that this chapter is concerned. To the music of words I have always been particularly susceptible, though the torrent of words poured forth by a Knox-Little, or even (in a higher class) by Scott-Holland has been apt to leave me cold. Among best-remembered sermons have been those by preachers like the late Dean Burgon, who was incisive rather than eloquent, and by many of the King's chaplains, who, preaching in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, speak with the directness, brevity, and simplicity characteristic of men who wear, as a rule, rows of war-medals. But what has most deeply impressed is the sheer goodness of these simple and manly men of God.

It was not, however, merely a zest for oratory but a life-long interest in Divinity which made me at Oxford a regular attendant at university sermons, and still takes me, in London, to the Chapel Royal. My father, had he lived,

would have tried to make me a parson. My mother shared his hope, nor, as already mentioned, was I myself at one time disinclined to the idea. My mother's hopes were, however, satisfied, if diverted, by my brother Frank's decision to take Orders. He has made a far better parson than I should. So the Church has been the gainer. But my decision not to take Holy Orders has never abated my interest in matters ecclesiastical, especially in the relations between Church and State. This led me in my early graduate days to join Hensley Henson in a crusade in the Oxfordshire villages against Disestablishment.

Nor can anyone alive have "sat under" so many different preachers. Two university sermons—each of sixty minutes weekly—and a bi-terminal one in the college chapel was my regular habit in early days in Oxford! I was also occasionally beguiled to go and hear R. F. Horton or Dr. Glover of Cambridge in a Congregational chapel. In the Chapel Royal, too, where the sermons are strictly limited in length, we have a different preacher each Sunday—half by Bishops (many of them, according to Dean Inge, "Court Chaplains of Democracy"), half by King's chaplains. So I have never suffered from monotony, nor, let me honestly add, from satiety.

At Oxford I usually sampled the Bampton lectures, but often found the profundity of their theological scholarship beyond me, though I recall some of those given by Dr. Hatch, Dr. Inge, Archdeacon Hutton (afterwards Dean of Winchester), and Dr. Sanday. But the only Bampton lectures that I heard from start to finish were those of W. H. Fremantle (afterwards Dean of Ripon) and Bishop Boyd-Carpenter of Ripon. The former were on "The World as the Subject of Redemption", the latter on "Comparative Religion". Bishop Boyd-Carpenter delivered all eight lectures, each of sixty minutes, without a single note. In that good Bishop's later years we made friends: I stayed with him at Ripon; he lectured for me at Oxford, and I for him to the Dante Society in London. With his great vocabulary, his melli-

fluous voice and perfect elocution, he was certainly one of the greatest pulpit orators I ever heard. Another great orator (many would say a greater) was Archbishop Magee (of York). His speech in the Lords on Gladstone's Irish Church Disestablishment Bill is still worth studying, not merely for its eloquence, but for its statesmanlike prevision. Hardly inferior to it in both respects was that of another Irishman, ex-Lord Chancellor Hugh Cairns, on "Gladstone's Surrender to the Boers after Majuba". I remember another great oratorical effort in the Lords—the late Duke of Argyll on "Gladstone's Umbrella". But far the greatest speech I personally ever heard in the Lords—and I heard all the great speeches in the Prayer Book debate—was one by F. E. Smith, then Lord Chancellor and Earl of Birkenhead.

"F.E." had lately made a bitter attack upon my friend Carson, recently appointed a law-lord, because he had in F.E.'s judgment violated convention by making a political speech on behalf of his and my friend Ronald McNeill. Carson, already embittered against "Galloper Smith", some time Ulster Covenanter, owing to his share in the Irish Treaty, went down to the House of Lords and delivered a most elaborate, fully documented, and carefully prepared defence of his conduct. I was there, and watched the two gladiators closely. The Lord Chancellor made not a single note during Carson's long and closely reasoned speech, but the moment the latter finished "F.E." rose and delivered an equally closely reasoned reply, taking up each of Carson's points in order, without a single hesitation.

I happened to walk away from the House with Lord Findlay, himself an ex-Lord Chancellor. "That was a wonderful speech of F.E.'s," I remarked. "The most wonderful speech I ever heard," was Findlay's reply. Carson was not quite happy as a Judge of the Supreme Appellate tribunal. He was essentially an advocate—perhaps the greatest of our time—and I deeply regretted his absence from the House of Commons. So, I think, did he; but the

Irish Treaty had broken his heart. Of other speakers in the Lords, Lord Lansdowne was the most finished I have heard, though Curzon was a greater orator in the grand manner, perfect in equipment and cultivation. Bishop Henson, too, has the grand manner, but lacks Curzon's voice, and is too brilliant to be wholly sympathetic or persuasive.

Oratory is, in fact, at a discount to-day, to some extent on the platform, to a greater in the pulpit, and most of all in Parliament. I once heard Baldwin describe rhetoric as "the harlot of the arts". He has certainly never toyed with that harlot himself, though I have heard him make at least two deeply impressive speeches: that on "Peace in our Time" turned my vote, and I think many others. His speech after the collapse of the General Strike was hardly less good, and best of all, I suppose (though I did not hear it), was that on the abdication of Edward VIII—a most delicate affair which he handled with a combination of firmness and tact truly admirable. I have heard him quite excellent also on the platform. He has a rare power of gaining the sympathy of his audience, and if not a great orator, he is certainly a great artist in words, and in imagination a real poet.

His predecessor, Bonar Law, had neither voice nor presence for the platform, but his style was exactly suited to the House of Commons. He had a remarkable memory, especially for figures, could make apt quotations—chiefly Burke. I have heard him make a long budget speech with no more notes than you could write on the back of an envelope, and he was perhaps the best debater in recent Parliaments. To hear him after he had patiently listened, as Leader of the House, to a debate for five or six hours, summarize the arguments on both sides, without a note but in perfect order, and with complete clarity, was a wonderful example of real aptitude for debate. Arthur Balfour had all the charm of manner, voice, and enunciation that Bonar Law lacked, and though one was always doubtful

whether he could ever disentangle his sprawling sentences he invariably did, and his dialectical skill was masterly. Asquith, too, was invariably adroit, but with a fine voice and a power of concise expression which betokened the classical scholar, was more effective in set speeches than in debate. Both Chamberlains, Austen and Neville, were very neat debaters, but neither had any pretensions to oratory. For perfect clarity in exposition Sir Gordon (now Lord) Hewart, was surely unequalled, though in that regard Sir Douglas Hogg (Lord Hailsham) ran him close, and in vigour as a party debater was his superior. But Hewart was a great lawyer, not essentially a politician: Hogg was both. Sir Charles (Lord) Cave was the most gently persuasive speaker I ever heard in the House. Masterly was his conduct of the Franchise Bill of 1918 in committee, making you feel that it was nicer to be opposed by him than supported by anyone else!

Of the great orators of the last generation I heard John Bright only once, on the platform at Manchester, and I was greatly disappointed. Gladstone also I heard only once, when he gave the first Romanes lecture at Oxford. In voice and in rotundity of diction he was superb, but on that occasion was greatly annoyed by a huge ear-trumpet, like to an extra-size trombone or a great elephant's trunk, pushed almost up to his mouth by a deaf old clergyman determined to miss not a syllable of the great man's address. But of many fine Romanes lecturers Bishop Creighton was the finest I heard. A first-rate historical scholar, with a good voice and presence, he had a perfect command of the technique of the lecturer, which, so far as my experience goes, many great scholars and men of science painfully lack. As a critical lecturing colleague of mine once remarked, after the "failure" of one great man after another at a summer school: "It's as much as you can expect of a great man if he can read and write; you can't expect him to be able to talk."

Of Irish orators in the House of Commons, David

Plunkett was said to be the greatest in the last generation. In mine, John Dillon was tremendous on the platform, but in Parliament, sardonic and grim. John Redmond was fluent; but far their most effective debater was "Tim" Healy, and their readiest wit "Jerry" MacVeigh. Once Jerry is said to have exclaimed (I did not witness the incident), on seeing a rebellious but repentant Unionist walking to his seat in the House: "Ah! here comes the prodigal son." Immediately after him came Sir William Bull, small and rotund in figure. "Ah!" said Jerry, "and here comes the fatted calf." But the good story (for which I do not vouch) loses half its point unless you knew Jerry's strong Irish accent. The departure of the Irish Nationalists was a great loss to the gaiety of the House, though Fred. Maquisten, with his broad Scots, was wittier than any Irishman, and Mr. Maxton could keep the House lively and amused, though as a body the Socialists were strangely lacking in a sense of humour.

Of oratory in the exalted sense there has been little of late years in the House of Commons. "Eloquence," as Herbert Fisher has observed, "is no doubt a valuable gift, but it is not necessary for political success. Pompous eloquence is out of fashion. The kind of speech to which our legislators like to listen is such as the shareholders of a company expect from the chairman of the board." That is shrewdly said; but there were in my time a few exceptions. The most notable were the few great speeches made by Lloyd George in the later years of the World War. He had, of course, all the endowments of a great orator: though small of stature he had a fine head, a face which could express every emotion—hatred, scorn, friendliness or amusement—an exquisitely modulated voice, a keen sense of humour, a gift of happy illustration, and a wonderful power of adapting his manner of speech to the particular occasion and the actual audience. Lloyd George was, I hold, a really great man in 1916-8, not unworthy of comparison with Chatham, and displaying similar gifts. "Say what you like about

'L.G.,' said F. E. Smith to me at luncheon one day at the height of the crisis in 1917, "but there he is surrounded by a crew of elderly mediocrities and he never loses courage for an instant." I had, indeed, said nothing, but I did repeat the story when proposing L.G.'s health at York, and I shall never forget his expression of grim assent when I uttered the words "elderly mediocrities". So clearly did his face say: "By Heavens, they were." Winston Churchill, too, can rise to great heights of eloquence, with gifts equal to though dissimilar from Lloyd George's, and a vocabulary more opulent than any other I have encountered. He makes amazingly good use, also, of a natural defect of utterance. The finest speech I ever heard in the House was Lord Hugh Cecil's in opposition to a clause in the Franchise Bill of 1918, withholding the vote from conscientious objectors. Though opposed to their views he passionately resisted, on the highest grounds of freedom of thought, their exclusion from the rights of citizenship. The speech was an example of the highest type of eloquence, and had a greater influence, I believe, on the subsequent vote than any other made in my time in Parliament.

What would Lord Hugh have been in the pulpit had he taken Holy Orders? The question naturally occurs to one who has heard nearly all the great, as well as the most popular, preachers of his time. Among "popular" preachers Canon Farrar and Page-Roberts were perhaps the greatest of their respective days. But in the only sermon I heard the latter preach he made a mistake very common to parish clergymen preaching before the university: he deserted his own accustomed style and tried to "preach up to" a supposedly learned congregation. Of course the effort was a failure. As I heard one priggish undergraduate say to another on leaving the church: "Wasn't that a truly 'Cambridge' sermon?" Years afterwards Page-Roberts told me, when I was his guest at the Deanery at Salisbury, that he was terribly conscious of failure: he was terrified of his audience, so different from that which he knew how

to talk to in his own church. Among fine preachers particularly well suited to a university audience I should place among the finest Dean Church of St. Paul's, three great Cambridge scholars, Lightfoot and Westcott, successively Bishops of Durham, and Dean Armitage-Robinson, and two Bishops of Oxford, Francis Paget and Charles Gore. Among these, Bishop Gore was, I think, the greatest. His fine scholarship, resonant voice and clear enunciation, not least his essential goodness, gave him a power, rarely excelled, over a cultivated audience. But perhaps the greatest preacher of his day was Canon Liddon. I heard him pretty often, but the sermon I best remember was his last. It was a closely reasoned but passionate denunciation of *Lux Mundi*, a famous collection of essays edited by Charles Gore. What it cost Liddon to find himself compelled in conscience to utter that protest against a work written by men who were mostly his own intimate friends and ecclesiastical disciples was evident to all his hearers. Of Bishops—equally good for any congregation—I think of Bishop Fraser of Manchester, Jayne of Chester, Gibson of Gloucester, Lovett (the Bishop of Salisbury) and Fisher of London (both happily with us still), and our two Archbishops of York and Canterbury. The latter, with his fine presence and magnificent voice, is perhaps the most perfect elocutionist I ever heard. Never shall I forget his reading of the lesson from Ecclesiasticus at Bonar Law's funeral in the Abbey, when by a curious coincidence the two Archbishops—both of Scottish Presbyterian origin—took part in the funeral service for a Presbyterian Premier.

The two most *appropriate* sermons I ever heard were both preached on a Commemoration Sunday at Oxford. One was by Archbishop Davidson, who in June, 1919, preached on the text, "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other". What the critics of the Treaty of Versailles (many of them most unfair) would have made of that sermon I don't know. My own view has always been that the Treaty was far less unrighteous than has commonly been admitted.

The other sermon was by Bishop Ridding of Southwell (formerly a great headmaster of Winchester). He preached from a text supplied by Byron's "There was a sound of revelry by night, &c.", on the Ball and the Battle. Like the men present at the Duchess of Richmond's historic ball, the Oxford undergraduates were about to plunge into the battle (of life), after the Balls of Commemoration week. Further point was given to the sermon in that it was preached on 18th June.

I conclude this chapter on preachers and speakers by some paragraphs which may be thought to exceed the limits imposed by modesty. Any readers who may be apprehensive on this score had better skip them. Throughout this book I have tried to be honest with myself and frank with my readers; I add the paragraphs, accordingly, proper to autobiography, and with the less hesitation as they are mostly based on the recorded opinions of other people.

Of my university work, one of my most distinguished pupils, Mr. P. E. Roberts, now Vice-Provost of Worcester College, has written: "Sir John Marriott's audience [drawn, of course, from other colleges as well as his own] always filled the hall of Worcester College, no lecture room being large enough to contain it. The lectures were graphic and vivid in style, and while presenting admirable summaries of the subject which rendered them most valuable for school purposes, they also pointed the way to wider study for the best men. His method did not disdain a certain dramatic and oratorical note, in which the lectures of to-day are often sadly lacking. These characteristics helped to enchain the attention of his hearers and enabled him to convey to them a good deal that a duller speaker, however learned, would have failed to get across. So true it is that with a lecturer half the battle is the conviction he creates that he does himself believe in the message he has to deliver. . . . Marriott had, of course, one great advantage over most of his contemporaries, that his experience and training

had not been purely academic. He knew the world outside Oxford, not only through his long experience as University Extension Lecturer, but because he had always been closely connected with political life."

Of my tutorial work with my pupils the same writer generously wrote that it had two outstanding characteristics. "First, the generosity with which he recognized and praised good work, and secondly his infectious enthusiasm for historical studies. While he could be outspokenly contemptuous of bad or scamped work, so that his weaker or idler pupils dreaded taking to him their inadequate essays, he lavished endless praises on those who took their tasks seriously. He never made the mistake—committed by some otherwise able tutors—of being simply critical and corrective. | Looking back, I believe that he always first sought out something to commend, if commendation was in any way deserved, and as a result he sent his pupils away determined not only to maintain their standard, but to better it, if they could. He had no stereotyped method, no wearisome routine. Sometimes the hour might end with a stimulating *viva voce* discussion on the subject of the essay. Occasionally a new book, unknown to the pupil, would be brilliantly summarized and commented on. But never at any rate was there anything perfunctory about the hour. Marriott always made you feel that history had been to him the first of interests, that it was endlessly worthy of a student's devotion, that a proper understanding of it called for all your efforts, and finally that if you did not share this enthusiasm, it must be in some way your own fault."

Quite frankly, I failed to recognize the portrait drawn by Mr. Roberts's skilful brush: I knew him to be a critic of great sincerity as well as acumen, and I can only hope that he was not tempted for once to forgo the function of the critic for that of the friend. Anyway, his words warm an old man's heart.

As for the success of my Extension lecturing, perhaps the most conclusive testimony is that given by Dean Cranage

of Norwich, who once wrote of me: "The record of repeated invitations from the same centre has never been matched by any other member of the Oxford or Cambridge staff." As Dr. Cranage was himself for many years the secretary to the Cambridge Syndicate he is, I suppose, a reliable witness. Anyway, I do not propose to cross-examine him. To the same friend I owe the opportunity twice given to me of literally occupying the pulpit at St. Edward's, Cambridge, a church, as the late Bishop (Chase) of Ely once significantly observed to me, "outside his episcopal jurisdiction". I also preached once at a midday service at St. Dunstan's-in-the-East at the invitation of the broad-minded and energetic Rector, the Rev. A. G. B. West, who, like Mr. Roberts, was a former pupil of mine, but at New College, not Worcester.

The pulpit has one distinct advantage over the platform, an advantage which when *auditor tantum* I have always thought an unfair one—there is no opportunity for rejoinder. I have no inclination to brawl in church, but I have sometimes thought that if there were an after-class in the vestry, there would be fewer dogmatic utterances *ex cathedra* on highly controversial political and economic subjects!

I don't know that, despite long experience, I was specially successful in dealing with hecklers myself. I can, however, say, without affectation, that there is no place where I like better to be than on a platform. So I suppose that I was pretty good at the job. That was certainly the opinion of the chairman (since deceased) of the Conservative Party in York. A typically cautious Yorkshireman, he once stated that having heard all the great platform speakers of this and the last generation, his own member was equal to the best of them. Whether that judgment be accurate or not, I can say, with certainty, that I was much happier when speaking from the platform than in Parliament.

Like most dons I was, I suspect, only half successful in the House. Lecky, a great historian, was a complete failure

there. Jebb, Anson, Fisher never entirely overcame the handicap of the lecture-desk. I was myself at the utmost pains to avoid the lecturing manner, but the mere effort hampered my style. One of the most applauded speeches I ever made was a quite impromptu reply to a front-bench Socialist, but as a rule my speeches were very carefully—perhaps too carefully—prepared. That some of them contained good stuff I know; but kindly and generous as the House is, it only listens to you when it wants to, and to one accustomed to speak *ex cathedra* it is disconcerting to address gradually thinning benches, or to know that their few remaining occupants are only waiting to jump up the moment you sit down—the sooner the better!

I do not pretend that that was my invariable experience: but I was too often reminded by the Press Gallery that I had been an “Oxford don” entirely to get rid of self-consciousness, still less to acquire that contempt for my audience said to be essential to effective Parliamentary oratory. Not a few speeches certainly afford evidence of the effort—sometimes successful—to acquire it. Nevertheless, I agree with Herbert Fisher that the level of speaking in the House is high, and the speeches, especially in Committee, if unkempt in form and structure, are well to the point, brief and businesslike.

Of other speeches I have heard the most perfect in artistry was Lord Rosebery’s tribute to Lord Milner, when he unveiled a memorial plaque in the schools at Oxford. Of scores of after-dinner speeches I have vivid recollections of two. J. H. Thomas’s post-prandial humour was sometimes rather tiresome, but one that he made at a “Canada Day” banquet was irresistibly amusing. Lord Hewart, proposing the Empire, had made a very elaborate oration with a long, though very appropriate, reference to the great speech of Pericles to his fellow-citizens in Athens. “Oo,” said Thomas in reply, “was this Pericles? It recalls an audience of country-women listening to Mrs. Cobden Sanderson and warned that they must give special attention to

Cobden's daughter. "'Oo was Cobden?' they asked. So I ask my friend Gordon, "'Oo the 'ell was Periocles?'" Whether Thomas's ignorance was feigned, and his mispronunciation deliberate, one could only guess.

Even more effective was the highly contrasted and much more subtle humour of Dr. Butler, the late Master of Trinity. At a banquet in the College Hall, as I sat opposite to him and the Duke of Devonshire next him, he proposed the Chancellor's health in these terms: "Of *our* honoured Lord and Chancellor it will, I am sure, never be said, as was said by the Chancellor of our beautiful and *imitative* sister (a sly dig at a speech of mine), the University of Oxford, that *he* 'put his money on the wrong horse'." The company was convulsed with laughter at the shaft, so subtly, skilfully and simultaneously aimed at the Duke, Lord Salisbury, Oxford and myself. But there was not a smile on the countenance of the Duke, who sat as though he had not heard!

Few after-dinner speeches bear reporting; at that art Englishmen are not, as a rule, adepts. Dr. Butler's was one of the rare exceptions.

CHAPTER XX

The Far West and the Near East

IT is one of the deepest regrets, not to add one of the real shortcomings, of my life that I have *seen* so little of our Overseas Empire, intimately as I seem in imagination to know it. Indeed, when I did at last see Canada, my strongest impression was that I had seen it all before! Lord Peel, in a speech at Fredericton (N.B.), once twitted me with this: "Sir John Marriott having written a book about Canada has now come to see it." I had never, in fact, written "a book about Canada", but the good-humoured thrust was near enough to truth to pass in an after-dinner speech. More than once I had been on the brink of a visit to South Africa, and once to Australia, but something or other intervened to prevent it. In the autumn of 1928, however, I did spend six weeks in Canada as a guest of the Canadian Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association. Our party numbered over fifty, and was representative of all parties in the parliaments of Great Britain, of the self-governing Dominions, including Newfoundland and Southern Ireland, of Southern Rhodesia and Malta. The Indian legislature was also represented by three Indians and one Anglo-Indian. We spent in Canada forty-two nights, of which twenty-one were passed in the sumptuously appointed special train provided jointly by the Canadian National Railway, on which we travelled from Quebec to Vancouver, and by the Canadian Pacific Railway, on which we returned from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic. If anything could have been more sumptuous than our train it was the chain of hotels, owned by the two great railway companies, starting with the stately Château Frontenac at Quebec and culminating in the palatial caravanserai in

the heart of the Canadian Rockies at Jasper Park and Banff. To write, after six weeks' acquaintance, dogmatically about a country which must be thought of in terms of continents would be to court well-merited derision. But we saw and heard everything which specially qualified guides could show or tell us: we visited every Province and nearly every important city in the Dominion; we met statesmen of all parties; we tried to absorb the masses of statistics provided for our benefit by municipal officers, leaders of commerce and industry, mine managers, engineers, and so forth; we compared the great orchards of the O'Kanagan valley with those of Nova Scotia and the Niagara peninsula; we inspected the 500,000 h.p. plant of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario; we saw the new cutting, binding and threshing combines at work on the prairies; some of us saw the wonderful pulp and paper factory of the Abitibi Company in northern Ontario; we saw something of the superb waterways of Canada, traversing part of Lake Ontario and the whole length of Lake Superior and Lake Huron (a voyage of nearly forty-eight hours); and I myself (to descend to the trivial) played golf on no fewer than twelve different courses extending from Quebec to Victoria (B.C.), from Alberta to Nova Scotia.

Descriptions of Canadian scenery fill large canvases and are too trite for repetition. Yet a snapshot may record the ineffaceable impression left by the vastness of the inter-oceanic Dominion, by the beauty and variety of its scenery, by the situation of Quebec looking down in queen-like majesty upon the wide expanse of the St. Lawrence, by the loveliness of Ottawa with its nobly placed Parliament House, by the throb of economic activity in cities like Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver, by the spaciousness and beauty of the wheat-belt capitals, by the grandeur of the Selkirks and the Rockies, by the unsurpassable charm of tourist resorts like Minaki, Jasper Park, Banff and Lake Louise, and not least by the home-like woodlands and lakes of the Maritime Provinces.

To all these things, however, many pens have borne faithful testimony. Perhaps the deepest impression left upon my own mind was that made by the nobly planned public buildings, the generous provision of hospitals, colleges and schools in cities like Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Regina and Edmonton, not to mention the splendid Parliament buildings at Victoria (B.C.). In all the younger Provinces, indeed, the Parliament buildings are planned on a magnificent and seemingly disproportionate scale. But the Canadian builds not for the necessities of to-day, but for the certainties of to-morrow and the day after. Looking back over the sixty years since Confederation, he finds ample justification for the confident anticipation that sixty years hence Canada will have far outgrown even the generous provision of to-day.

But we went to Canada not only to use our eyes, but our ears, and, in some modest measure, our tongues. The visiting delegates delivered in all about three hundred speeches at more than one hundred banquets and other functions: but that number was far exceeded by those to which they listened. About the speeches made by our hosts it would be invidious to particularize, but we were all charmed by the speeches delivered in Quebec by two silver-tongued orators of Gallic blood—M. Lemieux, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and M. Taschereau, Premier of Quebec; we were carried away by the torrential eloquence of Mr. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Conservative opposition in the Dominion Parliament, greatly impressed by the weighty utterances of Mr. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario.

The main topics under discussion at the formal conferences were Empire trade—with special reference to the operations of the Empire Marketing Board and Empire Migration and Settlement. About the Empire Marketing Board (since abandoned) we found widely prevalent the curious delusion that it had been set up to promote the sale of British goods in the overseas Empire. "How can

we be expected to take your people if you won't buy preferentially the stuff they produce?" "Why don't you send us more of your surplus capital?" "Why do you send it to Argentina, Brazil and other foreign countries to help them to compete with us in your markets?" Such questions, pertinent and perturbing, were not easily answered. Particularly was I perturbed by the degree to which Canada looks not only for industrial capital but for the supply of popular and periodical literature to the United States. English reviews and magazines, though taken at the best clubs, were not to be bought, so far as I could see, at the bookstalls. American magazines of the poorest and cheapest kind were abundant. How can control, economic and intellectual, fail to follow such penetration? Towards political control, on the other hand, I discerned no tendency.

Especially distressing to me was the failure of the Empire Settlement Act to solve the vital problem of migration. From an average of 130,000 British migrants during the three years before the Great War, the number has fallen to a mere trickle; yet in the three years (1926-8) no fewer than 186,000 persons, mostly from Central Europe, were admitted into the Dominion. As the *Charlottetown Guardian* wrote: "The west is saturated with a foreign population which it will require to Canadianize." Of the migration problem I have written a good deal elsewhere,¹ but my visit to the Maritime Provinces led me to wonder whether British migrants are not in too great a hurry to get to the prairies. The "Maritimes" are very beautiful; they recall the features of the homeland (notably Scotland) more strikingly than any other part of Canada; there is still plenty of land available; the farming is mostly of the "mixed type" with which we are familiar at home, and the inhabitants are British to the core and are ready to welcome cordially new settlers from the homeland. Such a development might,

¹Cf. (e.g.) *Empire Settlement* (Oxford, 1927); "Population and Prosperity", cp. *Nineteenth Century*, No. 723, Vol. CXXI.

moreover, do something to neutralize the disappointment felt and expressed in the Maritimes at the results to them of Confederation.

I cannot leave the subject of Canada without a word of deeply grateful appreciation of the kindness of hosts, official and personal, notably of Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario; R. B. Bennett, then Conservative leader and afterwards Prime Minister of the Dominion; Randolph Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, with whom I stayed at his official residence in lovely Vancouver Island; Chief Justice Chisholm and Chief Justice Baxter, at that time Premier of New Brunswick. Among our own delegates my special companions throughout the trip were "Peter" Sanders and Willie Peel, but I was to get to know better some of our Labour colleagues, notably Tom Shaw, Tom Johnston and David Kirkwood, and to make acquaintance with some of the colonial politicians. I enjoyed every minute of the trip from the moment we left Southampton on the C.P.R. liner *Empress of France* to the day we landed back from the *Empress of Britain*. All the arrangements worked without a hitch, almost magical being the laundry scheme. You gave in your soiled linen one day, and picked it up clean at some place about a hundred miles farther west (or east as the case might be) some two days later. How the miracle was performed I never discovered: but it was typical of C.P.R. organization. A delightful time but a strenuous one! On our outward voyage we had some 400 miners on board going out as harvesters to Canada, with a prospect, as we hoped, of permanent settlement there. To improve that prospect I gave them a lecture on Canada in mid-Atlantic. It was a torrid day; the dining-saloon was packed, and most of my colleagues insisted on sharing with me the heat of that "black hole". They mopped their brows: I melted. But I was repaid. I rarely meet one of our Labour companions to-day without being reminded of the "most wonderful lecture they ever listened

to ". "How in the world did you memorize it?" asked one Socialist. Not a word, of course, had ever been written: it was "old stuff", but the stuff was, I admit, appropriate to the occasion, and consequently went home. Much more elaborate, but perhaps not more successful, was the lecture, of necessity equally extempore, I gave to the students and staff at Dalhousie University at Halifax (N.S.); two other "addresses" I delivered at the banquets given to us at Fredericton and Toronto. The appetite of our hosts for speeches was insatiable: one of us was told off to "make the speech", on each occasion, and mine at Toronto was seemingly so much appreciated that the Premier of New Brunswick, who happened to hear it, insisted on my doing duty again in his own Province. As my own colleagues generously concurred in his judgment, I had good reason to be gratified. There was, indeed, one incident calculated to deflate any bubble of satisfaction derived from such compliments. At Regina I was "interviewed" by a charming young lady representing the local newspaper. To my natural inquiry why she picked me out when she had many more distinguished people to choose from, she prettily replied: "Well, they told me that you were not only distinguished as a politician but as an author!" Then I be-thought me to interview *her*. "Have you read any of my books?" I asked. "Several," to my astonishment, she replied. "Might I ask which they were?" After a moment's reflection she said: "One was *Peter Simple*, another was *Masterman Ready*." "And how old do you think I am?" I interrupted. "About fifty-five." "Don't you realize," I asked, "that the author of those books should be one hundred and fifty-five?" Quickly she tumbled to her mistake, and begged me not to give her away. Of course I promised, and, of course, broke my promise.

It did not matter. Some months later my friend Sir Rennell Rodd (now Lord Rennell) was interviewed by the same young lady. She herself told him the story, nor did he, on his return to Westminster, keep it to himself!

But I did not give him a monopoly. More than once, after dinner, the story has served me well. So, with that, as with everything else on my "Empire" tour, I had every reason to be pleased.

Nor was I less pleased with my first two cruises (1933 and 1934) in the Mediterranean. These were taken under the auspices of the Hellenic Travellers Club, and at the invitation of Sir Henry Lunn. I had never before met that most energetic *entrepreneur*, and had somehow (I know not how) formed a prejudice against him. Perhaps I suspected a combination of "philanthropy and 5 per cent", a confusion between commercialism and Christianity. Anyway, I was quickly and entirely undeceived. To me he was all kindness, hospitality and consideration, and during the few years of life that remained to him we became real friends. He was passionately anxious to promote religious reunion, and he spared neither time, money, nor effort to further that noble purpose.

A first visit to Greece, even though it be deferred till old age, must be an event in anyone's life, but it is nowadays such a common experience that a description would be tiresome. Anyone who cares to know all about my cruise of 1933 cannot do better than read Miss Helen Ashton's *A Family Cruise*, a delightful novel which proves how much more the practised novelist can see and record, than the mere historian. We left London on 6th April, and after a night at Milan, sailed from Venice on board the *Kraljica Marija*. At Milan I was greatly impressed by the splendour of the new station, and hardly less by that of the hotel Excelsior close by. Of Venice, I can only say that if anyone can imagine a more lovely sight than a sunset over that fairest of cities, as you issue from the lagoons, his imagination must be livelier than mine. The eastern coast of the Adriatic is monotonously bare and ugly, but Cattaro with its fine *bocche* is very attractive, and I made up my mind that if a choice of exiles from England were offered me I would choose Dubrovnik in preference even to Corfu. But I'm not

going to compete with Miss Anne Bridge, who in her charming *Illyrian Spring* has given a most alluring description of the town and its surroundings. In Corfu I was chiefly interested in the unmistakable evidences it still retains of the British occupation. But I was grateful to the island for giving me the text for a hastily constructed lecture. It was on this wise. Soon after leaving Venice I was "billed" to lecture on "The Problem of the Adriatic". A few hours before the lecture was to be delivered, Sir Henry Lunn came to me in some perturbation. "You realize, don't you, that this is a Yugoslav ship: captain, doctor, crew, everyone Serbs?" I did. As the lecture was quite non-controversial, it did not seem to matter, but as Sir Henry was evidently afraid lest I should be knifed by some indignant Serb, I said at once, "Let's change the subject. We shall be at Corfu to-morrow?" "Yes." "I will lecture on 'Napoleon and Corfu'." I did: nobody could guess what the lecture was going to be about: so everyone was "intrigued"; the lecture—so happily improvised—was one of the best I ever gave. I gave a good many other lectures on that and subsequent cruises: "The Problem of the Near East", "Constantinople and its place in *English History*", and others. A lecture on "Garibaldi and his Thousand" seemed specially appropriate when we were off Palermo. Another given in the Bay of Biscay was at least unique, I imagine, in its *locale*—but the audience was quite a large one, and did not gradually disappear!

If I had access¹ to the Diaries I kept of my Mediterranean tours in 1933 and 1934, this chapter might—perhaps to its detriment—be indefinitely extended. As it is, what do I most vividly recall? Is it the beauty of Ragusa, Corfu, Nauplia, or Rhodes? Rhodes is, indeed, a wonderful example of Italian enterprise and their skill in combining with all that is most worth preserving in the antiquities of an island, particularly rich in monuments of the past, the

¹ They are reposing (I hope I may still use the present tense) in my badly bombed but not actually destroyed house in London (October, 1940).

amenities of an up-to-date pleasure resort. Or Crete? Surely the palace of Minos is the most wonderful piece of restoration ever accomplished by the happy coincidence of skill, knowledge and wealth. How poignant the memories called up by the Gallipoli peninsula; how superb the situation of Constantinople; how splendid the Blue Mosque and St. Sophia—not then secularized; how revealing the luxury and appointments of the Seraglio; and how alluring the loveliness of the shores of the Bosphorus! In Athens, the Bay of Salamis and Eleusis seem more vivid in my memory than the Acropolis itself—partly perhaps because I saw them under more favourable circumstances, and particularly because a wonderful lecture by Canon Wigram *in loco* on the Eleusinian Mysteries was actually delivered on a Good Friday. Another thrilling moment was when I stood on the spot where St. Paul stood before Gallio in the hall at Corinth; while for the combination of physical grandeur and historical association Delphi has always seemed to me the most deeply impressive place in all Greece—though for sheer loveliness the valley of the Alphaeus runs it close, while the Hermes of Praxiteles (whether genuine or not) is beyond doubt incomparably the most perfect example of Greek sculpture that has survived. The day after leaving Olympia the *Letitia* (the boat on which both in 1934 and 1935 we sailed) ran aground at the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth, not far from the spot where the battle of Lepanto was fought. Not until the evening of the third day were the powerful tugs—quickly summoned to our assistance—with the help of divers, able to get us off. Long before that I had received a marconigram from *The Evening News*: “Should appreciate courtesy of description of your experience by return cable.” £9, 3s. 4d. did they pay for a reply of 200 words! Never was I more impressed by journalistic enterprise. Apparently my name had been mentioned in a cinema news-reel. That was enough.

No harm came of that adventure, but the Delphic Apollo was cruel to me. A very hot sun and bitter wind

brought on a sharp attack of bronchitis which, coupled with gout, kept me in my bunk until ten days later I was carried ashore at Naples, there to be detained for another three weeks in the "Ospedale Nazionale", where I had a beautiful room and was well cared for, but I never wish to see Naples again. A berth in a cabin, even a four-berthed one, is not an ideal refuge for a very sick man, but I was much consoled by the constant visits of friends, Sir Richard Livingstone, Lord Conway (an old Repton schoolfellow), and Sir Percy Sykes among them, while the kindness of Lunn himself is unforgettable. At Naples I was soon joined, to my great comfort, by my wife, who came post-haste from Florence, where she fortunately happened to be staying. But no more voyages for me!

CHAPTER XXI

Eventide

LEISURE, LECTURES, AND LITERATURE

The days of our years are three-score years and ten;
and if by reason of strength they be four-score years,
yet . . .

Ps. xc. 10.

THE "Sweet Singer of Israel" was right. Despite all the advances of sanitary science, and the greater attention paid to personal hygiene, the average man's span of active life has changed little since the Psalmist's day. Many men retain full vigour of mind long after seventy; for a few bodily health remains almost unimpaired. Yet——

In my own case my seventy-first birthday almost exactly coincided with a complete change of life: almost all the external demands upon my time and energies suddenly ceased. That was, of course, primarily due to the loss of my seat at York, and was to me deeply distressing. I can recall few, if any, more painful hours than those I spent at the House of Commons, shortly after the General Election, when I was summoned by the Serjeant-at-Arms to clear out my locker. I had, as a fact, many more papers and memoranda to clear out, accumulated in the committee room where I had so long presided over the Estimates Committee; and particularly poignant was my farewell to the Library and its custodians; for in its "silence" compartment I had written the greater part of my *Mechanism of the Modern State*, not to add much other literary work as well.

The feeling of desolation induced by exclusion from Westminster was accentuated by the loss of two other "homes". In the summer of 1928, thinking that I was

fixed in London for life, I had sold my house in Oxford; in August of the same year my friend Pandeli Ralli died, and his house ceased to be my home in London. Rather hurriedly I bought a house in Hampstead, attracted to it by the space it afforded for the accommodation of my library and *scriptorium*, and much more by the garden which enabled my wife to pursue her hobby. After my daughter's marriage my wife had joined me in Belgrave Square. Ralli's death, therefore, left us homeless.

Ralli had been not only a kind friend to us, but, himself a man of keen intelligence, wide culture, and overflowing hospitality, he had made his house a rendezvous for a large circle of friends, which included many of the most interesting and charming people with whom it has ever been my happiness to mingle. Some of his greatest friends, Lord Lansdowne, Lord George Hamilton and his brother Lord Frederic, had predeceased him; many others, I am happy to say, continued to be our friends after his death.

So the curtain fell on the last act of my active career. There remained only the epilogue. It is some comfort to find a partial parallel to my own emotions in those of Archbishop Davidson. He resigned his great charge on 12th November, 1928. Immediately afterwards he evacuated Lambeth, and he has left a deeply pathetic memorandum of his feelings at that time. He found "adjustment to the new life intensely difficult"; it was strange "not to be wanted"; he missed terribly the constant intercourse with important people, and his own continuous participation in the business of State no less than Church. "It was his chief pleasure in life to talk to important people about important affairs." So his successor judged; and truly, though Dr. Davidson (as I can testify) was equally courteous, considerate and patient in his intercourse with unimportant people. But he loved and greatly missed the sense of being at the centre of affairs, and of exercising great influence upon them. "The very wisest man in all England," was the deliberate judgment of Bishop Gore, who gave the Arch-

bishop many anxious hours. Perhaps Dr. Davidson was apt to interfere too much in politics, and especially where politics involved delicate economic questions. But his advice was generally shrewd and sound, and when he was no longer in a position to offer it, he felt hopelessly "out of it". "A shutter," he wrote bitterly, "has come down with a run like a draper's shop on a Saturday afternoon—and lo and behold I was somewhere outside it—out of touch and of all responsibility—and all in the space of a few hours."

The position of a private member of Parliament is not, of course, in any way comparable to that of an Archbishop; but in my own small way I could share, all too acutely, Dr. Davidson's feelings. The abrupt cessation of correspondence; of regular intercourse with one's fellow men; of business, trivial or important, but equally demanding prompt attention; of perpetual summonses to endless committees; of invitations to public functions—all these were often irksome at the time, but when they stopped with startling suddenness, a feeling almost of desolation supervened.

I should, indeed, be grossly lacking in gratitude did I not recognize and record many alleviations. I still have my voice; I still have my pen; I still have many friends, though their ranks, alas, are rapidly thinning; not least, I still keep much more of health and strength than I could reasonably expect.

Moreover, a glance at my diary convicts me of some exaggeration in complaining of isolation. Only, indeed, in the last five years have I kept a real diary. That I did not keep one in my busy days I now deeply regret. It shames me to think how much busier men, great statesmen and high ecclesiastics, have kept them. Archbishop Davidson once told me something that amazed me. I had remarked on his frequent presence in the Peers Gallery of the House of Commons. "Yes," he replied, "I rarely miss an important debate, and I always write a memorandum on it before going to bed." Wonderful! And I have often wished that I could get a peep into that tin box in

which, he told me, those records were systematically kept.

My own recent diary proves that my days have been less void than I had supposed. Down to 1939, when war interrupted such work, I lectured regularly: even in the last five years my lecture engagements averaged forty to fifty per annum. Far the most distinguished audience I ever addressed was at the Warren Hastings Commemoration in the hall of his old school, Westminster, on 6th December, 1932. Besides some of the senior boys and a large general audience, there were present more than half a dozen ex-Viceroy and Proconsuls of renown: Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Reading, Lord Hardinge, Sir Reginald Wingate, and I know not how many more. It was terrifying! But a characteristically kind letter from Wingate, next morning, reassured me that the effort—not a slight one—had not been in vain, and that my “oration” had been appreciated. Another interesting occasion was when I dined with the Huguenot Society of London and delivered the annual lecture, taking as my subject: “The Edict of Nantes—Masterpiece or Blunder?”. The doubt implied in the title was rather daring, but I escaped without personal injury, and the lecture was published in the Report of the Society. A good many Gilchrist lectures, given at the invitation of the Trustees, took me to a mining village near Newcastle, to some of the cotton towns in Lancashire, and to the woollen district of the West Riding, as well as other towns (Canterbury and Yarmouth were among them) nearer home, and a special lecture on Wolsey, given as an introduction to the Ipswich Pageant, took me for the first time to that interesting town. A packed audience proved that the memory of their greatest citizen is still green among his fellow townsmen. All these experiences I greatly enjoyed; and the memory of them sweetens what has become (since the evacuation of 1940) literal solitude. But more truly gratifying has been the faithfulness of some of my old Oxford centres, notably Bournemouth, Mold in North Wales, and Tunbridge Wells. In seven successive autumn



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Photo: *Evening Standard*

TAKEN AT THE BOOK EXHIBITION, 1938

terms (1932-8) great audiences assembled in King Charles's Hall in that delectable town to hear what was a practically continuous course of seventy lectures on a systematic sequence of subjects. That was, I believe, a unique record in the history of University Extension—certainly in my own long experience. The gratification it caused to an old man needs no emphasis.

§ LITERARY WORK

My lecturing work in these latter years has, of course, been almost negligible compared with pre-parliamentary days. But as the demands upon my voice have declined, the demands upon my pen have multiplied. If demand, in the strict economic sense, be an index of the quality of goods supplied, I have some grounds for confidence that it has not been sacrificed to quantity.

Adjacent to my library, which itself extends to three rooms, is my *scriptorium*, where are stacked some forty or fifty boxes and big envelopes containing memoranda, and materials printed and MS., the accumulated product of half a century of ceaseless labour. Comparative leisure has given me an opportunity of making use of those materials for a series of volumes, the rapid succession of which, in some superior quarters, has, I fear, raised a suspicion of overhaste in production and some consequent superficiality of treatment. Could my critics see my scriptorium any such suspicion would be dispelled. In the method lavished, through long years, upon the collection and arrangement of "materials" lies the secret of such literary fertility as in recent years I may have exhibited.

Eighteen volumes, large and small, not to add a good many articles for the Reviews and much miscellaneous work as well, represent, I admit, for eleven years, a considerable output, but there is nothing remarkable about it, if it be remembered that many of these books have been based upon courses of lectures recently delivered; that some

of them represent consolidation rather than entirely new production; and that one at least consists of essays reprinted, with revision, from Reviews. A few illustrations of the use made of these several sources will suffice. *The Crisis of English Liberty* (1933) is based upon a course of lectures delivered at the Oxford Summer Meeting of 1929, but it embodied also some portion of my *Falkland* (1907), which has long been out of print.

By a second-hand copy of *Falkland* there hangs the tale of a curious coincidence. Seeing a copy advertised in the catalogue of a London bookseller, I promptly (for copies are getting rare) set out for his shop. To my inquiry whether he still had the copy, the bookseller made the gratifying reply: "I *may* have; they don't stay here long." He produced it, and to my astonishment I found it contained the book-plate of a dear friend, Lady Burghclere (née Lady Winifred Herbert). On her death, then recent, her library had been dispersed. I knew she had the book, though I had not given it to her; but what were the chances against the copy being bought in the market by her friend the author? Needless to add that he counts it among his treasures.

Like *The Crisis of English Liberty*, *The English in India* (1932), *The Place of Oxford in English History* (1933), *The Evolution of Modern Europe* (1933), *Dictatorship and Democracy* (1934), *Commonwealth or Anarchy* (1937), *This Realm of England* (1938), *The Evolution of the British Empire and Commonwealth* (1939), and *English History in English Fiction* (1940) are all based on courses of lectures lately delivered in London (mainly at Gresham College and the Imperial Institute, South Kensington) or Oxford centres in the Provinces.

The History of Modern Europe (1815-1930; revised up to 1938) is to a large extent based on courses of lectures frequently repeated, but also expands and revises two earlier and smaller books, *The Remaking of Modern Europe* (1909; 21st edition, 1933) and *Europe and Beyond* (1921; 4th edition, 1933). *John Colet* (1933) is a little book representing the tardy redemption of a promise made to my friend

R. F. Horton forty years earlier. In my *Castlereagh* (1935) I tried to make reparation almost equally tardy for the injustice which, as far back as 1903, I had done to *Castlereagh* in my *George Canning*. The *Life of Castlereagh* is a much more elaborate work than *Canning*, and is based, more than most of my works, on original work on MS. materials. *Modern England* (1934) is a sequel to one of the most successful of my larger works, *England Since Waterloo* (10th edition, 1935). It has a special interest for me because the period it covered (1885-1929) exactly synchronized with my own public life, and because it was written partly from personal recollection of political events, and because many of the portraits it contained were drawn from life. *The Tragedy of Europe* (1941) is to a large extent an expansion of the concluding chapters of *Modern Europe* and of *Modern England*, and upon the latter I have also drawn for this present work. The foregoing paragraphs may suggest that an old man should have found work enough in revising and bringing up to date earlier works without writing any new ones. But as a fact he didn't. Hence the catalogue imposed upon my patient—or impatient—readers.

Before quitting the subject of my historical work, I am impelled, however, to add some words about the theory and practice of an art to which I have devoted so much of my life.

Historians may be divided into two classes: expositors and researchers, those who devote themselves to investigating the sources, and those who popularize the results thus obtained. The two functions are not, of course, exclusive; but as there are "differences of administration", so there are "diversities of gifts": to one is given the gift of patient and precise scholarship; to another the gift of exposition. Their functions are complementary: the expositor stands to the research student in the same relation as the general practitioner to the Harley Street specialists, or as both perhaps stand to the laboratory worker. Analogies must not be pressed too far.

Circumstances have combined with my inclinations to make me an expositor rather than a research worker. Not that I have anything but grateful admiration for the scholars whose patient labours supply us artificers with our materials. But the historian whose work influences opinion has generally been interested less in scholarship than in affairs, and has not infrequently played some part in them. Clarendon, Gibbon, Macaulay, Grote, Fisher were all in Parliament; four of them held office. Gibbon's debt to his period of service in the Hampshire Yeomanry has become a commonplace of historical commentators. How many of them remember that Gibbon sat for some years in the House of Commons and for a short time held a minor office. Yet he himself acknowledges with emphasis his debt to that experience: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." Precisely—it was while Gibbon was actually in attendance at that school that he published the first three volumes of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and he would seem to insist that a first-hand acquaintance with political life is an indispensable discipline for an historian. Far be it for a pygmy to compare himself with giants; but I make no doubt that parliamentary service, still more perhaps the political instinct that incites a man to seek it, is invaluable to the historian who would give life to the words he writes.

The expositor must aim primarily at lucidity and accuracy, and in this respect at least, if one may credit the testimony of critics, I have not failed. But I should never have become an historian had I not been convinced that history is of high political utility, and that it cannot perform that service unless it be approached in a scientific spirit. Not that I claim that history is a science. Of the "science of history" I have never prated. But if history were no more than a series of isolated and unconnected events, depending largely on the advent of great men, the study of it would never have attracted me. Many "acci-

dents", of course, occur, but events are broadly related each to other as cause and effect. 'I have always deemed it the business of history to probe causes and estimate effects. The present, as Leibnitz said, "is the creation of the past" and is "big with the future". If we can trace effects to their causes, we ought to get some guidance in the conduct of contemporary affairs. If we cannot, history is at best a fascinating panorama: at worst it may degenerate into a dull, dry-as-dust chronicle of events. Both in my writing and my lecturing I have tried to avoid that degeneration. On the testimony of a highly gifted woman—herself an historian—who attended my lectures at Oxford more than half a century ago, I seem to have succeeded. Quite recently she wrote of me: "The dullest among [his pupils] could hardly fail to have been inspired by the vivid energy that characterized J. A. R. Marriott as a teacher. His was no matter-of-fact introduction to the Realm of History. He displayed as it were the map of the past, giving a bird's-eye view of events and always dealing with them so as to convey both a sense of proportion and a conviction of the inevitable sequence of cause and effect. His incisive delivery, his own enthusiasm for his subject, and his pleasure in imparting it all combined to add to the charm of his teaching." To words so kind and, in view of their source, so authoritative, it is needless for me to add.

Nor need I say much about continued contributions to current literature except to notice that some public events of outstanding importance added to the demand for them. Of these the first was the Silver Jubilee of King George V; another was the abdication of his eldest son; a third was the coronation of the present King.

To my lasting regret I heard only so much of the Coronation Service in the Abbey as was conveyed to me by the Radio, the value of which to sick folk and to millions of others I, for the first time, appreciated. But to the *Quarterly Review* for April I contributed the leading article on "The Crown Imperial", and by special request wrote also an

article for the *Archives Diplomatiques et Consulaires*, on the English Coronation. I also attended, on 7th May, the luncheon of the Parliaments of the Empire in Westminster Hall. That was a wonderful function. Never did the hall itself look so beautiful; the King sat at the High Table with the six Prime Ministers of Great Britain and the Dominions, and addressed the representatives of 400,000,000 of his subjects. It was, as the King said, a "historic occasion . . . the first time that the Sovereign [had] been present at a luncheon in Westminster Hall to meet those who represent the Legislatures of the Empire". Incidentally, I met a multitude of old colleagues and friends who seemed as pleased to see me at Westminster again as I was to see them.

A few days after the coronation, the Dean (Foxley Norris) took my wife and me over the Abbey still in all its Coronation splendour, and told us of many incidents of the service—all interesting and some very amusing. To him, as he said, the most touching moment (never recorded!) of the whole ceremony was when Queen Mary bowed in a low obeisance to her son and Sovereign. Poor Norris! he died soon afterwards, and I lost another good friend—outwardly the proud and pompous prelate, but very kind-hearted, a real artist, and a shrewd man of affairs.

The only ecclesiastical ceremony I attended was the great Empire Day Service at St. Paul's, for which the Dean gave us places in his closet. The King and Queen, the two little Princesses and all the rest of the Royal Family were present, with all the ministers, representatives of India and the Dominions, and so forth. The service as a whole was, I thought, less impressive than it should have been: Archbishop Temple, who preached, was not at his best. The only touch of grandeur in the service was during the *Te Deum*, when the Archbishops, Bishops, and the Chapter stood in ordered rows, and resplendent in their vestments, facing the High Altar.

After the service we lunched with the Mathews at the

Deanery, where I had a few words with the Archbishop (Lang) and many more with S. M. Bruce, now the High Commissioner for, and some time Prime Minister of, the Australian Commonwealth. I have always liked Bruce very much, and I regard him as one of the foremost statesmen of the Empire. In any real Imperial Cabinet he would surely have a place.

All this is, however, parenthetical. I return to the Silver Jubilee of King George V. Of those truly heartening celebrations I saw even less than of the Coronation, for I lay sick in a nursing home in Naples. But earlier in the year I had in a literary sense anticipated the event.

A series of articles written for *Teachers' World* was enlarged and published in a little book as *Twenty-Five Years of the Reign of George V* (Methuen, 1925), and articles were also contributed by invitation to special numbers of *The Illustrated London News* and *The Yorkshire*, as well as for a *Silver Jubilee Souvenir* booklet produced by the enterprise of a great provincial city.

The Abdication crisis in December, 1936, gave me one of the most hectic weeks of my life. I was very busy anyhow, but at least four important papers tried to reach me while I was in church, while I was in my bath, while I was feeding, while I was journeying to the far north, with requests for special articles on the constitutional aspects of the crisis. Never had I realized before the amazing enterprise, and persistence, of the popular press. Their persistence, I must add, was equalled only by the generosity with which they acknowledged the little I was able to do for them. Nor do I ever really object to working "overtime". My dread is lest I should join the ranks of the unemployed. Most devoutly do I thank God that that terrible fate has never thus far been mine.

CHAPTER XXII

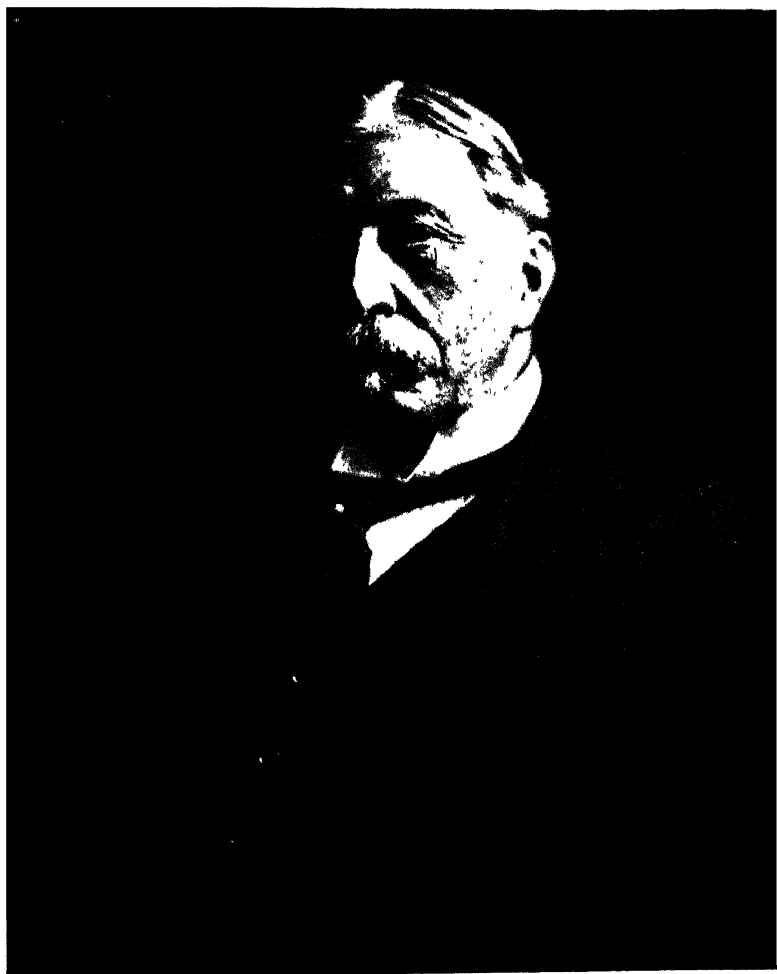
Sunset

A faithful friend is a medicine of life.

Ecclesiasticus, vi. 16.

NOTHING has done so much to irradiate the hues of sunset as the faithfulness of old friends. Their ranks have, of course, thinned in these last years with sadly increasing rapidity. That is the worst penalty attaching to old age. Some new acquaintances become friends, under favouring circumstances, but the gaps are never really filled.

One such gap was made by the rather sudden death of Lady Burghclere, with whom my friendship had rapidly ripened. A daughter of one of the most cultured of Victorian statesmen, the 4th Earl of Carnarvon, she was herself an accomplished writer. Lord Carnarvon's mind was of too fine a texture, his conscience too tender, for the hurly-burly of politics. With his friend Lord Salisbury he had resigned from Disraeli's first ministry, rather than join his chief in "shooting Niagara" in 1867. From Disraeli's second ministry he seceded in 1876 on the Eastern Question. Lord Salisbury sent him as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland in 1885, but his secret interview with Parnell (1st August) brought his political career to an end in January, 1886. He should, however, be remembered as the statesman who was responsible for the Federation of Canada in 1867, and would, if he could, have applied the same principle to South Africa. His daughter, Lady Winifred, inherited much of her father's taste for scholarship; she wrote an admirable *Life of Stratford*, and more than repaid me for the very little help I gave her in that enterprise by the first-hand information



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TAKEN IN 1923

Photo: Catchside

she gave me about her father's famous interview with Parnell. I used it, very cautiously, in my *Modern England*.¹ Her death in 1933 meant the loss of one who had become in her last years not only a real friend, but a most stimulating co-worker in the field we both cultivated.

A greater loss—the greatest in these latter days—was that of R. F. Horton, who died, after one day's illness, on Good Friday (30th March), 1934. Horton was a truly intimate friend. There were hardly any subjects on which we did not differ; for years together we met rarely if at all. We were not at all regular correspondents, but at every critical juncture of my life I was sure of a letter from him. Yet, however long his silence, though years might pass without our meeting, we always met again as though we had never been apart. To casual listeners to his sermons Horton gave an impression of bitterness; but if he was sometimes bitter in speech his heart overflowed with love of his fellow men, and he was the most affectionate of friends. No man that I have ever known gave me the impression, in equal degree, of one who "walked with God".

After his death his widow urgently and repeatedly pressed me to write his *Life*. But I felt myself unequal to the task, and to my grief and to hers I had to decline a request which I truly felt to be a great honour. I had, however, no real doubt that Horton's *Life* could be written only by one who, like himself, was a Nonconformist; I did, in fact, contribute seven chapters to the *Life*,² but chiefly on those portions of it when, as at Oxford and at Hampstead (in the last five years of his life), we had been in close and constant contact. Even so, I could not give full rein to my feelings of love and admiration for the man, though it is gratifying to know that his wife and friends were satisfied.

That same year I lost another real if more recent and

¹ pp. 16 and 19 f.; and for Canadian Federation, cf. Marriott, *British Empire and Commonwealth*, pp. 210 f.

² *Robert Forman Horton*: Albert Peel and J. A. R. Marriott (George Allen & Unwin, 1937).

less intimate friend, General Sir Leslie Rundle, who for months at a time was my fellow guest at 17 Belgrave Square. So I came to know him well. A distinguished soldier, the most modest and simple-hearted of men, he kept a temper, which I suspect was naturally hot, under wonderfully perfect control. A greater soldier than Rundle was General Lord Byng. Him also I came to know through Ralli, whose niece Byng had married. Like Rundle, and I believe like most great soldiers, Byng was extraordinarily modest. Soon after the war, he came to sojourn for a while in Belgrave Square, and as Ralli was abroad and Lord Byng was ill, we were *tête-à-tête*. One day I found him, to my surprise, poring intently over an elementary textbook on political economy. "Wherefore this?" I asked him. "Well," he replied, "when I go of an evening" (as he constantly did) "to soldiers' clubs, the men heckle me on economics; so I thought I'd try and learn something about it." That was the man all over: his simple devotion to the duty nearest at hand. Similarly, he used often to go and dine in little Soho restaurants "to keep up", he said, "his conversational French", to be ready, of course, for Canada, to which he was designated as Governor-General. After he came back from Canada, he took up the heavy task of reorganizing the Metropolitan Police, who had got out of hand. But, though he dined with me once or twice at the House of Commons, I saw, to my regret, little of him. He died in 1935.

Other friends, dating some from Oxford, others from Parliamentary days, died about the same time. Among the former were Falconer Madan, Bodley's Librarian, F. C. Montague, a brilliant writer and talker, and Sir Montagu Burrows, who, after his retirement from the Ceylon Civil Service, did much useful work in Oxford, where his father was for years the Chichele Professor of Modern History, and like his son a good friend of mine. Of old Parliamentary colleagues I had a high regard and great liking for William (Viscount) Bridgeman, and deep affection for Sir

Edward (Lord) Carson and Sir John Butcher (Lord Danesfort). The latter were both Irishmen, with all the personal charm which the nicest Irishmen have; both were men of great ability, and both were among my best friends. Of my debt to Butcher in connexion with York I have spoken already, and to the end his kindness was unfailing. He would like me to have followed him not only to the First, but also to the Second Chamber, and like several other friends, he took, to my knowledge, practical steps to that end. For my own part, however, I never had the least expectation of their success, though I frankly confess that I should have liked to end my days either in one House or the other!

In the last five years alone some forty of the men who sat with me in Parliament have crossed the bar. Most of them were my friends: all of them I liked. Of the public men who have predeceased me not a few, though with long years of service behind them, had it in them, one had thought, to give further service to the State. Not so Austen Chamberlain, who had already laid down the burden of office carried, with brief interruptions, for nearly forty years. I came to know him only after I entered Parliament, but he was consistently friendly, and I had a deep regard for him as a man of great, though not supreme, ability and of untarnished honour. Once, in presiding over one of my lectures at the Imperial Institute, he said publicly, and quite truly, that we had not invariably seen eye to eye with each other. I did not always approve his policy at the Treasury; he, on his part, rather resented the part I had played in bringing about the downfall of the Coalition Ministry in 1922. But these things did not interrupt our friendship. Not long before Austen Chamberlain's death we had a long *tête-à-tête* talk on a point of high constitutional significance. His first-hand knowledge of the facts, communicated to me with perfect frankness, was of the highest value to me in forming a judgment on the matter. But unfortunately the information he gave me affects the political reputation of

men still living, so I do not feel justified in making it public at present. As, however, it is of some historical importance, I have, contrary to my wont, left a memorandum on the subject.

Other political friends keenly regretted were "Peter" Sanders (Lord Bayford) and Lord Peel. Six weeks' close companionship with them on our Canadian tour deepened a friendship which had long been real but not, till then, intimate. For both men I had a high regard. Both had much greater ability than the public imagined. Sanders rather posed if not as the "country bumpkin", at least as the hard-riding hunting man, whereas he was, in fact, like Willie Peel, a first-class Balliol man. But for a hot temper he might possibly have become "Speaker", for he was popular and had very good sense: but he was not careful enough to wear habitually the velvet glove. Lord Peel proved himself in more than one high office an excellent administrator, and I have rarely known a man with more perfect tact in handling men. Abler than either of them was "Bertie" (Viscount) Horne. Had his life been prolonged he might well have done further service to the State, though after Baldwin's refusal (in 1924) to give him the only office he cared to accept, he had devoted his great talents to business and finance. "You are a bigger man now than you ever were as Chancellor of the Exchequer," I once said to him. He cordially agreed, and added: "A man who looks at the world through the windows of a great bank, a great insurance company, and a great railway company's office sees a large part of it." It was shrewdly said. Of many other old colleagues who have played, in public affairs, parts more or less prominent, I think with equal regret, and not least of a Labour opponent, the burly Lancastrian, soft-hearted if rough-tongued, Tom Shaw. I knew him better than either of his more eminent colleagues Philip (Lord) Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald. Snowden was as gentle in private as he was vitriolic in public; his greatest moment was when he opened the second budget in the autumn of 1931. I have never seen the House roused

to greater enthusiasm than by Snowden's exposition of a budget involving heavy sacrifices to all classes! The longest talk I ever had with Macdonald was a few weeks before he sailed on his last voyage, and it is a pleasure to remember that it was also the most friendly.

Nearly all the men mentioned in the preceding paragraph were junior to me. That comes of living so long. Of Oxford colleagues who were (roughly) contemporary with me, only Sir Charles Oman and Sir Charles Grant Robertson survive. The latter was my partner in the production of *The Evolution of Prussia* (1915). The book has been very successful; neither of us, I believe, is ashamed of it, but the significant thing is that our friendship has survived our literary collaboration!

The greatest of my Oxford friends is actually senior to me, and still, I am thankful to say, retains his mental faculties entirely unimpaired at the age of ninety-two.¹ With R. W. Macan I have never "collaborated": but what he has done for me by way of criticism and encouragement has, I hope, been fully revealed in preceding chapters as well as in not a few Prefaces. We don't often meet nowadays, but his frequent letters, indited in his still firm and beautiful handwriting, and betokening his keen interest in all that is happening in this troubled world, are an example and a joy to his junior.

About coeval with Macan was another dear friend, Edward Bevan, Archdeacon of Middlesex and Rector of Chelsea, who died a few years ago. In moments of self-abasement I find comfort in the thought that two such men as Horton and Bevan gave me their unstinted friendship. If I were ever tempted to doubt it, I can turn to their letters. Especially I turn to a letter from Bevan's eldest son, written just after his father's death: "He was devoted to you and only spoke most lovingly of you a few days before his death. He said: 'He is the man I most admire, and I have always felt the greatest affection for him.'" How can I forbear to

[¹ Dr. Macan died 25th March, 1941. H.M.]

quote words so comforting to one who is conscious how little he deserves them, but, perhaps for that reason, values them the more?

My friendship with Bevan I really owe to another dear friend, D. H. S. Cranage, now Dean of Norwich. . Fortunately, Cranage's many engagements, notably his Prelectorship of the Lower House of Convocation, bring him regularly to London, and he is good enough to snatch the time to come and dine with us *sans cérémonie*. It is a real delight to have such opportunities of intimate talk.

I have referred to the faithfulness of friends. Situated as we are at Hampstead near the summit of a steep hill, we hesitate to ask our friends to make the ascent after nightfall: even motors sometimes find it difficult; buses deposit their passengers at the foot of the hill. Accordingly, we have got into the habit of having our friends to luncheon, instead of dinner: and they seem to prefer it. Anyway, we have been happy enough to bring together—and not infrequently—a good many interesting people, and the symposia begun at luncheon have been known to extend beyond tea! The topics most frequently discussed may be guessed from the fact that we are mostly strong imperialists. Sir Reginald Wingate, with his long experience of Egypt and the Sudan; G. Howard Ferguson, High Commissioner for Canada; Sir Humphrey Leggett, one of Kitchener's right-hand men with a great interest in East Africa; R. B. Bennett, are among those who, out of rich storehouses, have made valuable contributions to these symposia. We have welcomed the presence also of Sir Firoz Noon, a charming personality, an old Oxford pupil of mine, and now High Commissioner for India; W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand; Randolph Bruce, who, when Lieutenant-Governor, was my kind host in British Columbia: though in some cases official discretion has limited their contributions. Old colleagues like Dr. Nathan Raw, Sir Vivian Henderson, Sir Annesley Somerville, Sir William Collins, Sir Servington Savery, have kept me in touch with the House of Commons. A. M.

Samuel (Lord Mancroft) and Lord Plender, both remarkably able financiers, have occasionally found time to join us, as have busy publicists like Sir Arnold Wilson, Wickham Steed, Harold Nicolson, John Coatman, and Owen Rutter. Lest politicians and publicists should "get away with it" too fast, we have balanced them with soldiers like General Rico Cooper, General Groves (a truly great authority on all matters of aviation), General Sir George Barrow, and Sir George Cockerill, Sir Walter Lawrence, once Curzon's private secretary in India, and himself the author of one of the best books on India ever written. Among the historians and littérateurs who from time to time have joined our little parties are Mrs. Marion Grew; Sir Bernard Pares, whose knowledge of Russia is second to nobody's; Dame Una Pope-Hennessy (with her husband, who is himself the son of a famous Irish politician); Professor Catlin with his wife, Miss Vera Brittain, whose masterpiece, *The Testament of Youth*, contains so many references to me that my friends declare themselves frankly bored by them. But the references are mostly so generous that I cannot myself fail to appreciate them. Lady Charnwood is another literary lady who seemingly enjoys coming, and her husband, the brilliant biographer of Abraham Lincoln, pleasantly recalls the evenings we both used to spend in Oxford common rooms, as well as my friendship with his brother Sir Frank Benson. Sir Reginald Blomfield, a famous architect, a good sportsman, and the most genial of companions, is an addition to any party, however composed.

It has been a special pleasure to us to welcome to London as Dean of Westminster a very old friend, Bishop de Labillière, and to make friends with the new Dean of St. Paul's. Canon Hannay, too, and Canon Carnegie have impinged on the monotony of politics, and we sometimes persuade the preacher to come back to luncheon after service at the Chapel Royal. Among these I have made valued friendships with Archdeacon (now Bishop) Hunkin and C. E. Raven, the Master of Christ's, both distinguished

Cambridge men, while E. M. Walker (late Provost of Queen's) and Canon Shebbeare have recalled our old ties with Oxford. If I do not mention the ladies, who came, of course, with their men folk, it is because I do not wish to stir the embers of wrath of a hostess who complained that the symposia were apt to last too long after the ladies had left the dining-room!

Among the evacuees were some, such as the Dowager Lady Jersey and our dear friend (lately lost) Lady (Albert) Gray, who could have contributed as knowledgeably to our Imperial Symposia as any of the men, but my wife hurried them off to more domesticated conversation!

The mention just above of our clerical guests reminds me of my membership, valued but brief, of an old and famous dining-club, "Nobody's Friends", in which I found further satisfaction of my ecclesiastical interest, and where a few soldiers like my friend Sir Charles Harington and politicians like Lord Mottistone mingled with a large number of Church dignitaries and Judges of the High Court. It was a delightful company, and I resigned with the regret inspired by the melancholy reflection that dining-clubs are not for gouty old men who can eat little and drink less!

Not that it was primarily for the sake of food and drink (excellent as both were) that "Nobody's Friends" for-gathered. Still less did our own friends come with that object to our luncheon parties! All the more pleasant, then, was it to hear, only a few months ago, from G. Howard Ferguson, now back again in Toronto: "We often talk about our delightful meetings at your house where the conversation was always not only interesting but informative and even brilliant." His letter was mainly concerned with my book, *The Evolution of the British Empire and Commonwealth*, which was (though I had omitted to send him a copy!) "one of the best you have written if not entirely the best". "You have," he added, "discussed the various phases of Empire in a most interesting and indeed fascinating way. Two or three of my friends have read it and

all are very high in its praises. I hope the circulation will be very large, not only for your sake but for the interests of the British people everywhere. It is certainly a great book." I naturally value highly such testimony coming from one who might well have been (not merely as he was, Premier of Ontario) but Prime Minister of the Dominion. With characteristic modesty, however, he preferred that his friend (and mine) R. B. Bennett should enjoy that high distinction.

About Howard Ferguson's kind reference to our simple little parties I would only add this: that if you want to make a *small* dinner or luncheon party a success, you must bring together only congenial spirits, and you must build the party up round *one* or two individuals whose talk will interest the rest of the party. To name such persons would be invidious, but I cannot forbear to express my own gratitude to one who came often and always gave us of his best. If there is anything better in all London than Wingate's best, I never encountered it, him or her. Not only does he know everything there is to know about the history, diplomacy, and strategy of modern Egypt or the Sudan, but the variety and extent of his knowledge about many other things is truly amazing. To attempt to recall his table-talk would, however, be unfair: it would be to take the plums out of the pudding which, I hope, he will himself some day cook and distribute widely.

My own appetite for such information is, I confess, insatiable. And it extends to more formal utterances. I am a true 'busman. If I am not lecturing myself I miss no opportunity of hearing other people. To listen to Colonial statesmen in the rooms of the Empire Parliamentary Association, to which I have long belonged, has been a constant pleasure to me, not only for the first-hand and sometimes confidential information the visitors give us, but (nowadays) as a welcome opportunity for meeting old colleagues. I have also attended many lectures arranged by the British Academy, and by the Royal Society of Arts. But I am sorry

to say that I often find the technique of the lecturers to be in inverse ratio to the weight of their learning. Two recent and marked exceptions to this generalization were, however, supplied by two friends (albeit in the opposite camp); Lord Snell and Lord Sankey. The latter gave one of the most comprehensive *résumés* of recent Imperial developments I ever heard; and both lectures were as good in form as in substance.

Glancing through my Diary, I am startled by the recurrence of the word "sherry". The reason is so characteristic of my change of habits in recent years that I mention it. For fifty years I had rigidly avoided "tea-parties", and also evening "squashes"—unless they were official. I saw quite enough of my friends, and too much of mankind in general, to avail myself of these opportunities.

How sadly different it is to-day! I admit that I prefer sherry to tea, or even to the champagne buffet-suppers which many routs so superfluously provide. But it is not the sherry that takes me to "sherries". I have become positively avid for association with many fellow-beings. If I go, for instance, to our friend Lady Leggett's, I meet in an hour almost all the people in London whom I most want to meet, and I am tempted to stay not one hour but two! But the most remarkable assemblage I ever saw gathered together at one of these parties was at one given by the Dowager Lady Leconfield (lately dead) and her friend and mine Lady Hope. Almost all the people I know were there; but not only for that reason do I recall it. I shall never forget the stately figure of Lady Leconfield—a "grande dame" if ever there was one—as she stood for hours—she was nearing ninety—receiving at the door of her drawing-room her crowds of guests.

But I recall Lady Leconfield's party for a reason of more general interest. Some years ago I raised the question publicly—apropos of a mural tablet on his house in St. James's Square—whether Lord Chatham ever was, as the

tablet asserted, Prime Minister. Lady Leconfield, hearing me discussing the point with some friends at dinner, broke in: "That's a point which would greatly interest my brother"—Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery was then on a sick bed, and my acquaintance with him was slight; but—to shorten the story—I now have copies of several letters written by Lord Rosebery to his sister discussing the point, put to him by her, in great and very interesting detail. His conclusion was that, though the ministry was nominally Grafton's, Chatham was really Prime Minister, because it was he, not Grafton, who had selected his colleagues. That, thought Lord Rosebery, proved that Chatham was Prime Minister. I am still doubtful: but, of course, the "office" of Premier was a very indefinite one until the younger Pitt's time—perhaps later—and, anyway, I should defer to Lord Rosebery's authority. As far as I know, his opinion on a point of some constitutional significance has not previously been recorded.

The story also indicates that as an octogenarian I remain faithful to my first love. Whether I shall ever again have the opportunity of expounding these arcana of our Constitution from a platform is doubtful.

I write these concluding words early in the second year of the "Hitler" War. Our home in London has been seriously damaged by an explosive bomb; we cannot, if we would, go back to it, as things are. When the war broke out I offered my services in any job for which I might still be deemed capable. Though courteously acknowledged, they were not accepted—perhaps because they were offered gratuitously. Accordingly, we obeyed instructions, and as useless lumber cleared out of London. We have found refuge under the roof of a kind friend in a beautiful corner of North Wales, where we are as yet untouched. My only child, married to the Bishop Coadjutor of Newfoundland, is, with her four children, safer still in that bleak and distant island. But they are exiles. So are we. Everything that

thoughtful kindness can do to make exile tolerable is done for us, yet the lot of the exile must always be painful. My sole solace, apart from the companionship of my comrade of close on fifty years, is writing. Yet to write without access to my library, to the memoranda accumulated in a long lifetime, is sorry work. The reception of my *English History in English Fiction*¹ has, however, greatly cheered me, and, despite all hindrances, has encouraged me to write these chapters, for which I have had to rely almost entirely on memory. This will, I trust, explain and excuse their tenuity. *English History in English Fiction* was avowedly an experiment. It was, as far as I know, the first attempt ever made by an historian to bring History and Fiction into fruitful association. On a thread, slender but unbroken, of English History from the Roman Conquest to the end of the Victorian era, I hung an account of the best historical novels known to me—novels selected, not primarily for their virtues as fiction, but for the contribution they make to the interpretation of History. The experiment has seemingly succeeded beyond my most sanguine anticipations.

These chapters are, perhaps, even more of an experiment for me, though others have made it with success. May their reception be as kindly as that given to their predecessor. If it is, I shall be more than satisfied, and may be encouraged to embark on yet further and still more daring experiments.

Another consolation is mine in exile. No doubt assails me as to the righteousness of the cause in which we fight, for which we have to suffer. We fight not for ourselves only, but for many who cannot or will not fight by our side. We fight, quite literally, for the future of civilization and everything involved in that comprehensive word. Yet—"How long, O Lord, how long?" That is the question constantly on my lips: it is as yet unanswered. What matters it?

Who dies if England lives.

¹ Blackie, 1940.

An octogenarian may not look forward. In this book he has tried to look back and faithfully record what he remembers of the past. Meanwhile, a familiar collect is often on his lips, and bringing no little comfort: "Support us all the day long of this troublous life on earth, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and peace at the last." The shadows are lengthening; the evening has come. May it bring, not to us only but to the world, a Peace that passeth Understanding.

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